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THE

TEMPERANCE TALES

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BY

LUCIUS M. SARGENT.

SOUTH END.

Cum vini vis penetravit,
Consequitur gravitas membrorum, præpediuntur
Crura vaccillanti, tardescit lingua, madet mens.
Nant oculi, clamor, singultus, jurgia gliscunt.
LUCRETIUS, Lib. iii. Ver. 475.

NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITION.

TWO VOLS. IN ONE.

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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

In presenting a comprehensive edition of the "Temperance Tales" to the public, the publisher complies with the request of many highly respected friends of the temperance cause. These tales were prepared for the purpose of doing good; and it has been sufficiently acknowledged, that they have accomplished their object, in no ordinary degree. Hundreds of thousands have already been scattered over the earth. Editions have been published in England and Scotland, and several of these tales have been translated into the German language. Editions have also been printed at Botany Bay, and at Madras, in South India. The perusal of some one of these narratives is well known to have turned the hearts of many persons of intemperate habits, from drunkenness and sloth, to temperance and industry. Many years have passed since their first publication, in separate numbers. It may not be uninteresting to the children of parents, once intemperate, to cast their eyes upon those pages, whose influence, under the blessing of Heaven, has preserved them from a miserable orphanage. The publisher confidently hopes that the circulation of the Temperance Tales will greatly tend, as it ever has done, to the advancement of the reformation.

W. S. D.

225938

MY MOTHER'S GOLD RING.

This is the first of a series of stories, of which it possibly may be the beginning and the end. The incident, which is the foundation of the following tale, was communicated to the writer, by a valued friend, as a fact, with the name of the principal character. Another friend, to whom the manuscript was given, perceiving some advantage in its publication, has thought proper to give it to the world, as Number One; from which I infer, that I am expected to write a Number Two. The hint may be worth taking, at some leisure moment. In the mean time, pray read Number One: it can do you no harm: there is nothing "*sectarian*" about it. When you have read it, if, among all your connections and friends, you can think of none, whom its perusal may possibly benefit—and it will be strange if you cannot—do me the favor to present it to the first little boy that you meet. He will, no doubt, take it home to his mother or his father. If you will not do this, throw it in the street, as near to some dram-seller's door as you ever venture to go: let it take the course of the flying seed, which God is pleased to intrust to the keeping of the winds: it may yet spring up and bear fruit, if such be the will of Him, who giveth the increase.

SOUTH BEND.

I HAVE one of the kindest husbands: he is a carpenter by trade, and our flock of little children has one of the kindest fathers in the county. I was thought the luckiest girl in the parish, when G—— T—— made me his wife: I thought so myself. Our wedding-day—and it was a happy one—was but an indifferent sample of those days of rational happiness and uninterrupted harmony, which we were permitted to enjoy together, for the space of six years. And although, for the last three years of our lives, we have been as happy as we were at the beginning, it makes my heart sick to think of those long, dark days and sad nights, that came between; for, two years of our union were years of misery. I well recollect the first glass of ardent spirit, that my husband ever drank. He had been at the grocery to purchase a little tea and sugar for the family; there were three cents coming to him in change; and, unluckily, the Deacon, who keeps the shop, had nothing but silver in the till; and, as it was a sharp, frosty morning, he persuaded my good man to take his money's worth of rum, for it was just the price of a glass. He came home in wonderful spirits, and told me he meant to have me and the children better dressed, and, as neighbor Barton talked of selling his horse and chaise, he thought of buying them both; and, when I said to him, "George, we are dressed as well as we can afford, and I hope you will not think of a horse and chaise, till we have paid off the Squire's mortgage," he gave me a harsh look and a bitter word. I never shall forget that day, for they were the first he ever gave me in his life. When he saw me shedding tears, and holding my apron to my face, he said he was sorry, and came

to kiss me, and I discovered that he had been drinking, and it grieved me to the heart. In a short time after, while I was washing up the breakfast things, I heard our little Robert, who was only five years old, crying bitterly; and, going to learn the cause, I met him running towards me with his face covered with blood.

He said his father had taken him on his knee, and was playing with him, but had given him a blow in the face, only because he had said, when he kissed him, "Dear papa, you smell like old Isaac, the drunken fiddler." My husband was very cross to us all through the whole of that day; but the next morning, though he said little, he was evidently ashamed and humbled; and he went about his work very industriously, and was particularly kind to little Robert. I prayed constantly for my good man, and that God would be pleased to guide his heart aright; and, more than a week having gone by, without any similar occurrence, I flattered myself, that he would never do so again. But, in a very little time, either the Deacon was short of change, as before, or some tempting occasion presented itself, which my husband could not resist, and he returned home once more under the influence of liquor. I never shall forget the expression of his countenance, when he came in, that night. We had waited supper a full hour, for his return: the tea-pot was standing at the fire, and the bannocks were untouched upon the hearth, and the smaller children were beginning to murmur for their supper. There was an indescribable expression of defiance on his countenance, as though he were conscious of having done wrong, and resolved to brave it out. We sat down silently to supper, and he scarcely raised his eyes upon any of us, during this unhappy repast. He soon went to bed and fell asleep; and, after I had laid our little ones to rest, I knelt at the foot of the bed, on which my poor misguided husband was sleeping, and poured out my very soul to God, while my eyes were scalded with the bitterest tears I had ever shed. For I then foresaw, that, unless some remedy could be employed, my best earthly friend, the father of my little children, would become a drunkard. The next morning, after breakfast, I ventured to speak with him upon the subject, in a mild way; and, though I could not restrain my tears, neither my words nor my weeping appeared to have any effect, and I saw that he was becoming hardened, and careless of us all. How many winter nights have I waited, weeping alone, at my once happy fireside, listening for the lifting latch, and wishing, yet dreading, to hear his steps at the door!

After this state of things had continued, or rather grown worse, for nearly three months, I put on my bonnet one morning, after my husband had gone to his work, and went to the Deacon's store; and,

finding him alone, I stated my husband's case, and begged him earnestly to sell him no more. He told me it would do no good, for, if he did not sell it, some other person would sell it; and he doubted if my husband took more than was good for him. He quoted Scripture to show, that it was a wife's duty to keep at home, and submit herself to her husband, and not meddle with things, which did not belong to her province. At this time, two or three customers called for rum, and the Deacon civilly advised me to go home, and look after my children.

I went out with a heavy heart. It seemed as if the tide of evil was setting against me. As I was passing farmer Johnson's, on my way home, they called me in. I sat down and rested myself, for a few minutes, in their neat cottage. Farmer Johnson was just returning from the field; and when I saw the little ones running to meet him at the stile, and the kind looks, that passed between the good man and his wife; and when I remembered, that we were married on the very same day, and compared my own fortune with theirs, my poor heart burst forth in a flood of tears. They all knew what I was weeping for, and farmer Johnson, in a kind manner, bade me cheer up, and put my trust in God's mercy, and remember that it was often darkest before daylight. The farmer and his wife were members of the temperance society, and had signed the pledge; and I had often heard him say, that he believed it had saved him from destruction. He had, before his marriage, and for a year after, been in the habit of taking a little spirit every day. He was an industrious, thriving man; but, shortly after his marriage, he became bound for a neighbor, who ran off, and he was obliged to pay the debt. I have heard him declare, that, when the sheriff took away all his property, and stripped his little cottage, and scarcely left him those trifles, which are secured to the poor man by law; and when he considered how ill his poor wife was, at the time, in consequence of the loss of their child, that died only a month before, he was restrained from resorting to the bottle, in his moments of despair, by nothing but a recollection of the pledge he had signed. Farmer Johnson's minister was in favor of pledges, and had often told him, that affliction might weaken his judgment and his moral sense, and that the pledge might save him at last, as a plank saves the life of a mariner, who is tost upon the waves.

Our good Clergyman was unfortunately of a different opinion. He had often disapproved of pledges: the Deacon was of the same opinion: he thought very illy of pledges.

Month after month passed away, and our happiness was utterly destroyed. My husband neglected his business, and poverty began

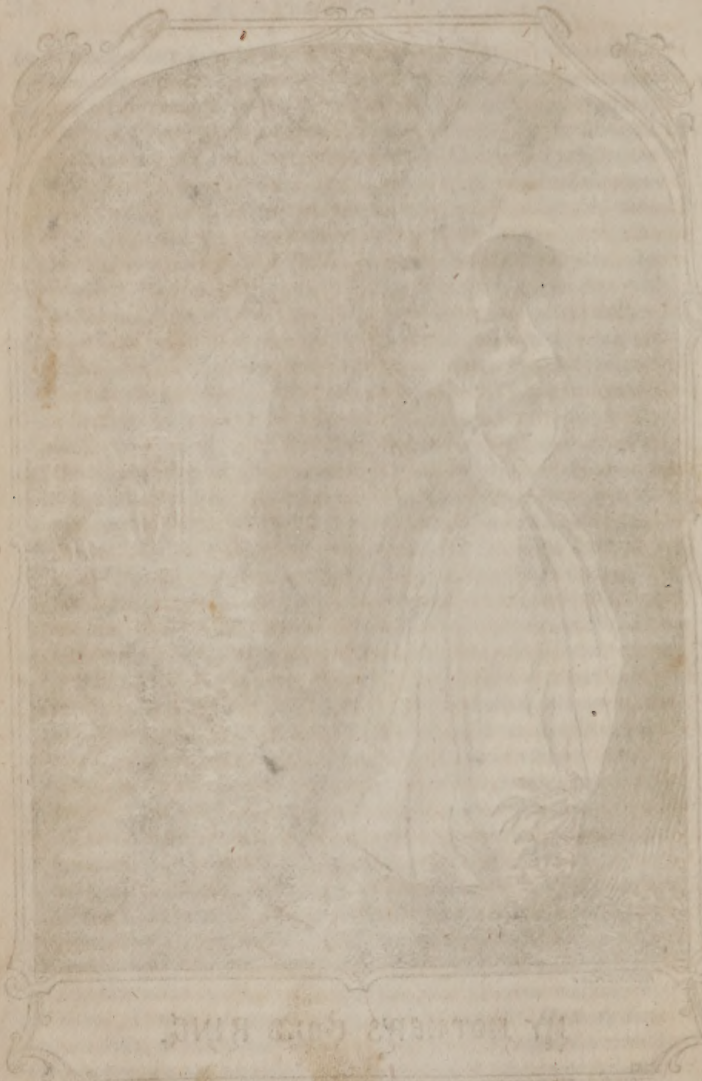
to stare us in the face. Notwithstanding my best exertions, it was hard work to keep my little ones decently clothed and sufficiently fed. If my husband earned a shilling, the dram-seller was as sure of it, as if it were already in his till. I sometimes thought I had lost all my affection for one, who had proved so entirely regardless of those, whom it was his duty to protect and sustain; but, when I looked in the faces of our little children, the recollection of our early marriage days, and all his kind words and deeds, soon taught me the strength of the principle, that had brought us together. I shall never cease to remember the anguish I felt, when the constable took him to jail, upon the dram-seller's execution. Till that moment, I did not believe, that my affection could have survived, under the pressure of that misery, which he had brought upon us all. I put up such things, of the little that remained to us, as I thought might be of use, and turned my back upon a spot where I had been very happy and very wretched. Our five little children followed, weeping bitterly. The jail was situated in the next town. "Oh George," said I, "if you had only signed the pledge, it would not have come to this." He sighed, and said nothing; and we walked nearly a mile, in perfect silence. As we were leaving the village, we encountered our Clergyman, going forth upon his morning ride. When I reflected, that a few words from him would have induced my poor husband to sign the pledge, and that, if he had done so, he might have been the kind father and the affectionate husband that he once was, I own, it cost me some considerable effort to suppress my emotions. "Whither are you all going?" said the holy man. My husband, who had always appeared extremely humble, in presence of the minister, and replied to all his inquiries, in a subdued tone of voice, answered, with unusual firmness, "To jail, reverend sir." "To jail!" said he; "ah, I see how it is; you have wasted your substance in riotous living, and are going to pay for your improvidence and folly. You have had the advantage of my precept and example, and you have turned a deaf ear to the one, and neglected the other." "Reverend sir," my husband replied, galled by this reproof, which appeared to him, at that particular moment, an unnecessary aggravation of his misery, "reverend sir, your precept and your example have been my ruin; I have followed them both. You, who had no experience of the temptations, to which your weaker brethren are liable, who are already addicted to the temperate and daily use of ardent spirits, advised me never to sign a pledge I have followed your advice to the letter. You admitted, that extraordinary occasions might justify the use of ardent spirit, and that, on such occasions, you might use it yourself. I followed your ex

ample; but it has been my misfortune never to drink spirituous liquors, without finding that my *occasions* were more *extraordinary* than ever. Had I followed the precept and example of my neighbor Johnson, I should not have made a good wife miserable, nor my children beggars." While he uttered these last words, my poor husband looked upon his little ones, and burst into tears; and the minister rode slowly away, without uttering a word. I rejoiced, even in the midst of our misery, to see that the heart of my poor George was tenderly affected; for it is not more needful that the hardness of wax should be subdued by fire, than that the heart of man should be softened by affliction, before a deep and lasting impression can be made. "Dear husband," said I, "we are young; it is not too late; let us trust in God, and all may yet be well." He made no reply, but continued to walk on, and weep in silence. Shortly after, the Deacon appeared, at some distance, coming towards us on the road; but, as soon as he discovered who we were, he turned away into a private path. Even the constable seemed somewhat touched with compassion at our situation, and urged us to keep up a good heart, for he thought some one might help us, when we least expected it. My husband, whose vein of humor would often display itself, even in hours of sadness, instantly replied, that the good Samaritan could not be far off, for the priest and the Levite had already passed by on the other side. But he little thought — poor man — that even the conclusion of this beautiful parable was so likely to be verified. A one-horse wagon, at this moment, appeared to be coming down the hill behind us, at an unusually rapid rate, and the constable advised us, as the road was narrow, to stand aside, and let it pass. It was soon up with us; and, when the dust had cleared away, it turned out, as little Robert had said, when it first appeared on the top of the hill, to be farmer Johnson's gray mare and yellow wagon. The kind-hearted farmer was out in an instant, and, without saying a word, was putting the children into it, one after another. A word from farmer Johnson was enough for any constable in the village. It was all the work of a moment. He shook my husband by the hand; and when he began, "Neighbor Johnson, you are the same kind friend"—"Get in," said he; "let 's have no words about it. I must be home in a trice, for," turning to me, "your old school-mate, Susan, my wife, will sit a crying at the window, till she sees you all safe home again." Saying this, he whipped up the gray mare, who, regardless of the additional load, went up the hill faster than she came down, as though she entered into the spirit of the whole transaction.

It was not long before we reached the door of our cottage. Far

mer Johnson took out the children; and, while I was trying to find words to thank him for all his kindness, he was up in his wagon and off, before I could utter a syllable. Robert screamed after him, to tell little Tim Johnson to come over, and that he should have all his pinks and marigolds. When we entered the cottage, there were bread, and meat, and milk, upon the table, which Susan, the farmer's wife, had brought over for the children. I could not help sobbing aloud, for my heart was full. "Dear George," said I, turning to my husband, "you used to pray, let us thank God, for this great deliverance from evil." "Dear Jenny," said he, "I fear God will scarcely listen to my poor prayers, after all my offences; but I will try." We closed the cottage door, and he prayed with so much humility of heart, and so much earnestness of feeling, that I felt almost sure that God's grace would be lighted up, in the bosom of this unhappy man, if sighs, and tears, and prayers, could win their way to heaven. He was very grave, and said little or nothing that night. The next morning, when I woke up, I was surprised, as the sun had not risen, to find that he had already gone down. At first, I felt alarmed, as such a thing had become unusual with him, of late years; but my anxious feelings were agreeably relieved, when the children told me their father had been hoeing, for an hour, in the potato field, and was mending the garden fence. With our scanty materials, I got ready the best breakfast I could, and he sat down to it, with a good appetite, but said little; and, now and then, I saw the tears starting into his eyes. I had many fears, that he would fall back into his former habits, whenever he should meet his old companions, or stop in again at the Deacon's store. I was about urging him to move into another village. After breakfast, he took me aside, and asked me if I had not a gold ring. "George," said I, "that ring was my mother's: she took it from her finger, and gave it to me, the day that she died. I would not part with that ring, unless it were to save life. Besides, if we are industrious and honest, we shall not be forsaken." "Dear Jenny," said he, "I know how you prize that gold ring: I never loved you more than when you wept over it, while you first told me the story of your mother's death: it was just a month before we were married, the last Sabbath evening in May, Jenny, and we were walking by the river. I wish you would bring me that ring." Memory hurried me back, in an instant, to the scene, the bank upon the river's side, where we sat together, and agreed upon our wedding-day. I brought down the ring, and he asked me, with such an earnestness of manner, to put it on his little finger, that I did so; not, however, without a trembling hand and a misgiving heart. "And

MY MOTHER'S GOLD RING.



now, Jenny," said he, as he rose to go out, "pray that God will support me." My mind was not in a happy state, for I felt some doubt of his intentions. From a little hill, at the back of our cottage, we had a fair view of the Deacon's store. I went up to the top of it; and while I watched my husband's steps, no one can tell how fervently I prayed God to guide them aright. I saw two of his old companions, standing at the store door, with glasses in their hands; and, as my husband came in front of the shop, I saw them beckon him in. It was a sad moment for me. "Oh, George," said I, though I knew he could not hear me, "go on; remember your poor wife and your starving children!" My heart sunk within me, when I saw him stop and turn towards the door. He shook hands with his old associates: they appeared to offer him their glasses: I saw him shake his head and pass on. "Thank God!" said I, and ran down the hill, with a light step, and seizing my baby at the cottage door, I literally covered it with kisses, and bathed it in tears of joy. About ten o'clock, Richard Lane, the Squire's office-boy, brought in a piece of meat and some meal, saying my husband sent word, that he could not be home till night, as he was at work on the Squire's barn. Richard added, that the Squire had engaged him for two months. He came home early, and the children ran down the hill to meet him. He was grave, but cheerful. "I have prayed for you, dear husband," said I. "And a merciful God has supported me, Jenny," said he. It is not easy to measure the degrees of happiness; but, take it altogether, this, I think, was the happiest evening of my life. If there is great joy in heaven over a sinner that repenteth, there is no less joy in the heart of a faithful wife, over a husband that was lost, and is found. In this manner the two months went away. In addition to his common labor, he found time to cultivate the garden, and make and mend a variety of useful articles about the house. It was soon understood, that my husband had reformed, and it was more generally believed, because he was a subject for the gibes and sneers of a large number of the Deacon's customers. My husband used to say, Let those laugh that are wise and win. He was an excellent workman, and business came in from all quarters. He was soon able to repay neighbor Johnson, and our families lived in the closest friendship with each other. One evening, farmer Johnson said to my husband, that he thought it would be well for him to sign the temperance pledge; that he did not advise it, when he first began to leave off spirit, for he feared his strength might fail him. "But now," said he, "you have continued five months, without touching a drop, and it would be well for the cause, that you should sign the pledge." "Friend John

son," said my husband, "when a year has gone safely by, I will sign the pledge. For five months, instead of the pledge, I have, in every trial and temptation — and a drinking man knows well the force and meaning of those words — I have relied upon this gold ring, to renew my strength, and remind me of my duty to God, to my wife, to my children, and to society. Whenever the struggle of appetite has commenced, I have looked upon this ring: I have remembered that it was given, with the last words and dying counsels of an excellent mother, to my wife, who placed it there; and, under the blessing of Almighty God, it has proved, thus far, the life-boat of a drowning man."

The year soon passed away, and on the very day twelvemonth, on which I had put the ring upon my husband's finger, farmer Johnson brought over the Temperance book. We all sat down to the tea-table together. After supper was done, little Robert climbed up and kissed his father, and, turning to farmer Johnson, "Father," said he, "has not smelt like old Isaac, the drunken fiddler, once, since we rode home in your yellow wagon." The farmer opened the book: my husband signed the pledge of the society, and, with tears in his eyes, gave me back — ten thousand times more precious than ever — MY MOTHER'S GOLD RING.

WILD DICK AND GOOD LITTLE ROBIN.

A very few weeks only have gone by, since I requested you to read Number One. It is probable that you have complied with my request; for the publishers inform me they are already at work upon the ninth edition, and have been requested, by the friends of temperance, in the State of New York, to permit them to strike off one hundred thousand copies for gratuitous distribution.

I have been cheered by the assurance of some highly intelligent and benevolent individuals, that Number One has been productive of good. I wrote it for that end, and sent it forth into the world, with a prayer to that effect. I thank the Giver of every good and perfect gift, that he has vouchsafed his blessing upon these humble labors.

I now respectfully present Number Two for your perusal. It has been objected to Number One, that the language in which it is written is above the level of certain capacities; and that farmer Johnson does not talk precisely in a farmer-like style. The same objection may, with equal propriety, be made to Number Two. But it must be remembered, that these stories are not intended for *little children* alone, nor by any means exclusively for uneducated persons. There are many, *of mature age, excellent capacity*, and *highly educated*, whom we would persuade to become as *little children*, and profit by that instruction which these tales are designed to supply.

We are apt to over graduate the change, between our present seasons and the corresponding seasons of our youth, forgetting that Thomson's description of an English spring, by which so many of us have been fairly transported, in our childhood, over the sea, is, after all, the genuine spring which lives in our early recollections. It appears to me, that we have been occasionally misled, in a somewhat similar manner, in the preparation of books designed for certain classes of our fellow-countrymen. Under a monarchy, it is of importance to keep up the *Chinese wall of distinction* between the rich and the poor. When a simple commoner, by his prodigious wealth, or colossal intellectual power, *distinguishes himself*, he is taken over the wall, and transformed into a lord, lest he should furnish an inconvenient exception to the general rule. Knowledge and ignorance, refinement and vulgarity, under such a form of government, are placed and retained in the most striking contradistinction to each other. Societies for the diffusion of useful knowledge are gradually demolishing the barrier. Until very lately, however, a convention of all the American children, of seven years old, would have rejected, by an overwhelming vote, as beneath their capacity, a very large proportion of all the little volumes prepared for the mechanics and peasantry of England. It is not easy to perceive, even in works designed for children alone, the utility of broken English; nor of a mean and meagre phraseology in those intended for the majority of the people. There are many sensible remarks, having a bearing on this subject, in Pope's ironical examination of the comparative merits of the pastorals of Phillips and his own. To be sure, it would not be expedient to make a farmer talk like a metaphysician, nor a rough child of the ocean like an accomplished divine.

I cannot believe that a hard word, occurring once, or even twice, in a little work of this kind, is likely to be productive of harm. No human creature understands the pleasure of overcoming the difficulties, which lie in his path, more thoroughly than a New England farmer; and, even if a hard word should lie across the furrow, he will not only be enabled to turn it out, with the assistance of Noah Webster's patent plough, but he will be the better pleased with the fruit of his toil, for the labor it may cost him.

Richard Wild and Robert Little were born on two pleasantly situated homesteads, that bounded on each other. Their parents, though differing essentially in their habits of life, were good neighbors. There were but a few weeks' difference between the ages of these children, and they grew up from their cradles with the strongest attachment for each other. I have seen Robert, a hundred times, in the fine mornings and evenings of summer, sitting on a particular rock, at the bottom of his father's garden, with his dipper of bread and milk; not tasting a mouthful till Richard came and sat down, with his dipper, at his side. They teetered together on a board, placed over the boundary wall. As they grew a little older, they snared blue jays and trapped striped squirrels in company; and all their toys and fishing tackle were common property.

I have often thought there was something in the name which a boy acquires at school. Richard Wild, and Robert Little, who was smaller of stature, were called, by their school-fellows, wild Dick and good little Robin. Robert Little was truly a good boy, and he was blessed with worthy parents, who brought him up in the fear of God, and who not only taught him the principles of piety and virtue, but led him along in those pleasant paths, by their own continual example in life and practice. Richard Wild was not so fortunate. His father and mother paid less respect to the Sabbath day; and, although, as I have said, the parents of both these children were good neighbors, and exchanged a variety of kind offices with each other, in the course of a long year; yet there were some subjects upon which they very frequently conversed, and never agreed. The most interesting of all these topics of discussion was the temperance reform. Farmer Little was a member of the society, and, in his plain, sensible way, by his own excellent example, not more than by his counsel, within the circle of his little neighborhood, one of its valuable advocates. Farmer Wild was opposed to it, in preaching and in practice. He was opposed to it chiefly because it was "*a sectarian thing.*" He preached against it on all occasions, at the mill and the smithy, the town-hall and the grocery-store; but he was particularly eloquent upon training days, when the pail of punch was nearly drunk out; for he was not one of those who preach and never practise. At that time, he was not esteemed an intemperate man. To be sure, he was frequently in the habit of taking enough to make his tongue run faster than usual, and to light up, in his heart, a feeling of universal philanthropy; which invariably subsided after a good night's rest. Farmer Wild's wife derived a great deal of comfort from a cheering glass. It was particularly grateful on washing days; and she soon became convinced that it tasted quite as well on any other day of the week. There was a time when she was unwilling that her neighbors should become acquainted with this disposition for liquor. She was then in the habit of indulging herself in the frequent use of tea, at all hours of the day. She kept it, in constant readiness, on the upper shelf of the pantry closet. Upon a certain day, little Dick was taken so suddenly and seriously ill, that his father went for Dr. Diver. The child was unable to stand, and was so drowsy and sick at his stomach that the family were fearful he had been poisoned; and the more so, as he had been seen, in the earlier part of the day, playing before the apothecary's shop. Dr. Diver had recently procured a stomach-pump; and, as he was quite willing to try it, the experiment was immediately and successfully made upon the stomach of little Dick.

who was speedily relieved of rather more than half a pint of strong milk punch. He stoutly denied, with tears in his eyes, that he had ever tasted a drop of any such thing; but finally confessed that he had been sucking tea, as he had often seen his mother do, from the nose of her teapot, upon the upper shelf. Farmer Wild, in spite of his wife's remonstrances, took down the teapot, and examined its contents, when the whole matter was easily unravelled. The farmer scolded his wife for her habit of drinking punch in the morning; and she scolded her husband for his habit of drinking rum at all hours of the day. The presence of Dr. Diver appeared to have little influence in abating the violence, or softening the acrimony, of the family quarrel; and little Dick was quite willing to be spared, by both parents, though at the expense of a broil between themselves. As soon as Dr. Diver had carefully wiped and put up his stomach-pump, he took his leave, cautioning little Dick to avoid taking his tea so strong for the future. The doctor was not only a skilful physician but a prudent man. It is fortunate for the peace of every village in the land that doctors are generally aware that the acquisition of extensive practice depends, in no small degree, upon their ability to hear, see, and say nothing. A village doctor is the depository of a great many contrary stories, which, like the contrary winds contained in the bag presented by Æolus to Ulysses, would operate sadly to his disadvantage, if he should suffer them to get loose. The bosom of a physician should resemble the old lion's den in the fable, into which many strange things were seen to enter, but from whence none ever returned.

It need not be stated, that farmer Wild and his wife were getting into a bad way, and that Richard was not likely to be benefited by the example of his parents. Pride will frequently operate when all higher and holier motive will not. Vicious inclinations are often restrained, in the presence of those whom we fancy ignorant of our besetting sins. Thus it was with farmer Wild and his wife. The domestic explosion, produced by the affair of the teapot, had completely broken the ice, as it were; and, from that moment, neither the husband nor the wife adopted any private courses for the gratification of their appetite for liquor. The farmer used gin, and rum was the favorite beverage of his wife. Their respective jugs were regularly carried by little Dick, and brought home filled, from the grog-shop. Dicky always calculated on the sugar at the bottom of his father's glass; and his mother never failed to reward him with a taste of her own, if he went and came quick with the jug. Richard, who knew nothing of the evil consequences of drinking spirit, saving from his experience with the stomach-pump, had offered.

more than once, a portion of that, which he had received from his parents, to Robert Little, who always refused it, and told Richard that it was wrong to drink it. But Richard replied, that his father and mother drank it every day, and therefore it could not be wrong. "Besides," said he, "father and mother are always so good-natured and funny when they drink it; and, after a while, they get cross and scold, and, when they drink it again, they fall asleep, and it 's all over." Robert, as good little boys are apt to do, told his father and mother all that Richard had said to him. Mr. Little had observed for some time, that farmer Wild was neglecting his farm, and getting behind-hand; and, after talking the matter over with his own good wife, he came to the conclusion that it was his duty to seek a fair opportunity, and have a friendly and earnest conversation with his old neighbor, on the fatal tendency of his habits of life. "I shall have relieved my mind and done my duty to an old friend," said he, "if my efforts should produce no good." He availed himself, accordingly, of the first fair occasion which presented itself, on the following Sabbath, after meeting. His counsel was of no avail; and he was grieved to find, by an increased violence of manner, and an apparent regardlessness of public opinion, that his poor neighbor Wild was further gone than he had supposed. His irritability of temper had sadly increased, and Mr. Little was shocked to find that he could not converse on the subject without using profane and violent language. The next morning he sent in a few shillings, which he owed Mr. Little, with a short message by Richard, that he believed they were now even. Robert came in, shortly after, weeping bitterly, and saying that Richard's father had forbidden their playing or even speaking together any more, and had threatened to flog Richard soundly, if he dared to disobey. However painful to Robert, Mr. Little did not consider this prohibition so great an evil. Richard Wild, though of a very affectionate temper, under the influence of his father and mother was becoming a bad boy. He was not over nine years of age, and had already acquired the name of the little tippler; and had been suspected, upon more than one occasion, of being light-fingered. Farmer Little's wife, however, could never speak of those early days, when Richard used to bring his dipper of milk, and sit upon the rock with Robert, at the bottom of the garden, without putting her apron to her eyes. Robert would often look wistfully at Richard, as he passed, and nod to him through the window; and Richard would return it in the same manner, after he had satisfied himself that neither his father nor mother was observing him. Dick, with all his failings, was a generous boy. A portion of his apples and nuts was frequently seen, in

the morning, under Robert's window, where he had placed them over night, not daring to venture over in the day-time. Nevertheless, he was becoming daily an object of increasing dislike through the whole village. Although there were some who pitied the poor boy, and thought his parents much more to blame, through whose example he had undoubtedly acquired that ruinous relish for ardent spirit; yet the villagers generally considered the whole family as a nuisance, and likely, before long, to come upon the town. Squire Hawk, the chairman of the selectmen, who kept the grog-shop in front of the meeting-house, concluding that farmer Wild was completely down at heel, and had no more money, refused to let him have any more liquor at his store, and proposed to post him as a common drunkard. But Deacon Squeak, who kept the dram-shop at the corner of the road that leads to the grave-yard, knew something more of poor Wild's affairs, and observed, that it would be hard to do so, on account of his family; he knew, from his own experience, that a little liquor was, now and then, a help to any man. It was soon known over the village, that farmer Wild had conveyed the last remnant of his little property, a small piece of meadow land, to Deacon Squeak, to be paid for in *groceries*, at his store. Poor Wild, with the assistance of his wife and little Dick, soon drank out the meadow land. The Deacon himself was then perfectly satisfied that it was a gone case. Richard Wild, and Temperance Wild, his wife, were forthwith posted as common drunkards; and all persons "*of sober lives and conversations*," who sold rum in the village of Tippletown, were forbidden to furnish them with ardent spirits any longer. The means of subsistence were now entirely gone, and their removal to the workhouse was a matter of course. It was haying time, and little Dick was permitted to earn his victuals by helping the hay-makers. They soon detected him in getting behind the hay-cocks, and drinking the rum from their jugs; and accordingly little Dick got a sound thrashing, and was driven out of the field; for these hay-makers were so far inclined to promote the cause of temperance, that they would not permit any persons, but themselves, to drink up their rum.

Poor Dick! he cut a wretched figure, as he went whimpering along the road, rubbing his red eyes upon his ragged sleeve. He spent that day in strolling about farmer Little's woodland and orchard, in the hope of meeting Robert. But he was unsuccessful; and, at night, he went, crying and supperless, to bed, in the farmer's barn. He slid down from the hay-mow, before daylight, and resolved to quit a place, where he had neither father, nor mother, nor friend, to whom he could look for protection and support. The

day was just dawning, as he came out of the barn: his path lay close to the cottage of farmer Little; he laid a small parcel on the door-stone, and passed rapidly on. The parcel was found there, by the first person who came out in the morning; it was a top, which Robert had lent him a great while before. It was wrapped up in a piece of paper, on the corner of which was written, "*Good-by, Robert.*" Before he quitted the village, Dick turned aside for a moment, to give a last look at his father's cottage. It was untenanted, and the person into whose hands it had fallen had barred up the doors and windows, so that Dick could not get in; but, through a broken pane, he looked into the vacant room, where he had passed so much of his short life. He looked over the wall of the little garden, now filled with weeds. As he was turning away, he felt something move against his leg, and, looking down, he saw the old cat, that still clung to her accustomed haunts. She purred to and fro at his feet, and looked up in his face. Poor Dick was certain she knew him, and he burst into tears. She followed him a little way up the lane, and then returned slowly to the cottage.

"It was a bonny day in June," as the poet says, but the darkest in the short pilgrimage of little Dick. The birds sang delightfully, as if to mock the poor fellow's misery; and the copious showers of the night had varnished every leaf in the wood. The sun had scarcely arisen, and the villagers of Tippletown had not yet bethought themselves of their morning drams, before little Dick had fairly cleared the boundary line; and, upon a rock, on the eminence which overlooks the village, he sat down to look back upon it, to take a little rest, and to cry it out. To be sure, he had walked only four miles, but he had slept little, and eaten nothing, for many hours; and he fairly cried himself to sleep. He had slept nearly an hour, when he was awakened by a shake of the shoulder. He awoke in no little alarm, but became more composed, upon seeing before him a stranger in a sailor's dress, with a good-natured face, and a pack upon his shoulders. "A hard hammock, my lad," said he, "if you have been turning in here for the night." Dick told him his whole story, and concluded by saying that he had eaten nothing, for many hours. "Now, my lad," said the sailor, "you should have told me this first;" and, overhauling his pack, he pulled out plenty of bread and cheese, and bade Dick help himself, which he did, without being pressed a second time. When he had finished, "Look ye here," said the man of the sea. "If you have been lying to me, you have done it with an honest-looking face; but, if, as you say, your father and mother have got into work-house dock, and there 's nobody to give ye a lift, what say ye to a sailor's life, eh!

I 've been home to see my old mother, some fifty miles back, and to leave her something to keep her along; and I 'm now getting down again, for another cruise. Now, if you like it, I 'll take ye under convoy. You 're no bigger than a marlin-spike, to be sure, but the best tars begin when they are boys. Well," continued he, strapping on his pack, and taking up his hickory stick, "what say you, my lad, yes or no?" Dick accepted the proposal, and away they trudged; the sailor relating, by the way, a hundred tales calculated to stir the landsman's heart.

Let us cast back a look upon Tippletown. On the day, when the top and the farewell message were found upon farmer Little's door-stone, Robert was sent home sick from school, with a message from the schoolma'am, that he had cried the whole morning. Even farmer Little and his wife were deeply affected at the little incident. Day passed after day, and it was commonly believed that Dick had run off. In about six months his father died of the dropsy, and his mother soon followed, of consumption; and both were buried from the workhouse in the drunkard's grave.

A year had gone by, and nothing had been heard of Dick. In the month of June, a mariner stopped to rest, at the tavern in Tippletown, on his way to visit his relations, in another state. He inquired if a family, by the name of Wild, lived in that village, and was informed that the parents had died in the workhouse, and the son was supposed to have run off. He then related his adventure with little Dick, for this was the very sailor who took him to sea. "A smart little fellow he was," said he, "and if he had lived, there would not have been his better, in good time, to hand, reef, and steer, aboard any ship that swims. He was but eleven, and as smart as a steel trap." "Pray, sir," said the landlady, laying down her knitting, and taking off her glasses, "was Richard Wild lost at sea?" "Ay, ay, good wife," said the mariner, dashing the tear from his eye, with a hand as big and as brown as a leg of mutton half roasted; "lost at sea, off Cape Hatteras, in a gale that made the old ship crack again, and with the sky as black as midnight without moon. A sea, and a horrible sea it was, struck us on the quarter, and took the poor lad with it, together with Bob Gleason, the second mate Bob, poor fellow, cried out lustily, and his shout, as he went over, was louder than the storm; but the cries of little Dick sunk into the hearts of the whole crew The old boatswain, who had a fine voice, and was the life of the ship's company, refused to sing another song till we got into port." "And why, in the name of patience," cried the old landlady, whose spectacles had fallen, in her excitement, into the spider, where she was cooking the sailor's breakfast, "why

did n't you stop your vessel and take 'em in?" "Stop the whirlwind, goody!" replied the man of the sea, in a voice in which grief and anger were equally apparent; "you might as well ask your land-lubber of a militia captain, strutting out yonder on the common, to countermarch a West India hurricane. Stop the old ship! Why, I tell ye, old woman," raising his voice to the pitch of an angry bull, "I tell ye we were scudding, with a rag of a storm foresail, at the rate of thirteen knots an hour. Stop her with a vengeance! Why, the old dragon of a ship was flying through the sea like a crazy shark. I could have jumped over after the poor boy, with a lighter heart than I can tell you the story; but I was at the wheel, goody, and, if I had let go, for an instant, we should have broached to, and then you would never have had the story from me. I bawled out loud enough: they heard me, I 'll warrant ye; three hen-coops were torn from their lashings and thrown overboard, sooner than you can say Jack Robinson." "Well, well," said the old woman, "I would have left my wheel any time, to save the life of the poor child." The sailor rose, and strapped on his pack, and took up his old stick. "Stop, sir," said the old woman; "your eggs are just done; I meant no offence by what I said; your breakfast will be on the table directly." "Not at all, goody," said he, as he threw down a five-franc piece on the table; "no offence, but my stomach is full enough for to-day; your breakfast would stick in my hatches." The old salt walked out of the inn, without saying another word, and was soon out of sight of the villagers, who had crowded round the door.

The story soon spread over the village, and received a variety of commentaries, agreeably to the various impressions, left upon the minds of different persons, in relation to the subject of it. "There is an end of the devil's bird," said Squire Hawk. "It all comes of intemperance," said Deacon Squeak, as he had just come from pouring twenty-one gallons of pure water into a hogshead containing forty-two gallons of New England rum. There were some, however who viewed the matter in a different light; and who were willing, now that he was gone, to admit that Dick was not a hard-hearted boy. Old Sukey, the cripple, said that he was a great rogue; "but there," said she, showing her crutch, "the little fellow made it for me, and I 've used no other for three years." The news cast a gloom over the family of farmer Little. Robert, who first heard the tale, was scarcely able to relate it to his father and mother. The good man moralized very sensibly upon the subject; ran briefly over the history of poor Wild and his wife; admitted that Richard was a boy of good parts, and of an affectionate temper; and

SOUTH END.

WILD DICK AND GOOD LITTLE ROBIN.

Darley Del.

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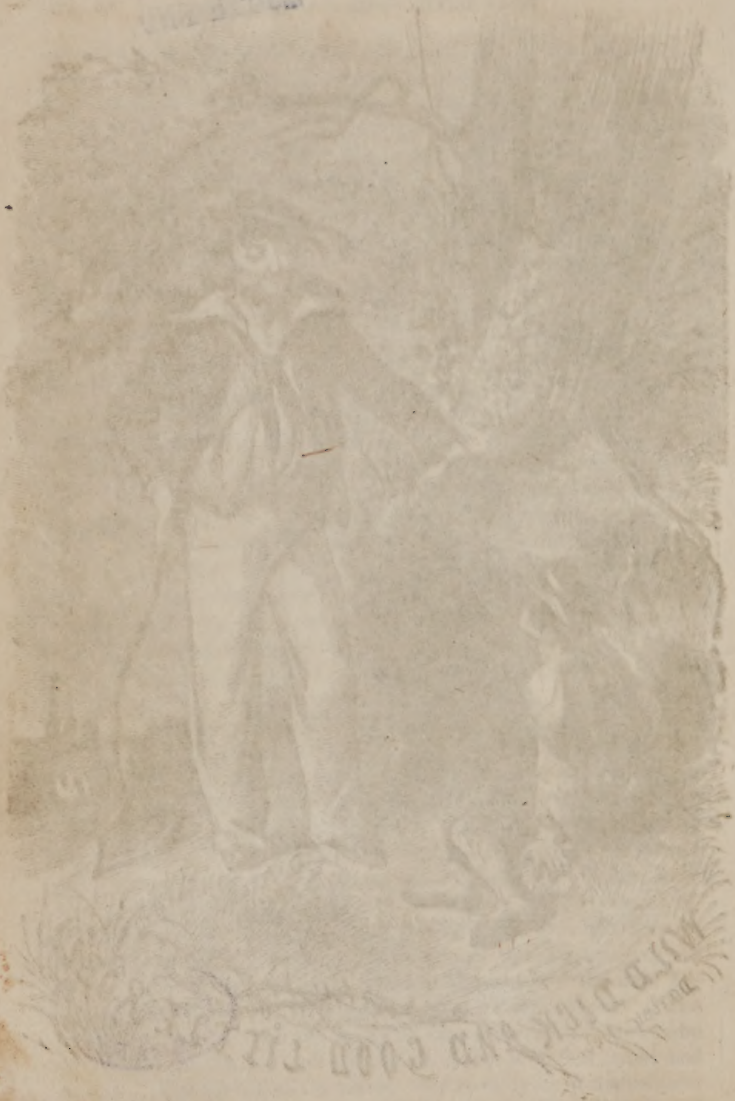

very properly ascribed his bad habits and untimely end to the example of his wretched parents.

In a few years, farmer Little found it convenient to employ a boy, upon his farm, instead of his own son, whom he had thoughts of putting under the care of Parson Jones, to be fitted for college. A neighbor had made trial, for some time, of a lad, obtained at the House of Reformation; and the farmer had made up his mind to follow the example. He made application accordingly. In a short time, he received an answer from the directors, stating, that there was a boy in the institution, by the name of Isaac Lane, who was desirous of going on a farm, and whom they were willing to bind out, and could safely recommend. Farmer Little agreed to receive him, and a day was appointed to visit the city, for the purpose of executing the indentures. Before the period arrived, he received a letter from the directors, in the following words:—

BOSTON, *May* 23, 18—.

DEAR SIR:

A circumstance has occurred of which it is proper to give you immediate notice. The lad, whom we were about to bind out to you, and who had appeared much gratified with the arrangement proposed, upon the statement of your name and residence, became exceedingly dejected and embarrassed, and finally communicated the following story to one of the directors. He says that his real name is Richard Wild; that his parents are living, he believes, in your village; that he ran away four years ago, and was induced to go to sea by a sailor, who was particularly kind to him; that he was washed overboard in the Gulf Stream, in a gale of wind, and, seizing a hencoop that was thrown after him, was taken up the next morning, and finally brought into this port; that, not wishing to use his real name, he adopted that of the sailor, who carried him to sea. Under this name, he was sent to the House of Reformation, for tippling and stealing. He is willing to come into your employ, but thinks you will not be willing to receive him. You will do as you think proper. It is but an act of justice to this lad to say, that his conduct here has been exemplary, and he appears to us to have needed nothing, but the advantages of moral influence. He is in great favor with his fellows, not less than with the superintendent and directors. He has been two years in the institution. An early answer is requested. Respectfully yours, &c.

The astonishment, produced by the reception of this letter, in the family of farmer Little, can easily be conceived. The course to be pursued became a subject for serious reflection with the farmer, who

seldom had occasion to repent, at his leisure, of follies committed in haste. It scarcely need be stated, that Robert and his mother were strongly in favor of receiving Richard Wild, as one of the family. The next day farmer Little set forth for the city, to form an opinion for himself, after seeing the boy, and conversing with the directors. In two days he returned, with Richard Wild at his side, now no longer little Dick, but a tall stout boy, with an agreeable but rather sober expression of face. It was an interesting sight to witness the affectionate meeting between Richard Wild and Robert Little. The farmer admitted to his family, that he could scarcely have believed it possible, that so great a change could have been wrought in any boy, as appeared to have been produced in Richard, during his residence at the House of Reformation; and he expressed himself highly gratified by the manner in which he had received the intelligence of the death of his parents. The continued exhibition of precept and example, at that excellent institution, for such a length of time, had broken the chain of evil habit, and given to this unfortunate and misguided boy a new departure, as the sailors say, for the voyage of life. "How very great," said farmer Little, "are the responsibilities of parents, for the influence of their example upon their children! And how can we be sufficiently grateful to those kind-hearted men, who tread in the steps of their blessed Master; who go about doing good; who have built up such institutions as these; and who go up and down the streets of our great cities, snatching these brands from the burning!" "I consider the House of Reformation," said Parson Jones, who had heard of this remarkable event, and ridden over, but too late, to see Richard, who had gone to his work; "I consider the House of Reformation," said this good man, "as a great moral machine. How remarkably does this child appear to have been the object of Heaven's particular regard! He has been almost miraculously preserved upon the pathless waste of waters. He has not been permitted to perish in the midst of his wickedness; but, under the guidance of the Father of the fatherless, he has been borne in safety to the shore. All things have worked together for his good. Even the very sins, which he committed, have conducted him to the place of safety and reformation."

The arrival of Richard Wild in the village of Tippletown was an event of no ordinary character. Many were eager to behold the child, that had been lost, and was found; and not a few, in whose minds curiosity and incredulity were blended together, were desirous of scrutinizing the little sinner, that was said to have repented. Accordingly, on Sabbath morning, all eyes were turned towards farmer Little's pew, to catch a glimpse of little Dick; and so uni-

versally striking was the change, not only in size, but in his air of manliness and the gravity of his deportment, that he went by no other name, from that day, than Richard Wild. The wretched and ragged little runaway, flying barefooted from his native village, with his dirty clothes and crownless hat, had undergone, to all appearance, a complete transformation, within and without. He was now nearly fifteen years of age, and robust for his years. His ruddy complexion, well-washed face, and smooth dark hair, together with his blue jacket and trowsers, white collar and neat black riband, were indicative of cleanliness and health. After meeting, as farmer Little and his wife, with their daughter Abigail, were returning home, followed by Robert and Richard, when they had turned off the main road into the by-way that leads to the farm, they were called after by old Sukey, the cripple, who came hobbling behind them, as fast as leg and crutch could carry her. They paused for old Sukey to come up with them. "Now tell me," said she, "is it Richard Wild? I have kept my eyes on the boy, sinner that I am, the whole morning, but he has not lifted his own to give me a chance to see if it was he, by the little cast that he had, you know." Richard shook hands with the zealous old creature, and no sooner raised his eyes upon her than she exclaimed, "Oh yes, it is he; and you was not drowned, after all, was you, poor boy? You was always a good-hearted boy, Richard, and you see," said she, holding up the old crutch, "you see I have kept it, have n't I?" Richard was pained and pleased by the various recollections, associated with the circumstance, to which the old woman referred; and, with another cordial shake of the hand, and a promise to come and visit her at her old cottage, he bade her good-by, and followed the farmer and his family, who had advanced a little way before.

Richard continued to grow in favor with God and man. He gave farmer Little complete satisfaction, by his obedience, industry, and sobriety. He was permitted to cultivate a small patch of ground, on his own account; and the first money which he obtained by his diligence was employed in procuring a plain gray slab, which he placed upon the spot, where the sexton assured him his parents were buried; though nothing marked the place but the crowning sod. The inscription was wonderfully simple, and intended, not as an unmerited honor to the dead, but as a simple memorandum for himself. It was comprehended in five words, with his own initials, and ran thus: "My poor Father and Mother. R. W."

He was very kind to old Sukey, who was very poor, but who kept herself from dependence on the town for support, by her own industry, and the assistance of her daughter Margaret, who, with an

old house-dog, were the only tenants of the little low cottage, at the bend of the river.

It is now eighteen years since Richard returned to the village. Few villages, in the same number of years, have undergone such remarkable changes as Tippletown. It is changed in name and in nature. It is now called Waterville, and not a single license is granted, within its bounds, for the sale of ardent spirit. It is hard, as the proverb saith, for an old dog to learn new tricks: Squire Hawk, having been removed from the board of selectmen, and unable to obtain a license for the sale of rum, in that village, removed his residence to another; and, after keeping a grog-shop for a few years, died of the dropsy. We are grieved to say, that Deacon Squeak died a drunkard, and was buried from the poor-house.

As you enter the village, over the great county road, you see, at a short distance from the public way, and on the westerly side of it, under the shade of some remarkable elms, two white houses with green blinds; they are precisely alike. One of them is the residence of the Reverend Robert Little, the present worthy minister; and the other is occupied by Richard Wild, Esquire, the chairman of the selectmen. These houses are on the very sites once occupied by the cottages in which "Wild Dick" and "Good Little Robin" were born. There is a beautiful summer-house, tastefully covered with grape-vines, lying midway between these dwellings, and which is obviously common to both. It is constructed over the rock at the bottom of the garden, upon which they used to convene, with their dippers of bread and milk, some thirty years ago. Old farmer Little and his wife are yet living, or were in June last, and residing happily with their children. Their son, the clergyman, married an amiable young lady from a neighboring town. Abigail is married; not as the reader supposes, and as the whole village had arranged it, to Richard Wild, but to a respectable farmer in the upper parish.

About eight years ago, the British consul published the following advertisement:—"*If Richard Wild, who, in the year* 18—, *was washed overboard from the ship George, off Cape Hatteras, be living, he is requested to give notice at the office of the British consul, in this city.*" Some person informed Richard of the publication. He accordingly presented himself at the consul's office, and was shown the copy of a will, in these words:—"I, Isaac Lane, now of the city of London, master mariner, having no near relation, do hereby give, devise and bequeath all my estate in this world, to Richard Wild, formerly of Tippletown, in the commonwealth of Massachusetts, in New England, and to his heirs forever, provided, as is barely possible, the said Richard be living, and claim this bequest

within two years from my decease, otherwise to the use of Greenwich Hospital." Here followed the testamentary formalities. The consul then requested Richard to exhibit his right arm; upon which were seen pricked in, with India ink, an anchor with the initials, I. L.—R. W. He then put into his hands a letter from a barrister in London, referring to these particulars, and stating that the property amounted to not much less than £4,000 sterling, or rather more than $17,000, American money. The necessary arrangements were soon made; and little runaway Dick became an object of particular interest with the males, and even with some of the females of Tippletown, as Mr. Richard Wild, with a fortune of $17,000, and not a debt in the world; which is more than many a merchant can say of himself, though, with one eye closed upon his debts, and the other open upon his credits, he may look down upon the clear estate of Mr. Wild with infinite contempt. Squire Hawk had a very pretty daughter; and there was no man in the village more obsequious to Richard. Mr. Wild always treated the Squire with the respect due to an older man, but he came no nearer. He had never crossed the fatal threshold of his shop since his return. He considered Squire Hawk and the Deacon as the prime ministers of the ruin of his parents; but he did not presume, by any act of hostility to either, to assume the high office of Him, to whom vengeance belongs. Shortly after this unexpected accession of property, Miss Hepsy Hawk astonished the parish with an expensive salmon-colored silk, and a new Navarino; and she used to linger an unnecessary length of time at the door of her father's pew, till Mr. Wild came down the aisle; and then she would go wriggling and fidgeting out by his side as close as she could decently get. But, after a while, finding that she could not attract his attention, she gave up the experiment, contenting herself with remarking to all her acquaintances, that he was dreadfully cross-eyed.

Mr. Richard Wild managed his property with great discretion. His first act was to purchase the old homestead on which he was born. He was particularly kind to the poor, and old Sukey Lamson, the cripple, came in for a full share of his beneficence. The villagers were very much surprised at his kind attention, when he became overseer of the poor, to the old Deacon, who was then in the poor-house. The mystery was easily explained,— Richard Wild was a Christian. It was rather remarkable, that the last fraction of the Deacon's estate should have been sold by him to Richard Wild, and that it should have been the very meadow land which, under circumstances painfully similar, had been sold by his father to the Deacon himself.

There was a prodigious stir in the village when Richard was married. Sukey, the cripple, was at the wedding, leaning on her old crutch, and with a new gown and kerchief; and nobody had a greater right to be there. There was no little confusion and surprise, when, a few Sabbaths before, the Reverend Mr. Little published the bans of marriage, between Mr. Richard Wild and Miss Margaret Lamson. Margaret was a pious girl; and, if it were sinful to be pretty, no girl in the parish had more to answer for than Margaret Lamson; though she was altogether too poor to think of a Navarino or a salmon-colored silk. I need not say that Parson Little performed the marriage ceremony. When, after the service, he went up to congratulate old Sukey, "Ay," said she, holding up the old crutch, "he will always be a stay and a staff to me, and he always has been, and nobody knows it better than you, Robin—the Lord forgive me, but I am getting old, and can't help looking upon ye both as my boys." The old woman is still living, at the age of eighty-nine. She retains her faculties surprisingly; and may be seen every morning, at the front chamber window of the Squire's house, with her knitting in her hands.

There is a common bond among all the virtues: no truly good man was ever ungrateful: every year, Mr. Wild sends a fine cheese and a barrel of apples to the superintendent of the House of Reformation, not for their intrinsic value, but as a continuing mark of his grateful and affectionate respect.

I AM AFRAID THERE IS A GOD!

For an unbeliever in the doctrines of revelation, we can pray, that God would help his unbelief. For an unbeliever in the existence of a God, we can scarcely frame words, in the form of a suitable petition. We shudder at our own presumption, as we approach the mercy-seat.

A Deist or an Atheist, in former days, might have been occasionally found, in our cities, wandering and alone; his hand, like the hand of Ishmael, against every man, and every man's hand against him.

It is not so, at the present time. Infidelity and Atheism plant their standard in the very heart of our metropolis. Yet, in the words of our Declaration of Rights, "It is the right as well as the *duty* of all men in society, publicly, and at stated seasons, to worship the SUPREME BEING, the great Creator and Preserver of the universe."

For the miserable individual, who disbelieves, all by himself, and troubles not the world with the account of those crooked paths and painful processes, by which he descends into those awful depths, where he lies forlorn; for him we have no other feeling, than that of commiseration.

For the abandoned wretch, who dares, in the most open and audacious manner, to lay his unhallowed hands upon the book of God, — not to expound the Scripture, but to prove the word of God to be a lie; — who can teach nothing, because he knows nothing; — who gathers around him a group of both sexes and all ages, and endeavors to prepare them for a career of infamy, by rending away, one after another, the posts and pillars, upon which the social compact is sustained; — who would take away the hope, that makes the humble Christian happy, and leave him nothing but mourning, in his dying hour, for the oil of joy; who vends books, indecent and abominable in their character, and wilfully wicked in their design; for such a corrupt and profligate scoundrel as this, we have no other feeling than a sentiment of unmeasured and unmingled abhorrence.

Can it be believed, that a wretch, so depraved, can be found upon the earth, who will dare to show his contempt for God's holy word, by hurling the sacred book across the room, in a public assembly of males and females! — Such is the fact. We leave the reflections to those, who well know what offences are punishable by indictment at common law, and to those who desire not to leave their official duties unperformed.

The murderer, the thief, the corrupter of innocence, the advocate of "*liberal*" principles, the consistent villain, who shudders at nothing but the imputation of hypocrisy, who admits the charge of seduction, but defies the world to show that he ever laid claim to superior sanctity, these and their confederates, who are the main pillars of infidel societies, are seldom cold water men. The stimulus of intoxication impels its youthful votary to the gaming house or the brothel; and then, to relieve the conscience, yet unseared, of its oppressive load, it conducts him to the schools of infidelity; where he is happy to be told, and struggles to believe, that no crime, however atrocious, can entail upon its perpetrator any punishment, beyond the grave; that "the judgment" shall never come; and that the ideas of a God and of a future state are perfectly absurd. Schools of infidelity are obviously the preparatory houses for every variety of crime; and the offender, stained with crime, and trembling with alarm, flies back for absolution; and is comforted, while he listens to the proclamation of a miserable being, who is probably remarkable for nothing but his ignorance and his audacity, that there is no God.

Life is passing like a dream. The grave, ere long, will demand its tribute. No human being can demonstrate, that there *is not* a God; and the last hour of the infidel may bring with it an age of agony; and his soul may be filled with the tremendous apprehension, that there is!

My father was a respectable mechanic in the town of ——. On the subject of religion there existed the most perfect unanimity between my father and my mother; and their whole lives were ample illustrations of their confidence in the promises of God, and of their firm and sustaining belief in the precepts and doctrines of Christianity. My parents were both members of the Temperance Society, and earnest promoters of the cause, to the extent of their limited influence and ability.

They were the parents of three children, Absalom, Bethiah, and myself. At the age of forty-five, I look back upon their simple manners and consistent piety, with a feeling of affectionate respect. The village of ——, which was our place of residence, retains its

primitive simplicity, such as it was, some forty years ago, in a degree beyond almost any village in the commonwealth; not because it is situated at a very remote distance from the metropolis, for such is not the fact; but its water privileges have not yet attracted the serious attention of the manufacturer; it lies abroad from all the routes of existing canals and contemplated railways; it has not been so fortunate as to become the residence of any man of fortune, retired from the bustle of the world; and it has never given birth to any more distinguished personage, than General Driver, who keeps the public house; is chairman of the selectmen; commands the militia; and represents the town in the General Court.

The village pound, and the old gunhouse, with its red doors and weather-beaten flagstaff, are just where they were, when I used to gather to the spot, with all the children of the village, to see Washington and Adams dragged forth upon the common, on the fourth of July; for such were the titles of two brass four pounders, intrusted to the care of Captain Solomon Dow. The Reverend Mr. Cooley is still the parson of the parish; and, although a new generation has sprung up, since the days of my boyhood, there is enough remaining of all, that once was, to enable the memory to play the architect adroitly, and rebuild the edifice, with all its parts and proportions, within and without. Even of the pulpit cushion, upon which the good man has administered for forty years, there is enough remaining to settle the question of identity. The young women enter the meeting-house, with sprigs of fennel, and the boys, with pond lilies in their hands; old Caleb Kidder sits in the singers' seat, with his pitch-pipe, just where he used to sit; and Madam Moody, at the age of eighty, in her old brocade, occupies the same seat, in the broad aisle, on the right, as you enter, which she occupied full forty years ago.

It has pleased God to bless me in my basket and my store; and I never feel so grateful, for the bounties of Providence, as when I reflect, that they have enabled me to succor and sustain my honored parents, in their dark days, and to repay them, in some measure, for all their kindness, which I never fully appreciated, till I became a parent myself. They still live in the old cottage; and, after many afflictions, from a quarter whence they had anticipated nothing but rays of comfort, in their latter days, they present a pattern of Christian resignation to God's holy will.

My parents, as I have stated, were pious people. They were in the practice of morning and evening devotion. My father never omitted it, unless he was prevented by sickness; and, however pressed for time, he never departed from a slow and reverential manner of performing it "Whatever business may be delayed,"

he used sometimes to say, "the Lord's work should never be hurried." Notwithstanding the daily precept and example of this worthy couple, they were called to a bitter trial. The wall of strength which they had endeavored to build round about them, the safeguard of religion, which they had raised for the protection of their lambs, was not sufficient for them all:—the wolf leaped into the fold, and snatched one from their grasp—they were the parents of a DRUNKARD and an INFIDEL!

I have often thought that the simple narrative of their blasted hopes would furnish materials for an interesting tale.

Upon a Saturday morning, in the month of June, 18—, a young gentleman, of very genteel appearance, arrived with a fine horse and stylish gig, at the door of Driver's tavern; and, delivering his equipage to the hostler, requested accommodations, for a day or two, during his stay in the village. It was soon rumored about, that the stranger was no less a personage than Mr. Bobb, active partner in the firm of Bobb and Binnacle. There could be no reasonable doubt upon the subject, for he had communicated the information himself, before he had been an hour in the village, to the hostler and the barkeeper; incidentally dropping a hint, now and then, of their extensive operations, and very considerable interest in various manufacturing establishments. The manufacturing fever was, at this period, approaching that remarkable crisis, after which so many subjects were reduced to a condition of weakness, from which they have not entirely recovered at the present day. The mania had not actually extended to our village; but the proprietors of land, bounding on the river, evidently considered their estates of greater importance. The value of water privileges, the law of flowage, and the prodigious profits of manufacturers, became topics of frequent conversation at the tavern and the grocery. Squire Gookin openly and frequently avowed, that he would not sell his meadow lot, above the red bridge, for six times the sum it cost him; and he has faithfully kept his word to the present day.

Mr. Bobb had scarcely refreshed himself and his apparel, after a dusty drive, with a basin of pure water and a clothes-brush, before he inquired of General Driver, who was stirring up toddy for the selectmen, who were in session at the inn, whether there were not some good privileges on the river, that might be bought up, on speculation. The General mentioned Squire Gookin's, and two or three others. He offered the services of his son, to show Mr. Bobb the locations, and apologized for not being able to go himself; but it was haying time, and the press for toddy was so great, that he could not leave.

While this conversation was going on, Enoch Smith, who went, I remember, by the name of Skyrocket Enoch, because his stories flew so swiftly, and ended so frequently in smoke; Enoch, who had listened attentively to the conversation, lost no time in repairing to Squire Gookin's, and assuring him, that a gentleman of great wealth had come from the city, on purpose to buy his water privilege. Shortly after, Mr. Bobb and the General's son were seen going in the direction of the river; and it was rather amusing to observe the Squire carefully watching their operations, from behind his corn-barn.

On Sabbath morning, Mr. Bobb was ushered into General Driver's pew, by no less a personage than the General himself; and it was universally agreed, that a prettier man never walked up the broad aisle, than Mr. Bobb. Katy Cummings, who was too much of a wag ever to get a husband, admitted that he had disturbed her devotions, and that she should have set her cap for him, if he had not appeared to take so much comfort in his whiskers. One young woman obviously attracted the stranger's attention, in an extraordinary degree; decidedly the prettiest girl in the parish; no other than my sister, Bethiah. In the afternoon, the constant direction of his eyes towards my father's pew became so very particular, as to attract the notice, and provoke the smiles, of more than one of Mr. Cooley's congregation; and, in the evening, young Mr. Driver conceived himself authorized, by his intimacy with our family, to introduce Mr. Bobb to our acquaintance. He was evidently desirous of making himself agreeable, and he certainly succeeded. It was apparent to me, from the very first moment of his introduction, that Bethiah was not at all deficient in that mother wit, which enables a young woman to divine, if a gentleman's visit be intended for herself; and I was not less assured, in my own mind, that she was pleased, that it should be. His desire to ingratiate himself with every member of our family rendered his manners extremely respectful and modest; and we heard little of the extensive operations of Bobb and Binnacle. He repeated his visit, upon the following day; and, whatever might have been the measure of his original interest in manufacturing speculations, it soon became apparent, that he had lost all recollection of Squire Gookin and his water privileges, in a subject of a more absorbing nature.

His visit in the village was extended beyond the period which he had assigned for his departure; and he was finally summoned away, by a letter from Mr. Binnacle, informing him of an unexpected pressure in the money market. His attentions to my sister were very particular; and the manner in which those attentions were received,

left no doubt of the favorable impression which had been made upon her mind, perhaps upon her heart. The possibility of such a consequence had occurred to both my parents. Bethiah was an excellent girl, but her mind was not altogether free from a romantic bias. My father thought proper to converse with her upon the danger of indulging any other feelings, than those of good will, towards an individual, of whom she knew so little, as of this agreeable stranger. — "Dear father," said she, bursting into tears, "we are engaged, provided you and mother will give your consent, and I am sure you will not refuse it, when you come to know Mr. Bobb as well as I do."—"Gracious heaven!" cried her astonished father, "engaged! — know him as well as you do! — my child, you are but seventeen years of age, and you have seen this young man every day, for a week; what can you know of him?"—"Dear father," replied this infatuated girl, "I know everything; he has told me all about his family, and his situation in life. His partner, Mr. Binnacle, is a retired sea-captain, of handsome property. He knows little or nothing of the business in which they are engaged, and leaves everything to the management of Mr. Bobb."—"Leaves everything to the management of Mr. Bobb!" exclaimed my father, in a tone almost of derision. "Bethiah, as you respect my paternal authority, and value my happiness and your own, proceed no further in this rash business, until I have made such inquiries as are dictated by common prudence."

My poor father conferred with my mother, as a matter of course; and blamed himself severely, for permitting an attractive young man, of whom he knew so little, to jeopardize the happiness of his child. "Perhaps," said my mother, "he may be all that he represents himself to be." — "It may be so," said my father, "but I will suffer the matter no longer to remain in uncertainty. I will go, tomorrow, to the city, and make all proper inquiries on the subject.' Without disclosing his intention to any other person, he set forth, at an early hour.

Mr. Bobb had left behind a zealous advocate, in my brother Absalom, who was one year younger than Bethiah. Indeed it would be difficult to say, upon which of the two this young man had produced the more favorable impression. It is sometimes amusing to contemplate the fantastical grounds, upon which youthful lovers will rest a conviction, that they are destined by Heaven, for each other. After exhausting all other arguments upon her mother, in justification of her conduct, Bethiah admitted, that she had been greatly surprised, and perhaps somewhat influenced in her feelings, by discovering that the initials of Bethiah Atherton Jennings, when reversed, were also the initials of Julius Augustus Bobb.

My father returned on the following day. He had ascertained, that Bobb and Binnacle were engaged, to some extent, in the manufacturing business. The depths of that ocean of speculation were, at that time, altogether unfathomable. But my father evidently inclined to the hopeful side of the problem. He had received no information unfavorable to the moral character of Mr. Bobb. He was esteemed an amiable man, by his acquaintances, and perfectly honorable in his dealings. His parents had been free livers, and died just about the time, when they had run through a very handsome property. My father was pained to hear, that this young man had probably received no serious impressions on the subject of religion, in his youth; but he was gratified, on the other hand, to learn that he was a member of the temperance society.

There are matters of deeper interest, in which it is desirable to engage the reader's attention; and I will therefore pass over this portion of our family history, in a summary manner. My parents smiled upon the hopes of their daughter. Bethiah, in due time, became the wife of Mr. Bobb, and went to reside in the city. The dawn of their married life was as bright and clear as the dawn of an April day. Would to heaven, this were the only point, in which there existed a resemblance between them! They had not been married six months, before a report was circulated in the village, that Bobb and Binnacle had failed. This report was readily traced to Skyrocket Enoch, who had returned with a wagon from the city. My father went to examine Enoch, upon the subject, who stated, that he had heard of a manufacturing firm, that would fail shortly, but did not hear their names; he guessed it must be Bobb and Binnacle; and as he had been full four and twenty hours a coming up, he reckoned they must have failed by the time he arrived. Our apprehensions were excited, on the following day, by a letter from Mr. Bobb, pressing my father to come down, as soon as possible. He complied with this request, and was informed, that there was not the least cause of alarm; but the pressure for money was so great, that they were compelled to ask his assistance. They were in want, at that time, of $7,000, and could obtain it of the bank, with his endorsement. It was rather more than all my father was worth in the world, but the case was urgent. He put his name upon their paper; the $7,000 were swallowed up in the whirlpool of their complicated concerns, like a ship's long boat in the maelstrom of Norway. In a fortnight, they were bankrupts, stock and fluke; and my father's little property, the laborious accumulation of many years, went before the torrent, like chaff before the driving storm.

If, upon such an occasion, there be any consolation, and undoubtedly there is, in universal and respectful sympathy, my poor old father had an abundant share of that good thing. The creditors were very considerate; they were commercial men, in whom the spirit of trade had not vanquished the spirit of compassion and humanity.

My father surrendered all his little property, requesting permission to retain nothing but the tools of his trade, which were secured to him by law, and the old family Bible; but the creditors relinquished their claim upon his furniture, and he gave them possession of his homestead, which was sold with his consent, subject to his right of redemption, under the mortgage. "God's will be done!" said he, as he locked up the old house, for the last time, preparatory to the delivery of the key to the new proprietor.

He was sixty-three years of age, when he commenced life anew. He went with my mother, who bore her misfortunes quite as well as her husband, to board with a neighboring farmer, a portion of whose barn he speedily converted into a temporary work-shop; and, the next morning, the old sign of "DAVID JENNINGS, HOUSE-WRIGHT," long laid by, and which had been familiar to the villagers for thirty years, was cleared of its dust and cobwebs, and placed over the door.

"Just what I should have expected," said Parson Cooley, when he first heard of it. "David Jennings would sooner take up the implements of honest industry, than add to the burthen of any other man." The next Sabbath he preached an excellent sermon, on resignation under afflictive trials. As he went home, he observed to his wife, "Squire Gookin has lost a few sheep of the rot, and his countenance exhibited the deepest distress during the whole time I was preaching; while David Jennings and his wife, who have lost all they have in the world, presented the happiest examples I have ever witnessed of cheerful submission to God's holy will."

Almost immediately after my sister's marriage, my brother Absalom, agreeably to a previous arrangement, went to the city, as an under clerk, in the store of Bobb and Binnacle; and, at the time of their failure, being a young man of good abilities, he soon found employment in another establishment.

From my early youth, I had a partiality for a seafaring life; and I have followed the profession, ever since I was sixteen years old. I had doubled that age, at the period of my sister's marriage, and arrived from Bombay, just a week before the ceremony took place. In about six weeks afterward, I sailed for Calcutta, and was absent during the period of these calamities, and, indeed, for nearly three years, without any direct intelligence from home. I had heard a rumor of the failure, but nothing of my father's misfortune.

I arrived at the port of New York, in May, 18—, and taking the mail stage, reached Worcester, the nearest town, upon the route, to the village where I was born. I then obtained a horse and chaise, and came to the old homestead a little after midnight. I rapped at the door, and, after a short interval, the window was opened, and a voice, my father's, as I supposed, for it was raining hard, and I could not perfectly distinguish, inquired who was there. "Don't you know the voice of your own son?" said I. — "Friend," replied the person at the window, "the tavern is only a quarter of a mile off, and, if you are in your right mind, I advise you to find your way to it." — The window was immediately put down, but not till I was satisfied, that the voice was not the voice of my father. I have heard breakers over the lee bow, in a darker night; but never did the blood rush so violently to my head, as at that moment. "My parents are dead, then," said I, involuntarily, as I placed my hand upon my forehead. — At that moment, the window was opened again, and I heard a female voice, within the apartment, exclaiming in a tone of earnestness, "I have no doubt it is he." — "What is your name?" said the man at the window. — The heart of the patriarch was not more full, when he put the question to his brethren, *I am Joseph, doth my father yet live?* than mine, when I put a similar inquiry, in relation to my old father and mother. The occupants were soon in motion; and, the door was opened by farmer Weeks, a worthy man, who proceeded to rake open the fire, while his good wife began to prepare some refreshments. They persuaded me to remain, till daylight, and gave me a particular account of my father's misfortunes. I learned also from them, that Bobb and Binnacle had separated, and that the latter had returned to his old profession. Farmer Weeks observed, that my father and mother bore up, under the loss of their property, wonderfully well; but he admitted, that some other troubles, within the last two years, had made a deeper impression upon their minds. I gathered from the hints, which the farmer dropped, with evident reluctance, that their unhappiness was caused chiefly by the misconduct of my brother Absalom.

As soon as the day dawned, I proceeded to the house, in which farmer Weeks informed me my parents had continued to reside, since their removal from the cottage. As I drew near, I observed a person coming from the door, with a broad axe over his shoulder, and a carpenter's apron: his quick step, for a moment, deceived me; but a second glance assured me of the truth — it was my old father, going forth to his morning's work. He knew me, in an instant, and dropping his tools upon the ground, threw his arms about my neck, and wept like a child. We returned together to the house. My

poor mother, who appeared to have suffered more, in her bodily health, in consequence of her domestic affliction, was overjoyed at my return. Even the kind people, where my parents resided, appeared to think themselves fairly entitled to rejoice with those, who rejoiced, to whom they had given the surest evidence of their sympathy in affliction.

"Poor Bethiah," said I, as soon as we were left to ourselves, "what is her situation, and that of her husband?"—"Bethiah," said my father, "is the mother of three little girls. Her husband, I trust, is becoming a religious man. They are very poor, and have hard work to get along in the world. But Bethiah says there never was a kinder husband. Their troubles seem to have attached them more closely to each other."—"And Absalom," said I, "where is he?"—"In the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity," replied my poor father, with an expression of the deepest affliction, while my old mother covered her face with her hands.—"For Heaven's sake, dear father," said I, "what is the matter, has he committed any crime?"—"Absalom," said he, in a voice, scarcely articulate for grief, "is a DRUNKARD and an INFIDEL! While he continued with his sister and her husband, he was virtuous and happy. After the failure, he found employment elsewhere; fell among evil associates, and was ruined. He frequented the theatre, and other scenes of dissipation, and speedily acquired habits of tippling. In a moment of intoxication, he was persuaded to go to a meeting of infidels; their doctrines were new to him; and, however monstrous, their very novelty excited an interest in his mind: he went again, and again, and became a convert. He was not in the habit, at this period, of going frequently to his sister's residence; and the mischief was accomplished, before I had any knowledge of his evil courses. At length, I received a letter from Bethiah and her husband, communicating their fears. I repaired to the city, the next day; and, arriving in the evening, I inquired for Absalom, at his lodgings; and was informed, that he might probably be found at the lecture room. I obtained directions, and repaired to the spot without delay. I entered a room, in which was a collection of males and females of decent appearance, and took my seat, in a retired corner.

"After a few minutes, I discovered my misguided son, and endeavored to keep myself concealed from his observation. Presently the lecturer commenced. He was a tall man, with round shoulders, and very gray hair. I should think him over sixty years of age; his face was florid; his eyes were contracted, downcast, and expressive of cunning and duplicity. I should not have been willing to trust any man, who had so much the appearance of a knave. But what

was my horror, when this gray-headed castaway threw the volume of eternal life across the room, and pronounced God's holy word no better than a lie! What were my emotions, when I beheld this poor miserable wretch, tottering, as it were, upon the brink of the grave, abusing the lamp of reason, by employing it to mislead his fellow-creatures to destruction; prostituting the highest gift of God, to prove, that there is no God! At length this hoary-headed scoundrel exhausted his stock of sacrilege and folly, and resumed his seat. The meeting broke up; and, keeping my eye upon my wretched boy, I followed his steps into the street. He turned into a dram-shop, in the neighborhood of the pandemonium from which he had so lately descended. I saw him, while my eyes wept tears of anguish, pour the accursed poison down his throat. I forbore to interrupt his orgies, in their present stage; I determined, agonizing as it might be to a father's heart, to observe his progress. In a short time, he sallied forth; and again I followed his steps.

"After winding through several streets, he associated himself with an abandoned woman, who was strolling purposely alone; and they repaired, arm in arm, to another dram-shop, of a more genteel description. They passed into a recess, provided with curtains for concealment. I stood, at a little distance from the door, and in a short time, I saw a servant conveying liquors and refreshments to the recess, and closing the curtains, as he retired. Now, thought I, is my time; — I passed into the shop, and, taking up a light, proceeded to the spot, and drawing back the curtain, held the light before my face. This child of sin was perfectly thunderstruck: at first, he attempted to escape; but I held him firmly by the arm. His vile companion, and a brazen-faced Jezebel she was, had already fled. Absalom, said I, as I relinquished my hold, and took my seat before him, do you not believe there is a God? — No — was the reply, in a voice of drunken desperation! — Father of mercy, I exclaimed, has it come to this! and looking, for an instant, at his feverish face and bloodshot eye, and contrasting the object before me with the treasured recollections of my happy boy, I buried my face in my hands, and sobbed aloud. When I raised my head, he had gone. Inquiries were repeatedly made at his boarding house, but in vain. It was solemnly affirmed, that he had not returned there. I have never seen him from that hour. — But all this comes not from the ground. I am blessed beyond my deserts. Bethiah is happy, in her poverty; and her husband is becoming a better man for a better world; your dear mother enjoys a tolerable share of health; my own health and strength are excellent, and I have enough to do; and, to crown all, you, my first-born, are alive and well, and safely returned

to us again. And now, as I see breakfast is nearly ready, let us thank our Heavenly Father for all his blessings, and for the special Providence of your return."

Farmer Weeks exerted himself to find accommodations for his family, as soon as possible; I paid off my father's mortgage, and my parents were speedily restored to the old cottage. The tools were carefully collected, and replaced in the carpenter's chest; and the sign of DAVID JENNINGS, HOUSEWRIGHT, was returned once more to its resting-place, in the garret. The affectionate respect of the villagers, for my parents, was clearly manifested, in the cheerful congratulations, and hearty shakes by the hand, which met them at every step: and, when my father was in search of a horse-cart, to carry back his furniture, and the rest of his little property, the neighbors gathered round, and took it, at once, in their hands and upon their shoulders, and the whole removal was accomplished in half an hour. Skyrocket Enoch, who, with all his relish for the marvellous, was the most amiable mischief-maker in the village, flew, like a shuttlecock, from house to house, breaking looking-glasses and crockery ware, in the best-natured manner imaginable.

After my parents had been resettled on the homestead, I visited my sister and her husband in the city. I found her, at lodgings, up three pairs of stairs, in an obscure but respectable part of the metropolis; and, receiving a direction to the first door, on the right hand, on the upper landing, I proceeded to find my way. On reaching the door, I heard a voice, which, I knew, was Bethiah's; — I listened for a moment; — she was getting one of her little ones to sleep, with the same lullaby, that our good mother had sung to us all. — I tapped at the door; — she opened it herself; — in an instant we were locked in each other's arms.

She was thin and pale, but I did not perceive, that she had lost any of her beauty. Her fine light hair, and bright blue eyes, and beautiful teeth, for which she had always been remarkable, still remained, like the prominent points in some interesting landscape; where the woodcapt hill, and the winding stream, and the natural cascade, are beautiful still, though the sun may have departed, and the moon alone may display them, by her paler lamp.

"Brother," said she, "look at these," pointing to her little children, her bright face covered with smiles and tears, like the soft lightning and gentle showers of an August evening, when the elements are playing witch-work with the western sky. Her first born were twins; they were tottling about the room, and the baby was in the cradle. "They are lovely children," said I, "but where is your husband?" — "He is coming home now," she replied, "I see

him from the window." — I followed the direction of her finger, — I should not have known him. "Three years," said I, "have altered his appearance prodigiously." — "Oh, yes," she replied, "we often laugh over the recollections of our foolish dreams. We have done with castle-building in the air; and are building, I trust, upon a better foundation. My husband is one of the best husbands; he is getting to be one of the best Christians also." — I was sufficiently prepared to meet him kindly, when he opened the door.

Everything, which had characterized his person, three years before, as the "*active partner, in the firm of Bobb and Binnacle*," had gone by the board, as we sailors say. He was plainly but neatly dressed; and a patched boot and rusty hat, though I noticed a better one for Sunday, hanging in the corner, indicated an attention to economy. After a kind greeting, we sat down together. Bethiah spread a neat cloth, on a little pine table, and was making preparations for their frugal meal. — "Captain Jennings," said her husband, a little of the old leaven of pride mantling upon his cheek, "I am afraid we can give you nothing better than a roast potato, for dinner." — "Now," said I, "look here, if you give me any other title than Brother David, I 'll be off, and I want nothing better than a roast potato, provided you 've got any salt." — As I said this, I gave him a hearty shake by the hand. — The tear came into his eye. "Excuse my weakness," said he, "but I have seen so much of the cold side of the world for some years, that I am scarcely prepared for the other."

We ate our simple dinner, with an excellent relish. After it was over, "Now," said I, "let 's have a short talk. I must go back, to-night. I understand from Bethiah, that you have settled with your creditors, and are earning about three or four hundred dollars a year, as a clerk in a wholesale store. That will not do. Cook, who has kept store in the village, for forty years, has got old, and rich, and wants to sell out; now I want to make a temperance store of it; and, if you can be happy in the country, and are willing to take it, I 'll buy the stock and stand for you: I 've got old Cook's terms and the refusal in writing."

Nothing could surpass the satisfaction, expressed by Bethiah and her husband, at this proposal. I returned, and closed the bargain; and, in less than a fortnight, Mr. Bobb was behind the counter, in full operation; Bethiah was settled down with our old father and mother, in the spot where she was born; her twins were creeping over the bank of violets, at the back of the house, where she had crept, when a child; and her baby was rocking in the cradle, which had been occupied, by four generations.

The next Sabbath, when we were all collected together, in the family pew, there was a general expression of satisfaction, on the countenances of our friends and neighbors: and there were tears in many eyes, when Parson Cooley, now three score and ten years of age, preached a moving discourse from that beautiful passage, in the thirty-seventh psalm, *I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.*

About two years after this happy reünion of our family, our excellent minister received a letter, from a clergyman in the city, communicating information, respecting my miserable brother. After a career of infidelity and intemperance, he was, as the writer supposed, upon his death-bed, in the last stages of consumption. The good man, who sent this information to Parson Cooley, had visited the dying young man repeatedly, and described his mind to be in such a state, that he desired to die, but for the wish to live, that he might atone for his transgressions. As family resemblance will sometimes appear to be lost, in a present generation; and return, with all its freshness, in that which succeeds; so those religious impressions, which are made upon the youthful heart, by some faithful hand, and of which no trace may be seen, through a series of frivolous years, will sometimes return to sustain the tottering steps of one, who had been lost by the way-side; and may ultimately prove the means of salvation, through God's boundless mercy, in a dying hour.

It was thought prudent to conceal this intelligence from my parents, for the present: and, agreeably to the wish he had expressed, to see some of the family, before he died, I immediately set forth upon this melancholy embassy.

I reached the wretched hovel, to which I had been directed, as speedily as possible. I did not disclose my name to the miserable object, who came to the door, but simply inquired, if Absalom Jennings was there, and how he was. The old woman, who let me in, answered, that the doctor, whom the clergyman had sent there, thought he could not live long. She added, that the leader of the Freethinkers had never visited him, during his sickness, which had continued several weeks; but that several of the followers had been there; and that two of them were then up stairs. I passed up a narrow stairway, and arrived at a little apartment, the door of which was partly open. I listened, for a moment, to the closing words of a conversation, between these emissaries of Satan, these devils incarnate, upon earth, and my dying brother. — "Well, Jennings," said one of them, "out with it, what do you think now, do you believe there is a God?" — I heard nothing but a deep groan, which

went to my heart. — "Come," said the other, "speak out; if you believe there is a God, we won't come here again." — "Johnson," said my poor brother, in a voice of bitter anguish, and in words, which were uttered, as if they came from the bottom of his soul; and, I am sure, they went to the bottom of mine, "I am afraid there is a God!" — These demons in human shape rose to leave the apartment. As they passed near me, — "Never set your cloven feet again," said I in a whisper, "within the chamber of this dying sinner." — "Why what business is it of yours?" said one of them To avoid confusion in such a place, I followed him quietly down stairs, and taking him by the shoulder, "This wretched young man," said I, "is the son of my father and my mother: enter his apartment again, and, if you do not believe in God, I will give you good reason to believe in man, for I will break every bone in your skin."

They walked off, in evident alarm; and I returned to the apartment. I crept softly to the chamber. I saw, upon a miserable pallet a pale emaciated man, whose eyes were shut, and whose features I studied attentively, for some time, before I could discover enough to satisfy me, that I beheld the wreck of a ruined brother. Nothing remained of the full features, the smooth forehead, the prominent black eye, or the ruddy complexion. The features, and especially the nose and cheek bones, were sharpened in a remarkable manner; the forehead was checkered by the signet of premature old age; the face had all the paleness of a corpse; and the eye, which was still closed, appeared deeply sunken beneath the projecting eyebrows. — I approached closely to the bed. — "Absalom," said I; — he opened his eyes, and turned upon me those lights, so soon to be extinguished in the grave. — "Absalom," I repeated, "do you not know me?" — "Oh, David," he exclaimed. "is it you!" and, covering his face with the bed-clothes, he became convulsed with sorrow "My poor brother!" said I, for my heart yearned towards him, as I sat down beside him, on the pallet of straw, and took his long, lean hand in my own. — "Oh, David," said he, "can you love me now?" and he drew my hand to his parched lips, and bathed it in tears.

I sent for the physician, who positively forbade his being moved, as I had wished, into better lodgings. I therefore made the best arrangement, in my power, for his comfort, and prepared to remain with him, during the night. He appeared to be overwhelmed with a grateful sense of this trifling act of humanity. The strongest wish of his heart, which he frequently repeated, was the desire of seeing his father, and asking his forgiveness. I accordingly de-

spatched a messenger to Parson Cooley, requesting him to open the matter to my father, and come to the city with him, as soon as he conveniently could.

They arrived before noon, on the following day. The interview was very distressing. My poor old father no sooner entered the room, than this wretched young man, by an unexpected and extraordinary effort, got out of his bed, and, upon his hands and knees, for he could not walk, crawled to his feet and exclaimed, "Father, forgive me, before I die." My father was greatly shocked by his appearance; and the exertion undoubtedly shortened the period of my poor brother's existence.

After taking a little nourishment, he appeared so much better, that I felt almost inclined to think he might recover: but it was only the flashing and flickering of life's lamp, before it is extinguished forever.

During this interval he begged his father and Parson Cooley to sit near him. "Do you not trace all your misery to the use of ardent spirit, Absalom?" said the good minister.—"No sir, he replied, "I never drank any, till about eighteen months ago, but I became extremely fond of wine; and the first time, that I went to an infidel meeting, I was intoxicated with wine, which I drank at the bars of the theatre. When I could no longer obtain wine, as the means of intoxication, I resorted to ardent spirit, because it was cheaper; and finally the fatal relish for ardent spirit destroyed my taste, in a great measure, for milder stimulants. Intoxication drove me to the brothel; and the doctrines, taught at the infidel meetings, justified my conduct in going there. When I became conscious of an oppressive burthen, in the form of crime, I was delighted to be told, and to be convinced, that such things, as I had thought sinful, were perfectly innocent. The leader of the infidels tried to produce this conviction on my mind; I was desirous of being convinced; and, at length, I mistook the desire to be convinced for the conviction itself."—After a short pause, he continued as follows: "A man, who has committed theft, would be glad to believe, that there was no judge on earth; for then he could not be tried here; and a man, who has committed all sorts of crimes, would be glad to believe, that there is no God in heaven; for then he could not be tried hereafter, and to him the JUDGMENT never cometh. In my hours of intoxication I was more than ever disposed to justify the doctrines of infidelity; and, when listening to lectures upon infidelity, I was the more ready to justify the practice of intoxication, and of all other crimes. I believe the leader, who lectures upon infidelity, to be an unprincipled villain, and that he preaches these

doctrines, because they are so much more comforting to a hoary-headed impenitent wretch, than the doctrines of the cross. May God of his infinite goodness forgive me my offences, and an abandoned and profligate old man for leading me to destruction."

The whole of his physical and intellectual power appeared to be exhausted, by this last effort. He dropped his head on one side, and there followed a slight convulsion. — I went instantly to his bedside; his eyes were glazed; — he was fast locked in the arms of death; — the spirit of the penitent infidel had fled.

Our good minister supported my old father from the apartment. By my advice, they returned immediately home. In due time, the earth received its tribute; and I returned to the village.

It was a remarkable coincidence, that on the very next Sabbath, in reading the Scriptures, Parson Cooley opened to the eighteenth chapter of the second book of Samuel; and when he pronounced the words of David's lamentation, in the concluding verse, "Oh, my son, Absalom, my son," the good old clergyman could scarcely speak for his emotion.

Time, though it cannot obliterate the recollection of such misery as this, has already mitigated our affliction. — My parents are still living, at a good old age. Their chief employment is a cheerful preparation for death. My sister and her husband, with their flock of little ones, are prosperous and happy.

I sometimes encounter an individual, perhaps the member of some temperance society, who scrupulously abstains from ardent spirit, under its specific name; but who is eminently qualified, not only for the commission of folly, but for the perpetration of crime, by the employment of some milder stimulant: upon such occasions, the declaration of my unhappy brother, on his death-bed, comes forcibly before me; the use of wine alone brought him to infidelity and ruin!

I never meet an individual, who does not *believe*, that there *is* a God, but who cannot, by any human possibility, *know* that there *is not*, without a vivid and painful recollection of the life and death of this wretched young man. The dying words of a poor penitent Infidel, can never be forgotten, "*I am afraid there* is *a God!*"

A SECTARIAN THING.

Whenever an *able* advocate resorts to a variety of weak and frivolous arguments, in support of *his own* cause, it may be safely concluded, that the cause is unsound, and that he *knows* it to be so.

The venders of ardent spirit, throughout the world, even at the present auspicious era of the temperance reform, are a numerous, powerful, and vigilant body of men; wise, in their generation, to perfection. If the traffic in spirituous liquor could be defended, by the ingenuity of man, it is reasonable to believe, that, among the multitude, an advocate, sufficient for the work, would lift up his voice in its defence.

The respectability of those, who denounce the traffic, as IMMORAL, entitles their opinions, publicly and formally delivered before the world, to the most careful consideration of the whole human family. The purity of their motives is beyond suspicion. The universality of their character is obvious: they come from all quarters of the world, and lay aside, as they approach this great common field of philanthropy, the discriminating badges of their various professions, and political opinions, and religious creeds. However unable to agree, upon other matters, they heartily concur in the opinion, and they solemnly pronounce that opinion, that *the use of ardent spirit as a drink and the traffic therein are morally wrong, and ought to be abandoned through the world.* This opinion has been repeated again and again; by the Congressional convention; — by the great convention, at Philadelphia, from all the states; — by the highly respectable convention at Worcester; — by the New York state convention, at Utica; — and, more recently, by the convention in the state of Connecticut. Many of the most eminent men, of this and other countries, have been forward to promulgate and sustain this formal declaration. The reasons, on which it rests, have been scattered abroad upon the earth, like the leaves of the trees. They have fallen upon every dwelling, like the drops of rain. Journals, magazines, circulars, reports, tracts, tales, full of information and interesting narrative, have been distributed with an unsparing hand.

What then, in the shape of an argument, do the venders of spirituous liquors propose, in justification of their continued traffic? — Absolutely nothing. — For a time, it was undoubtedly believed by many, that the temperance reform would pass away, like a vapor. Under this belief, the voice of worldly wisdom whispered to the venders, that their strength lay in silence and perfect inaction. — The continual accession of strength, to the side of temperance, and the daily diminishing demand for the drunkard's beverage, began, at last, to impair that belief. — Indications of restlessness were occasionally exhibited. "*At a large and respectable meeting of the grocers in the city of Boston, it was unanimously resolved, that they looked, with deep regret, upon the proceedings of the self-styled friends of temperance.*" Nothing could be more natural, than that a body of men, who sold ardent spirit, should look with regret upon the efforts of those, who were combining to persuade the world not to drink it any more. But the friends of temperance were not likely to be diverted from a course, upon which the Father of Mercy might be supposed to vouchsafe a smile of approbation, because the venders of strong drink *looked* upon that very course, through the dust of self-interest, with "*deep regret.*"

When no argument can be found to sustain a practice, — and such is not a very wonderful condition of things, if the practice be morally wrong, — the most common course is to impugn the motives of those, who combine to oppose that practice. Accordingly, however preposterous the allegation may appear, the temperance reform has been called a *sectarian thing.* — In a country, in which, under our declaration of rights, no denomination of Christians can be subordinate, in law, to another; where no religious faith can rise and reign, as the religion of the land, what is *a sectarian thing?*

THERE is a beautiful river, upon whose unfrequented shores I have often strolled, when a schoolboy. Upon a Saturday afternoon, when it was too hot for the fish to bite, and not even the attraction of a fine young frog would draw out the motionless pickerel from his covert, under the lily-pad leaf; how often have I laid at length, upon that river's bank, listening to the wind, soughing through the tall pines. This scene of my early recollections was then the very empire of stillness, undisturbed, save, now and then, by the clarion throats of two or three colloquial crows, perched upon the topmost branches; or the splash of a solitary kingfisher, the halcyon of the rivers and lakes. — But it has passed like a vision. — I know nothing so closely resembling the operation of the finger

of magic, as the change, which has been wrought, in these sequestered shades. Upon this lonely spot, then unmarked by the finger of man, now not a vestige of nature remains. Even the river has been diverted from its course; and its bright waters, which used to glide so delightfully along, have been restrained by barriers and converted into artificial cascades. The tall pines have been brought low; the crow, and the kingfisher, and the hill fox have been driven into deeper recesses, by the progress of civilization, like the pursued and persecuted red man; and the soughing of the winds and the carolling of the birds, in a May morning, have given place to the roar of waterfalls, the ringing of bells, and the noise of machinery. The clear and aromatic atmosphere of the pine-lands is filled with the smokes of a thousand fires, and rendered almost unbreathable, by its commixture with poisonous vapors. Even the waters are unnaturally tinged with a variety of dyes, and rendered unsafe for the use of man. In a word, this romantic spot is now the scene of a great manufacturing establishment. It is the nucleus, around which there has gathered a surprising alluvion of population and wealth. It bears the name of Clatterville; and, among its inhabitants, there is not a more thriving, driving little man, than Mr. Aminadab Sharp.

This individual, who was one of the most successful merchants in Clatterville, had been well known in the western country, as Captain Sharp. But I have never been able to find the origin of this title of distinction, unless in the fact, that, for several years after he went thither from New England, he was the sole owner and commander of one of those little square covered boats, which are frequently seen, on the Mississippi, and known by the name of pedlers' arks; and which are commonly furnished with every variety of notion, from a tin cullender to a silk glove. We have nothing to do, however, with the early history of Mr. Sharp. He had become a man of handsome estate; owned the square brick house in which he lived; and was married to a very respectable woman, who, though she had no pretensions to beauty, belonged to that denomination of human beings, who are very appropriately called the salt of the earth. They had only one child, a boy of fair promise, and who received the name of his father. At this time, little Aminadab was four years old, and uncommonly forward for his time. Mrs. Sharp was esteemed, on all hands, a truly pious and excellent woman; and nothing would put her husband into such a violent passion, as a suggestion from any quarter, that he himself was deficient in any of the Christian graces. He had subscribed most liberally in behalf of the new church; Parson Moody dined at his house, every

Saturday, with all the punctuality of an eight day clock; the clergymen from all quarters made his house their home, whenever they exchanged with Parson Moody; and, besides, he had paid three fourths of the cost of the new organ. Mrs. Sharp was a judicious woman, and comprehended her husband's character to perfection. Her words were all good words, in proper season. Occasionally she would place some useful book in his way; but she was too well acquainted with the infirmities of his temper, to attempt to argue with him, on the subject of religion. She prayed for him in secret, with all the fervency of an affectionate wife, that religion, pure and undefiled, might spring up in his heart. Nevertheless, there was a subject, upon which she felt herself conscientiously impelled to argue strenuously against the opinions of her husband: the education and general management of little Aminadab were an everlasting source of painful disagreement between them. Mrs. Sharp, upon this interesting theme, reasoned with great calmness, until the period arrived, and it invariably did arrive, when her husband would listen to reason no longer. She was particularly desirous that Aminadab should profit by attending the Sunday school. This her husband opposed with great earnestness. "Look at me," said he, "I 've got on thus far pretty well. I 've never been to a Sunday school. I 'll never agree to it; and, sooner or later, you 'll find my words to be true. It 's *all a sectarian thing*." Mr. Sharp promised his wife, that, if Heaven should be pleased to grant them another child, male or female, it should be entirely under her direction; but he insisted on the privilege of rearing their first born, Aminadab, according to his own notions of propriety. In little more than a year, Mrs. Sharp became the mother of another boy. She reminded her husband of his agreement, almost as soon as she heard its life-cry; and, in the joy of his heart, he solemnly ratified the engagement, conceding, in all things, to her wishes, even in the matter of baptism. Little Aminadab had never been baptized, for, as Mr. Sharp justly observed, he had never been baptized himself, and he never meant to be; but he had gotten on pretty well in the world: indeed he looked upon every kind of baptism, as *a sectarian thing*. Little Joel, for that was the name, chosen by Mrs. Sharp, in honor of her father, was, in due time, given to the Lord in baptism.

It was a favorite notion with Mr. Sharp, that boys were put to their learning, at much too early a period. Aminadab was permitted to run at large, until he was eight years old. At length, by the earnest persuasion of Mrs. Sharp, her husband was prevailed on to commit him to the care of Ma'am Wilkins, who was accordingly sent for to the house; and, in the presence of her intended charge,

received particular instructions never to break the little fellow's spirit, by the application of the rod. "If study should not agree with him," said Mr. Sharp, "let him do as he pleases, pretty much. Leave the matter to nature, which is the true guide, after all. I 've gotten on pretty well in the world, as you see, Ma'am Wilkins, and I was left pretty much to myself. Making boys study against their wills is going against nature, and this newfangled business of whipping children, in my opinion, is nothing but *a sectarian thing*." Ma'am Wilkins was too discreet, to permit an exhibition of her own notions of discipline to disturb the happy relation, subsisting between herself and so important a man as Mr. Sharp. She accordingly patted Aminadab on the head, and expressed the high satisfaction she enjoyed, in the prospect of becoming his instructress. As she rose to take her departure, it was a wonder, that she did not throw the whole tea service down upon the floor; for Aminadab had contrived to pin the table-cloth to her gown; and, as it was, she went off with a large yellow marigold in her bonnet, which was not noticed, by Mrs. Sharp, till Ma'am Wilkins was half across the common. Every judicious parent will agree, that Aminadab was richly entitled to a smart whipping, or an equivalent in some other form. "The boy will be ruined," said Mrs. Sharp, "if he goes unpun ished for this." "Let him alone, my dear," said her husband, who sat, shaking his sides with laughter, "it is only another evidence of his genius. Such a child requires but little teaching. He 'll be a self-made man, mark my words. I used to cut such capers myself, when I was a boy, and yet you see, my dear, I 've gotten along pretty well in the world."

Ma'am Wilkins had not much reason to flatter herself upon the acquisition of a new pupil in the person of Master Aminadab Sharp. The incident of the table-cloth was an inauspicious omen; and the discovery, which was not made till she reached her home, that she had been parading upon Clatterville common, with a large yellow marigold in the back of her bonnet, afforded no very favorable prognostic.

The missionary cause had become a subject of very considerable interest with the more serious people of the village; and Mrs. Sharp was particularly desirous of promoting its welfare. Unfortunately her husband had formed an opinion against it. "What is the use," said he, "of wasting money upon people, whom we don't know and don't care for, at the other end of the world?" — "They are our fellow-creatures," said Mrs. Sharp, "they have souls to be saved, and we can send them Bibles and missionaries, which may prove the means of salvation." — "Charity begins at home," he

replied. — "Well, my dear," she rejoined, "there are home missions, to which your charity will be directed, if you prefer it." — "I don't prefer anything about it," said Mr. Sharp. "I 've studied the subject to the bottom; mark my words, if it don't turn out *a sectarian thing*."

In a fortnight, Ma'am Wilkins became entirely satisfied, that she must give up the school in Clatterville or Aminadab Sharp. He was not only a privileged character, but, being conscious of his own impunity for all his offences, he did precisely as he pleased; he encouraged the bad boys, and terrified the good ones, until he became, to the very letter, a praise to evil-doers, and a terror to those that did well. She addressed a respectful note to Mr. Sharp, informing him, that she could no longer be mistress, while Aminadab was master. Aminadab was accordingly withdrawn, Mr. Sharp being perfectly satisfied, that the school was altogether below the level of the boy's capacity. After a twelvemonth of idleness, he was sent to the public school.

It was about this period, if I remember rightly, that Mrs. Sharp became greatly interested in the success of an auxiliary Bible society, in which several of her respectable friends were earnestly engaged. She desired the pecuniary aid of her husband. — "Not a cent," said Mr. Sharp; "I know just how this thing was gotten up; I know who was at the bottom of it all; it 's *a sectarian thing*."

Little Joel, in all his early indications of character, presented the closest resemblance to his elder brother. He was a sprightly and rather a mischievous child, but docile, good-tempered, and manageable. Mrs. Sharp availed herself of all her vested rights, by virtue of the compact with her husband, to bring up little Joel, in the way he should go. She watched over him with unabating solicitude. From his earliest years she had taught and accustomed him to prayer; and he had now attained an age, when she conceived it to be proper to urge her husband to establish the practice of family devotion. "Wife," said he, "you and Joel may pray as much as you have a mind to. As for myself, though the thing may be well enough in itself, I 'll have nothing to do with it. It 's *a sectarian thing*." Accordingly Mrs. Sharp was in the habit, morning and evening, of taking little Joel into her closet, and offering up their prayers and thanksgivings to Almighty God.

The most excellent maxims, like the sharpest tools, are capable of incalculable mischief, unskilfully employed. The accession of unexpected wealth, the opportunity for indulging in any of the luxuries of life long withheld and suddenly presented, are frequently followed by consequences of the most ruinous character. Mr. Sharp

was perfectly satisfied of the truth of this position; but how strange an application he made of the principle, when he gave ardent spirits to little Aminadab, to accustom the child to their gradual employment, and as the means of preserving him from habits of intemperance. It is scarcely necessary to state, that he looked upon the whole temperance reformation as *a sectarian thing*. He was singularly irritable, whenever the subject was introduced, and has been heard to affirm, with great violence of manner, that he would sooner cut off his right hand, than employ it in signing a temperance pledge. Parson Moody, who was a highly respectable Unitarian clergyman, had been earnestly requested, by Mrs. Sharp, to converse with her husband on the subject; for she had lately become somewhat alarmed at his daily and increasing indulgence. Parson Moody was a consistent advocate of the temperance cause. He had resolved, before God, to abstain from the use of spirit, and he had no scruples against giving an outward and visible sign of that resolution, before man. He had therefore signed the pledge of the temperance society. He was not of that number, who strain at the gnat, after having swallowed and digested every inch of the camel. To be sure, among his parishioners, there were two wealthy distillers and several influential grocers and retailers; but there were few clergymen, less likely to be diverted from the performance of any duty, by the fear of man. There was not an individual in the village, beside himself, who would have ventured, in the hearing of Mr. Sharp, to speak openly and decidedly in favor of the temperance reform. An occasion soon arose, which produced a discussion of considerable interest, between Mr. Sharp and his worthy minister. — "Good morning, my friend," said Parson Moody, as he entered the merchant's parlor, at an unusually early hour, for a morning visit. Mr. Sharp returned the salutation, with his usual kindness of manner, for he had a high respect and esteem for the good clergyman. After he had been seated for a short time, Mr. Sharp, attracted by the uncommon solemnity of his manner, interrupted the silence, by inquiring after the news of the morning. "It is not an agreeable office to be the bearer of bad news," the good man replied. — "Dear sir," exclaimed the affrighted merchant, rising suddenly from his seat, and seizing the minister by the hand, "has any accident happened to the factories?" — "None that I heave heard of." — "You relieve me of my anxiety," rejoined the merchant. — "And yet," continued his reverend friend, "you never had greater cause for anxiety, in your whole life. I have come here to discharge a duty, and to inform you, that, unless a remedy can be thought of, and immediately applied, your son Aminadab will become

a drunkard!" — "Gracious Heaven!" said Mr. Sharp, "what can you mean? My son a drunkard! I would rather follow him to his grave." — "I know you would," the clergyman replied, "and I have no doubt, that the consequence, which I solemnly predict, appears altogether improbable to you. But permit me to ask you, my friend, are you ignorant that your boy drinks ardent spirit?" — "My dear sir," said Mr. Sharp, "I have given him a little, now and then, from his childhood, that he might become familiarized to the use of it; and lest, if I kept it from him, he might hanker after it; and, when he became his own man, fall into bad habits." — "My good friend," returned the clergyman, "did you ever hear of a sensible physician, who proposed to familiarize his patients with the cholera or yellow fever, by inoculatingthem *a little?*" — "But the cholera and the yellow fever," said Mr. Sharp, "are fatal diseases, and drinking ardent spirit is by no means always fatal." — "Nay, my friend," the minister rejoined, "those diseases are not always fatal, and inoculation, with the matter of either, is, in no respect, more unnecessary than drinking ardent spirit; which may, with perfect propriety, be called inoculation for intemperance. Some men will take the distemper, and others will not. Some will escape premature death, and do worse, by living on, a burthen to themselves and their friends. Four fifths of all crime and nine tenths of all domestic wretchedness are believed to arise from the use of ardent spirit." — "Be this as it may," Mr. Sharp replied, "I keep a good watch on my boy, and nobody ever saw him the worse for liquor." — "You deceive yourself, my friend," said Parson Moody, "this very last night he stole out of your back door, no doubt after you and your family were in bed, and in the society of some of the most abandoned boys, in the village, was found intoxicated, at a dram shop in Tinker's Alley."

When the evidence and statements of the good clergyman had removed every doubt of the fact from the mind of Mr. Sharp, he appeared to suffer the deepest distress, but expressed his determination to inflict severe personal chastisement upon Aminadab. — "My afflicted friend," said Parson Moody, taking the hand of his parishioner, "will such a course be even-handed justice? Your child has, without doubt, been misled. Ought not the weight of your displeasure to fall upon the author of this deplorable mischief?" — "Undoubtedly," replied the agonized father; "have you any suspicion, reverend sir, which may lead to his detection?" This faithful counsellor, still holding him by the hand, replied, with an expression of mingled pity and severity — "*And Nathan said unto David Thou art the man!*" — The miserable father bowed down his head and burst into a flood of tears.

For the first time in his life, the image was fairly and faithfully before him of all the horrible consequences of his own unaccountable improvidence and folly. He had himself escaped, thus far, the shame and sin of habitual intoxication; and he had counted, with perfect confidence, upon the same good fortune for his child. He had admitted into the calculation no allowance for difference of moral power or physical temperament, to resist the destructive influence of ardent spirit; nor for the different kinds and degrees of temptation to which they might respectively be liable; nor for the fact, that he himself had commenced, at the age of manhood, and that the experiment was begun with Aminadab, when a child.

Mr. Sharp was in the condition of a man, who had disregarded the symptoms of some fatal disease, the knowledge of whose existence had cast an air of solemnity over the countenance of every friend; while the sufferer himself, utterly unconscious how soon the lease of life would expire, sported with the flimsy remnant of existence, as if it were only the beginning. What are the sensations of such an individual, when the physician reveals to him the fatal secret, or the first gush of blood from the lungs summons the miserable pilgrim to put his house in order! Such were the feelings of this unhappy parent, when he first began to realize, that he might yet live to commit the bone of his bone and the flesh of his flesh, his first born and favorite child, to the drunkard's grave.

His grief completely overwhelmed him. — "I can pity you, and weep for you, my poor friend," said the benevolent pastor, as the tears came into his eyes. — "Ah, sir," exclaimed the unhappy father, "you know not how often and how earnestly I have set before this boy of mine the hateful picture of a drunkard. It is true I have indulged him, in the temperate use of a little spirit, now and then, for the reasons I have mentioned; but I have always cautioned him to be careful in the use of it. Alas, my dear sir, I now see that I have committed a sad mistake. But what is to be done to save my poor child from destruction?" — "That," Parson Moody replied, "is not only a most important, but, I fear, a most difficult question. Prevention is a simple thing; remedy is often a very complicated and uncertain process. You have certainly, as you say, committed a sad mistake. If the paths of intemperance are indeed the gates of hell and the chambers of death, you have acted rashly, my unhappy friend, in permitting your son to enter even but a *little* way. To be sure, you have cautioned him not to become a drunkard, but have you not pushed your child a *little* way over a terrible precipice, while you raised your warning voice to save him from falling into the gulf below? Have you not encouraged him to

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set fire to a powder magazine, and cautioned him to burn but a very *little?* I would not harrow up your feelings; but you have another son; — your responsibilities to God are very great; and so are mine, as your spiritual guide. It is possible I have already neglected my duty, in withholding that counsel, which I now earnestly give you, as a friend, and as a minister of the gospel; — for the sake of your poor children, for the sake of society, for your own sake, my dear sir, I conjure you to abandon the use of ardent spirit, in all its forms."

During this solemn and touching appeal, Mr. Sharp had paced the room in great agitation of mind: at its conclusion, he grasped the hand of his reverend friend, and exclaimed, in a voice, inarticulate for grief — "Not a drop, my worthy friend, not a drop shall enter my habitation, nor pass my lip, from this, the most miserable hour of my life." — "Amen," said the holy man, "and may God grant it may be the most profitable hour of your existence."

After a short pause, "I hope," said Parson Moody, "to see the day, when you will be one of the most active and influential members of our temperance society." — "In regard to that," replied Mr. Sharp, "I can give you no encouragement whatever. I have thought upon the subject and read some of their books, but I have come to the conclusion, that this temperance reformation, as they call it, is nothing but *a sectarian thing.*" — "And pray, my worthy friend," said the minister, with a smile, in which solemnity and sorrow prevailed, "what do you understand by *a sectarian thing?*" — "*A sectarian thing?*" said Mr. Sharp; "why I consider *a sectarian thing* to be a — I don't know that I can exactly explain my meaning, but *a sectarian thing* is, I suppose, a —." "Well, well," said Parson Moody, looking at his watch, "I perceive I have already overstaid an engagement. I will call this afternoon, for the purpose of continuing our conversation." — He took Mr. Sharp affectionately by the hand, and departed; leaving him in perfect astonishment at his own entire ignorance of a term, which he had so frequently and so confidently employed.

The petty mortification, arising from this circumstance, was immediately lost in the contemplation of that deep domestic affliction, which seemed to be drawing nigh.

Mr. Sharp left the apartment to go in pursuit of Aminadab. He found, upon inquiry, that the boy was seen going, that morning, in the direction of the school-house; and he resolved to wait for his return, at the dinner hour. He then sought the apartment of Mrs Sharp, whom he found engaged in the instruction of little Joel. Upon the first communication of this sad news, the tears came into

her eyes; but she soon wiped them away, and turning to her husband, "I have shed these tears," said she "because I cannot see you weep alone; as for that poor boy, he has had more already than his share of my tears and sighs. It has been, for a long time, the daily burthen of my prayers to God, that he would support us both, under this impending calamity; for I have expected it from the beginning. It was evident to me, long since, that Aminadab had acquired a fatal relish for spirit. What could I do? I would not reproach you, my dear husband, but, when I have seen him, so far the worse for liquor, as to be insolent and disrespectful, and have told him, that rum would make him a drunkard; he would reply, 'Father drinks it, three or four times a day; will rum make father a drunkard?' When I have said to him, that he ought to give it up and drink water only; he always replied, with a sneer, 'Water is *a sectarian thing*, and father says so.'" — "Martha," said Mr. Sharp, "I have declared before our minister and before God, and I now say it before you, not another drop shall enter my habitation nor pass my lips. If I have been the means of ruining my poor boy, may God, of his infinite mercy, forgive me: we have another child, who shall never appeal to his father, for a justification of his intemperance" Mrs. Sharp was greatly affected, and shed many happy tears, at this joyful resolution of her husband. There is something contagious in such matters, even with those, who are scarcely able to comprehend the moving cause; little Joel rose from his cricket, and, putting down his book, reached up to kiss both his parents, with his eyes full of tears.

When the dinner hour arrived, as Aminadab did not return, a message was sent to Master Lane, who stated, that the boy had not been at school, for more than a week; that his previous absences had been very frequent; and had been passed over, upon his statement, that he had been employed, in his father's store.

This intelligence was not likely to abate the anxiety of these unhappy parents. They sat down to their meal, in silence and in sorrow.

The table had scarcely been removed, when, according to his promise, the good minister entered their dwelling. Mr. Sharp acquainted him with Aminadab's conduct, at Master Lane's school, and that he had not returned, since the morning. It was supposed, however, that, conscious of his detection, he was strolling somewhere in the village, and would not come back until bed-time.

"Now, my friend," said Parson Moody, as soon as Mrs. Sharp had retired, and left her husband and the clergyman together; "if we can strengthen our good resolutions for the future, by an exami-

nation of our past errors, and a calm contemplation of all that we have lost; however painful the task, it is one of the most profitable exercises, in which we can engage. Suppose you had long been a member of the temperance society, and as zealous in promoting its important concerns, as you ever have been in the prosecution of your ordinary undertakings; you would, in such case, neither have partaken of ardent spirits, nor have had them in your house; is it not altogether probable, that you would have been spared that affliction, which now wrings your bosom? You have one child, to preserve, and another, if it be possible, to reclaim; you have resolved to abandon the use of ardent spirit. This is well. Why have you done this? Have you been actuated by any religious, moral, or philanthropic motive? Not at all. You have been moved, by a selfish regard to your own fireside, your own domestic welfare alone. I urge you, as a man of good feeling, as a philanthropist, to reflect, that you owe something to your fellow-creature. Mr. Sharp, your influence is great, for good or for evil. Justifying their conduct by your example, there are undoubtedly other parents, in this village, who are now sowing the wind, and who shall reap the whirlwind like yourself: there are here other children, the children of those parents, who are moving rapidly along, on the rail-road to ruin. You have formed a good resolution for yourself; — proclaim it to the world, for the sake of your fellow-man. Go, and with a firm hand, set your name to the pledge of the temperance society. You say, that you have considered the temperance reform *a sectarian thing*." — "Yes, sir," said Mr. Sharp, "I have always supposed it was gotten up by the Orthodox, the Trinitarians; and I was greatly surprised, when I first learned, that you had become interested in the cause." — "You could not believe, that any good thing could come out of Nazareth," said the clergyman. "My friend," he continued, "*you* have honestly misused a term, which is nothing better than a crafty invention of the enemy, a mere watchword of opposition. Would you refuse to be saved from drowning, because the hand of rescue was extended by a Christian, whose religious sentiments were different from your own? Would you persist in perishing rather than be drawn out of the water, by a Trinitarian? Some of the most useful and ingenious articles, in your factories, were invented by Calvinists, Baptists, and Episcopalians. Why do you permit them to be introduced? — they are *sectarian things!* An infidel discovered the secret of inoculation; shall we therefore forego its advantages? We call ourselves liberal Christians; let us not forfeit that character, by any refusal, equally illiberal and impolitic, to go along with our fellow-Christians, of any denomination,

in a great work of universal philanthropy."—"Your reasons, my dear sir," said Mr. Sharp, "are very persuasive."—"But I have been reasoning on a false presumption," replied the minister; "for, if the attempt to abolish the use of inebriating liquor be *a sectarian thing*, the prime mover and promoter of that *sectarian thing* was very far from orthodoxy; Mahomet was not a Trinitarian. Even in modern times, the first president of the oldest temperance society in the New England States, the celebrated Samuel Dexter, was an Unitarian. Now, my good friend, neither you nor I, I am afraid, will be able to look into this matter more thoroughly than that great and learned man. The temperance cause furnishes a broad ground of neutrality, upon which men of every profession and of every faith, by working, shoulder to shoulder, in the cause of humanity, may learn a little of the high and holy mystery of loving one another. I will now leave you to your own reflections. The temperance book is at my house; if you should decide to put your name upon the list of members, you can send for it; I shall press the matter no further."

Mr. Sharp thanked the good man for all his counsel, who, with a look of the greatest benevolence, shook him by the hand, and took his leave.

The supper hour arrived, and Aminadab had not returned. The shades of evening began to gather, and the parents became alarmed for his personal safety. At length it was ascertained, beyond a doubt, that he had run away. One of his late associates, as bad a boy as any in Clatterville, gave the information, that Minny, as he was called by his companions, suspecting the object of the parson's early visit, had listened at the key-hole, until he heard his father declare his resolution to give him a flogging, when he determined, as he said, "*to clear out*." Minny, the informant stated, had plenty of cash, for he had shown him the bills. The latter part of this intelligence induced Mr. Sharp to examine the writing-desk in his chamber. He found it had been broken open, and rifled of a pocket-book, containing about three hundred dollars in bills.

Crime is a social creature. There are individuals, it is true, who appear to be almost exclusively addicted to some particular vice; but who would, in all probability, have been equally infamous, in any other department of iniquity, had time sufficed, and opportunity occurred. When the moral barrier is broken down, when a breach is once made, by the artillery of sin, the whole heart is not likely to be occupied by one solitary tenant. Crime, as we have said, is a social creature; it is gregarious, in a remarkable degree. Few there are who have passed through the higher degrees of infamy,

and finally settled down for life, on a fellowship in the state prison, who cannot remember the grog-shop, which was the primary school, where they received their elementary instruction. Aminadab had no sooner lost all respect for virtue in general, by becoming a tippler, than he lost all respect for his parents, and all fear of God; and became almost immediately an idler, a truant, a liar, and a thief.

Such measures were employed as seemed best calculated to ascertain the direction he had taken, but in vain.

Upon an early day of the ensuing week, Mr. Sharp waited upon Parson Moody, and expressed a wish to subscribe the pledge of the temperance society. The good man brought forth the book with the greatest alacrity, and placed it, with pen and ink, upon the table. It was the merchant's usual custom to employ only the initial letter of his given name; but, on the present occasion, he wrote *Aminadab Sharp*, at full length, with a heavy hand, and, doubtless, with a heavier heart. He admitted, with perfect frankness, to Parson Moody, that he had totally misapprehended the character of the temperance reform; not because the subject was at all complicated in itself; but simply because he had not taken sufficient interest in the matter, to examine the nature of his early prepossessions against it. "Experience has been to me," said he, with a deep sigh, "a severe instructor; but the lesson will never be forgotten." He laid down the temperance book, and took his leave.

Shortly after his departure, Deacon Gurley called at the parsonage. It is to be regretted that the conduct of some other deacons should have excited unkind suspicions in the reader's mind, as is probably the case, in regard to Deacon Gurley. But this respectable man had never trafficked in broken constitutions and broken hearts. He was a steady supporter of the cause of temperance. — "Good news, Deacon Gurley," said the clergyman. "Ah," said the deacon, "has neighbor Sharp found his son?" — "No," replied Parson Moody, "but he has found his conscience, poor man, which is even a greater gain; he has signed the pledge of the temperance society." — "Can it be possible?" said Deacon Gurley; "bad luck for the dramsellers in Clatterville; for neighbor Sharp never does anything by halves." — "Here it is," said the good parson, taking up the book, — "but bless me, what is this? — he has not been sparing of his blotting paper, has he?" continued the minister, holding up an hundred dollar bill, which had been placed between the leaves. "That is very well," rejoined the deacon; "but fifty such would be less beneficial to the cause, than the force of his example, and the effect of those exertions, which he will certainly make, in its behalf. As I said before, Aminadab Sharp does nothing by halves."

The deacon's predictions were speedily verified, to the letter Mr. Sharp was in nobody's debt, and a great many people were in his. The importers, distillers, taverners, grocers, and retailers, with their retinue of tipplers and toadeaters, could in no way thwart or annoy him. He did not want their votes, for he would never consent to be a candidate for any office. He had a number of these people for his tenants; they were all promptly notified, that their leases would not be renewed. He was the sole proprietor of the principal hotel; he made an immediate arrangement with the lessee, and converted it into a temperance house. No person was admitted to work in the factories, who would not pledge himself to abstain from ardent spirits. He did all in his power to circulate information, on the subject of the evils of intemperance; and, whenever he passed a group of idle boys, he was sure to rouse their better energies into profitable action, by throwing among them some good little book, or temperance tale. Several of Mr. Sharp's tenants agreed to continue their leases, selling no ardent spirit. — "*Sharp* is the word, now-a-days," said an old, gray-headed, fiery-looking fuddler, as he turned off, disappointed of his dram, from the fourth grocery store, in a cold frosty morning; "if Clatterville folks put up with this, there 's an end o' the good old spirit o' New England. If things goes on so, half the inhabitants will move over to Brandywine village afore Christmas, where there 's no sich sectarian nonsense a going on."

The old sinner was mistaken. Nobody moved over to Brandywine village, on account of the reformation in Clatterville; and the improvement, in the manners and habits of the people, soon became a topic of universal remark.

Days, weeks, and months rolled rapidly along, and no trace was discovered of the runaway boy. Before this dark cloud settled over his dwelling, Mr. Sharp had appeared, like Sir Balaam, to believe, that God's good providence was a lucky hit. But he had learned an important lesson of the instability of earthly happiness. His pride had become humbled; and he was now perfectly satisfied, that the world was not made for Cæsar nor Aminadab Sharp. He now perceived that riches, even if they do not take wings and fly away, cannot buy back the peace of a broken-hearted father. The tongues of a thousand sycophants could not now charm away the bitter conviction that he was the parent of a drunkard and a thief. Sad were the feelings of this unhappy man, when he reflected upon the origin and progress of this domestic calamity, and remembered the words of the holy volume, "*And Nathan said unto David, Thou art the man!*"

It was very natural, that, at the period of this calamity, Mr. Sharp in the compass of a few weeks, should have examined his own heart more carefully, than during the whole of his previous life. Such was certainly the fact. He was introduced to a new code of sensations; he began to have a practical understanding of the passage, which teaches the broken in spirit, that the help of man is a reed.

In this season of affliction, he derived the greatest support from the consolations of an excellent wife; he began fully to understand the value of the gem, which he had taken, for better for worse. It was about a month after the departure of Aminadab, that Mr. Sharp, returning home, in the evening, had retired privately to an apartment, connected with their sleeping chamber. As he was sitting there alone, ruminating on his misfortune, his wife entered her chamber with little Joel; and, supposing herself within hearing of no being, but the Giver of every good and perfect gift, she proceeded to offer up her evening supplication. The yet unconverted husband sat listening to the prayers of a child of God.—He listened, for a while, in solemn and respectful silence; but when, in a voice, scarcely audible for her sobs and tears, she asked of God his guidance and support, for a lost and a wicked boy; and that he would sustain an afflicted father, and bring him into the fold in his own good time, he could no longer repress his emotions, but, rising from his seat, crept forward silently, and knelt by her side.

On the subject of family prayer, this was no longer a house divided against itself; and many other good things were admitted, one after another. Joel became an uncommonly fine boy. He was carefully brought up in the way he should go, and there was no reason to apprehend, that he would depart from it, when he should come to be an old man.

About five years and a half after the departure of their eldest son, Mr. Sharp received a letter from the chaplain of the State Prison in the state of ———, in the following words:—

——, *Dec. 14th*, 18—.

Dear Sir:

Peter Jones, a convict in this prison, who is dying of consumption, has desired, that the enclosed may be forwarded to you, as soon as possible. *Respectfully, your humble serv't,*

W—— I——.

Aminadab Sharp, Esq., Clatterville.

The enclosed letter was in the following words:—

State Prison, Dec. 12, 18—.

Dear Parents:

Receive the dying words of a wicked child. I have but little strength, and my words must be few. When I left you, I took the

Providence road, and came to New York, where my life was consumed in all kinds of dissipation, while the money lasted, which I took from father's desk. When it was all gone, I got into the company of those, who put me in the way of getting more. I have two or three times resolved to reform. At one time, I did not taste ardent spirit, for three weeks; I worked till I had earned almost enough to bear my expenses home. I kept out of the way of ardent spirit, for my hankering was so great, that I was afraid I should not hold out. One afternoon, as I was on the wharf, a man came to speak to me, who had been drinking rum. I smelt his breath, and I could resist no longer. I went to the dram shop, and my earnings were soon spent. For the gratification of my appetite, I was induced to rob a gentleman of his pocket-book, which brought me here. — Dear mother, God will reward you for all your good counsel, though it has been lost upon your poor boy. If I could only see you, it would be a comfort to me, before I die. I would try to muster strength to crawl out of my bed, and ask your forgiveness on my knees.—Dear father, don't let little Joel have any spirit, but heed the last request of his dying brother. — I am known here only by the name of Peter Jones.

From your undutiful son,

AMINADAB SHARP.

The conception of that anguish, which this letter produced, is only within the province of imagination. I have neither the hand nor the heart to give it form. "O my dear husband," said Mrs. Sharp, "let us fly to this poor prodigal before he dies!" — It was determined to start, on the morrow's dawn. — Another letter from the chaplain came in the midnight mail — the victim of a father's imprudence was no more.

The last account I received of this family was in the fall of the year 18—. I then passed through the village; and, while the horses were resting at the inn, I noticed a gentleman walking slowly alone, with his hands behind his back, who, every now and then, shook his head, in a singular manner. — "Who is that gentleman?" said I. — "It is Mr. Sharp," said the hostler, "who lost his son: he is somehow melancholy, as you see; and, as he goes along, he often mutters to himself, *poor boy, poor boy!*"

Joel has grown up an excellent young man; and abundantly repays his mother, for all her maternal care. He is a pattern for all young persons in the village, teaching them, by his example, to honor their fathers and their mothers, that their days may be long in the land which the Lord their God hath given them.

GROGGY HARBOR.

I love a sailor, — not a drinking, swearing, swaggering sailor, — Heaven forbid. Nothing, upon the land or the sea, can exhibit a more finished example of man's improvidence and folly, than the conduct of those silly fellows, who divide the whole span of their existence into two unequal parts; devoting almost the whole of it to the severest labor and the most imminent peril, and a few days, weeks, or months of intervening time, to unlimited debauchery. Such a sailor's life is truly a dog's life, and his death is a dog's death; for, living and dying, a drunkard and a profligate are, mathematically, upon a level with the brutes that perish — saving the judgment.

But I sometimes meet a fine fellow, upon whose live oak timbers time has been working, apparently to very little purpose, for sixty years. Salted on the stocks, and with a salt, that shall never lose its savor; or, in other words, imbued upon his mother's knee, with those principles of religious faith, which, amid all the storms of life, have proved the sheet anchor of the soul. Whether I contemplate the skill and prowess of this honest fellow, on his own peculiar element, or listen to those tales of the sea, with which a sailor can stir the landsman's heart, or mark his serene and dignified deportment, as he takes his seat in the house of God; I never looked upon such an one as this, without a sentiment of affectionate respect.

"Groggy Harbor," like an accommodating almanac, is calculated for the New England States; but will answer for every part of the world. This little work was particularly written for a friend, with whose name I should be proud to adorn it, if I had not an inveterate dislike of dedications. My reverend friend needs nothing of the kind from me. It is enough for him to be permitted to enjoy the reflections of a practical philanthropist; to guide his hardy followers to the living God, with little reverence for the forms and ceremonies of the present world; and to win, for himself, emphatically, the title of the friend of seamen, — for them an immortal crown.

I must be indulged in a single remark, and then, under the blessing of Heaven, as I trust, I will cast my little book, literally, upon the waters. I have seen the sturdy group of weather-beaten men, who zealously attend upon the eloquent ministration of my worthy friend. When I have seen a thousand eyes at once, which have looked many a north-wester out of countenance, paying their tribute to the voice of nature and of eternal truth, I have said within myself, — I had rather be the preacher in this bethel, and draw one honest tear for my pains, than the archbishop of Canterbury, with the reasonable expectation of a Stilton cheese, and a haunch of venison.

The Orkney islands, the Orcades of the ancients, are separated from the northern extremity of Scotland, by a frith, not more than ten miles in breadth; yet so limited was the intercourse between these islands and the main, one hundred and fifty years ago, that a Scotch fisherman was imprisoned, in May, for publishing the account of the elevation of the Prince and Princess of Orange to the throne of England, the preceding November: and he would probably have been hanged, had not the news been confirmed, by the fortunate arrival of a ship from Glasgow.

At the period, to which we are about to refer, the communication was scarcely more frequent, between the metropolis of New England and the obscure little village of Fishingport, more familiarly known along the neighboring sea-coast, by the less attractive appellation of Groggy Harbor. Its exports consisted of fish, and its imports were principally rum. So long as the Spring and Fall fairs were sufficiently productive to procure for the inhabitants an annual supply of this important article, with a suitable quantity of tobacco, the majority of the people were perfectly satisfied. To be sure, there was an aristocratical party, who, not contented with the pos-

session of these necessaries of life, aspired after such luxuries as flour, sugar, and molasses, and a reasonable quantity of winter and summer apparel. But by far the larger portion selected the more favorable intervals along the barren coast; and planted, here and there, patches of potatoes and Indian corn, literally struggling with the precipice for bread. The poor man's pig, sacred in the eye of the law, and secured from the grasping creditor, was here ar important personage in every household; and, although the pork of Groggy Harbor was proverbially fishy, yet with abundance of fish and potatoes, and plenty of rum, they were as happy as Hottentots, knowing little of the present world, and caring less for any other.

There were inhabitants in Fishingport, of a very different order; they were perfectly respectable, but they were very few. Of this number some continued to reside in a place, where so much was constantly presented of a painful and disgusting character, because of their attachment to the place of their nativity, and to the posts and pillars of their youth. Others had determined to remove from a spot, possessing so few attractions, as soon as they *felt themselves* sufficiently wealthy; an era which never arrived. And one or two still held on, unwilling to part with a distinction, which would not have followed them beyond the boundary line.

Fishingport was provided, of course, with its municipal government. In this interesting village, there was something more than the requisite amount of lying, fighting, and cheating, for the establishment of a lawyer's office. There were two in full operation, whither the aggrieved fled for shelter, as sheep fly to the bramble bush, leaving half their fleece behind.

The clergyman of the village was miserably paid, and frequently reminded, in an endless variety of ways, of the burthen, which he brought upon the parish. For once that he reminded his thoughtless parishioners of their dependence upon God, they were sure to remind him twice of his own dependence upon them. Whenever he married a couple or baptized a child, they seldom sent him any other present than a couple of haddocks. Indeed, Parson Twist wanted that independence of character, without which, no clergyman will be likely to sustain himself long, and profitably for his flock. He endeavored to please all parties; and, of course, he did not tell his people the solemn truth. It was a common observation, in the village, that his sermons were neither fish nor flesh.

It was seldom the case, that any other craft was seen in the port, than such small vessels, as were engaged in the fishing business. In a severe storm, it was not uncommon for square-rigged vessels to

seek an anchorage in the harbor, but they seldom communicated with the shore. It was therefore a subject of very considerable interest, when, upon a clear morning in October, with a cracking breeze from the west-north-west, a ship of four or five hundred tons was seen standing round the "Drunkard's Ruin," for that was the name of a reef, on which an intoxicated captain had perished with his whole crew, some forty years before.

While the numerous idlers who crowded to the shore were giving their opinions, as to the character and object of this unusual visitor, she backed her topsail, lay to, about a mile from the end of the reef, and fired a gun for a pilot. But no pilot was at hand; and it became a matter of debate, which soon rose to altercation, what should be done. The clergyman, who was roused by the sound of ordnance, while employed in finding a new text for an old sermon, upon the perfectibility of human virtue, surprised by so unusual an occurrence, upset the contents of his inkhorn upon some of the most interesting parts of his discourse, and, seizing his hat, was soon in the midst of a conclave, as clamorous and as contrary-minded, as the celebrated synod of Dort. The sudden apparition of the minister abated nothing of that eagerness, with which the disputation was carried on But every disputant appeared to feel just enough respect for Parson Twist, to be willing to strengthen his argument, by the authority of the clergyman's opinion. "Look here, Parson Twist," said a rough, red looking fellow, who had already seized a pair of oars, 'the tide 's setting in strong, and she 's backing on to the reef; if she touches, she 's gone; don't ye see how deep she is in the water. Parson? In less than two hours, I know by the glin, we shall have a real blow, right ashore."—"Well," said Parson Twist, looking round cautiously upon the group, "there is something in what you say, Mr. Bean."—"Ay, ay," said an old wrecker, who had taken the sea-shore, as a highwayman takes the highway, for thirty years, "this is her last trip, and ye can't save her, none of ye; and if ye go within a hundred fathoms of the old hulk, they 'll say ye run her on to the 'Ruin;' don't ye think so, Parson?" "Why, it is matter for reflection, Mr. Mooney," replied the minister: "I cannot say *but* it is so, and I cannot say *as* it is so." "I 'll fetch her in for a glass o' grog," said a wrinkled old fellow, with a tarpaulin hat on the tip top of his head, who, even at that hour of the morning, was staggering under the influence of the rum-pus. "You fetch her in!" said another, who was not so groggy by half: "ha! ha! ha! do it, Billy, and I 'll find the grog."

By this time the first speaker had thrown his oars into a whale-boat, and, crying, "Come, Parson, give us a shove," with the assistance

of two or three others, hauled her into the surf. At this moment, old Mooney, who had climbed up on a crag, that overlooks the harbor, cried out to those below: "Ship your oars, my boys, that 's an old salt off there, and if he has n't run his jib-boom into this harbor afore, my name is n't Mark Mooney." — "Why what is he about, Mark!" said Bean, who was in the act of shipping the boat's rudder; at the same time, he observed in an under tone to his companions, "Bear a hand, the old sea-wolf only wants another wreck, and he 'd care no more for a dozen poor fellows dying in the surf, than for a dozen porpoises galloping there." "Go on a fool's errand then, if you will," continued Mooney; "I tell ye, the old salt water dog has got two boats sounding round the reef — there now, look for yourselves, round goes the topsail — see how she pays off — there she goes." Sure enough, she was soon out of danger, and when she had given the "Ruin" a better berth, she lay to again, for her boats to come aboard, and fired another gun. Shortly after, while Bean and his companions were about starting again, Mooney shouted from the crag, "You won't get to sea to-day; here, Bean, come up aloft." Bean jumped out of the boat, and ran up the cliff, and following the direction of the old wrecker's finger, he saw Jim Dixon's pinkey, under all sail, coming round the reef, from the back of the harbor, and standing directly for the ship. "Well, well," said Bean, as he came down from the crag, "she 'll be full as safe under honest Jim Dixon's care, as though you or I had the charge of her, daddy: Jim knows the harbor, every inch of it, and would wreck his new pinkey any time, to save a brother sailor."

Jim soon ran up under the stranger's lee; and, in a very few moments, she was under way, standing into the harbor. She soon began to take in sail; and, in three quarters of an hour, was riding at anchor, about two cables' length from the town.

At this moment, the largest part of the population of Fishingport had collected upon the shore; and curiosity had never been excited to such a pitch, unless when a vague rumor reached the village of the capitulation of Yorktown, full three months after that happy occurrence.

Jim Dixon could scarcely get foothold upon the shore, for the throng, that pressed upon him with inquiries. "Give us a little fresh air!" said Jim, as he pushed forward among the crowd, with his brawny shoulders, the mass of men, women, and children curling in his rear, like the parted waters of the German ocean, roun the stern of a Dutch dogger. Having attained an eminence, Jim turned round and addressed his fellow-citizens, in a short and sens

ble speech, nearly as follows — "Don't bother a body to death, and give us a little sea room. — All I know is jest this, that are craft is the Peggy Lane, last from Cadiz, the captain is the queerest sort of a salt fish, that ever swum. The first thing he says to me, when I got upon deck, was this, 'Born in the harbor, my boy?' So I told him I was. 'Is old Peggy Lane alive?' said he. 'Ay, ay, sir,' said I. 'Is friend Ephraim Simpson, the Quaker carpenter, alive?' 'Ay, ay, sir,' said I. 'Thank God,' said he; 'ready with the anchor, my boys.' 'Now, captain,' says I, 'it's a pretty sharp morning, let's have a thimble full o' grog, will ye?' 'My lad,' says he, 'you might as well ask a Highlander for a knee-buckle. There's not a drop aboard my ship, and there never will be, while I command her: but here is something for your trouble.' So he gave me two doubloons. A pretty good morning's work, eh? — I forgot to say, that one of the crew told me he had sailed seven years in the Peggy, with the same master, and that the vessel was named after his old schoolma'am: they told me the captain's name, but I've lost it somewhere in my lubber-hole of a head, and that's all I know about it." "That ship named for Peggy Lane, the old schoolma'am!" cried an old Amazon, in a cracked voice, at the top of her lungs, with a scream of laughter, which was perfectly contagious, and exercised the whole group, for several minutes. "Hand, reef, and steer without grog!" said he with the tarpaulin hat; "a lily-livered set, I'll warrant ye; ha! ha! what would old skipper Hallibut say to that!" — "A finer set of fellows never went round a capstan," said Jim Dixon; "I didn't hear an oath, the whole time I was aboard." Mr. Simon Spicket, the little grocer, as a cunning spider places its web, in a thoroughfare for flies, had planted his shop at the head of the wharf, with a window each way, that he might shift his little parade of decanters, on the principle of a revolving light, as the fishermen came down in the morning, or returned in the evening. Anticipating an unusual run of custom, upon the arrival of the Peggy, in Groggy Harbor, he had arranged his apparatus, and filled his decanters; and arrived among the crowd just in season to catch the last words. "Bless my heart!" cried he, "no spirit! I'm sure I should n't think it was safe to go to sea without spirit, in case of a storm or cold weather: never mind, I guess they 'll make up for it on shore."

In about half an hour, a boat was lowered from the ship, and four sailors jumped into it, and waited alongside. In a short time, a person was seen coming over the side. "There," said Jim Dixon, "that's he — that's the captain!" The boat now made for the land. All eyes were turned upon this object of univer-

sal curiosity, as he stepped from the boat to the shore; but no person present seemed able to identify the stranger. He was apparently about forty-five, a strong, square-built man, with a sunburnt visage, and an expression, in which there was nothing of severity, but something to overawe. "Stand by, my lads," said he to the boat's crew. "Ay, ay, sir," was the reply. Recognising Jim Dixon in the crowd, he asked him if old friend Simpson lived on the hill, where he lived thirty years ago. Jim replied that he did, and offered to show him the way. "No, my lad," said he, "I knew it well enough, before you ever smelt the salt water." As he was turning off, he caught a glance of Mark Mooney, and calling Dixon, appeared to be making an inquiry, to which he simply nodded a reply. After he had gone, "Daddy Mooney," said Jim, "the captain knows the cut of your jib." "Does he?" said the old wrecker, "I thought he was dead nigh thirty years ago." "Why, who is he?" said Dixon. "Oh, I can't say as I know," said the old man; and putting a fresh quid into his mouth, he turned upon his heel, and walked silently away.

Finding the boat's crew were not likely to come upon the wharf without an invitation, Mr. Simon Spicket proceeded to do the honors of Groggy Harbor. So he came to the capsil, and rubbing his hands, "Rather fallish," said he. "Ay, ay, sir," said the old boatswain, who sat squatting on his haunches, in his shaggy pea-jacket, like a grizzly bear, ready for any customer. "Got a nice fire in the store; won't ye step in, and warm your fingers?" "No, thank ye, sir," the old boatswain replied. "Got plenty of New England and some choice old Jamaica," continued Mr. Simon. "No occasion for any, I thank ye, sir," replied the man of the sea. "Have a little real Hollands if ye prefer it," said the grocer. "No, no, my friend," returned the old boatswain, with a growling tone of voice, which showed that his temper was getting a wiry edge. Mr. Simon Spicket, who knew that he had been licensed for the public good, was not easily thwarted in his philanthropic operations. After a short absence, therefore, he returned to the charge, with — "Some nice old cherry, or I can make ye a mug of flip." "You landlubber," roared the old boatswain, who could stand it no longer, "who wants any of your brimstone and fire? you're the devil's pilot fish, and if I had you by the gills, I'd make you swallow a bucket of salt water; drop her down to a lower berth, my boys, till the captain comes." Mr. Simon Spicket stepped back into his shop, and sat down, with the conviction, that there were people in the world, who could not be served.

The captain had soon made his way to the top of the hill, and

found himself in front of a small white cottage with green blinds. It was easily recognized, as the residence of friend Simpson. It had been recently painted anew, and presented a remarkable contrast to the surrounding habitations. The tap at the door was promptly answered: it was opened by a tall old man, with a capeless coat, and a broad-brimmed hat, from under which the long straight hair descended on either side of the head, much whiter than the sheet, on which I am writing the present narrative. Each stood, in perfect silence, gazing at the other: at length, friend Simpson began, "Well, friend, what is thy business?" "Why, don't ye know me?" said the seafaring man, grasping old Ephraim by the hand, while the tears came into his eyes. "Nay, verily," replied the Quaker, "perhaps thee beest in error; who dost thee take me to be?" "Ephraim Simpson, to be sure," rejoined the sailor, "the best earthly friend I ever knew, save one." "And pray who may be that other?" said the old man. "Peggy Lane," replied the captain, "who found me on the beach, after my parents were lost on the 'Ruin,' just forty years ago, and was a mother to me." "Billy Lane!" said the old man, in perfect astonishment; "but it cannot be possible!" "Billy Lane," said the captain, still holding the Quaker by the hand, "as sure as your good wife's name is Margery, who was always kind to me, and who I trust is alive and well." "Billy Lane!" repeated the old man to himself; "however, there is a God above all, walk thee this way, friend, it may be as thee sayest." So saying he led the way into the little parlor, and stepping out, for a moment, speedily returned with a tall, straight, particular body, who advanced directly to the stranger, and, looking him intently in the face, exclaimed in a shrill small voice, as thin as a thread, "Can the sea give up its dead, before the account!" "Why look here," cried the captain, almost worn out with their obstinate incredulity, "I believe I must go and try my luck with mother Lane," as he had always called his preserver. "I guess she 'll know her poor Billy, as she used to call me." "Sit thee still, if thou beest Billy," said Margery Simpson; "we have sent for friend Peggy, and thee shalt soon see her here." The stranger took out his pocket-book, and unfolding a small piece of paper, which he appeared to have carefully preserved, handed it to the old man; "Do you remember that, father Simpson?" said he. The Quaker put on his glasses, and, after examining the paper attentively, he lowered his brow, and, looking at the captain over his spectacles, "Verily," said he, "I believe thee sayest the truth, this is my own hand; and I remember giving it to Billy Lane, when he made up his mind to seek his fortune on the sea, in

preference to learning the carpenter's trade; Billy was a good boy, but all for the sea; and, the morning before he went, he asked me to give him some good advice, on a piece of paper, that he might keep it to remember his old master. This is that paper, and I gave it to the boy with my blessing, thirty years ago. This advice is not like common news, good only while it is new; it reads well: '*Say thy prayers;*'" continued the old man, reading over the paper. "'*read thy Bible; mind thy business; be good to the poor, obey the laws; avoid bad company; drink no spirit; let thy yea be yea, and thy nay, nay.*'" At this moment, old Peggy was making her way in at the door. "Is it my poor Billy?" said the old woman. "Ay, is it, good"—mother, he would have said, but his emotion checked his utterance, as he threw his arms round the poor old creature's neck. "Oh me," continued old Peggy, "if it is Billy, how the little creature has grown! Let me look at the back of his head." "Ay, good mother," said he, "you 'll find the scar there." "Sure enough," she exclaimed, "it is my poor boy, that I dragged out of the surf, that terrible day, when all but he were lost on the 'Ruin,' and there is the mark of the cruel blow, that he got from the rocks, or,—Heaven forgive me! from that savage shark of a"—"Nay, nay, friend Peggy," said Ephraim Simpson. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." "And so it is," said she; "poor boy, ye was about five then. I thought it would have been Solomon's judgment over again, and that the wild sea would have had one half of the poor child, while I strove for the other; but there was a greater than Solomon there, He that ruleth the sea, and it was his holy pleasure to have it otherwise."

Captain Lane gratified the curiosity of his old friends, by giving them a brief account of his adventures. The brig, in which he first went to sea, was wrecked on the coast of Morocco. This fraction of his history, it seems, had reached the village of Fishingport. When the vessel struck, their preservation appeared altogether impossible. The crew resorted, for oblivion, to ardent spirit, and were launched, one after another, dead drunk, into eternity. Billy remembered father Simpson's injunction; and, putting the valued paper between the leaves of his little Bible, he strapped the volume round his waist, and threw himself on a spar into the sea. He was tossed in safety to the shore. Here he was taken by the natives, and carried into the interior, where he was detained more than eight years. He at length escaped; and, travelling by night, and concealing himself by day, arrived on the sea-shore. He was fortunately taken off by an English vessel, and carried to Liverpool. He there shipped, before the mast, for Sumatra and back. On the

return voyage, the first and second mates both died, and the captain agreed with him to act in the capacity of mate. He then sailed for Calcutta, first mate of the Hindostan, Indiaman. His thrifty and careful habits and good principles soon placed him fairly before the wind, on the great voyage of life, with excellent common sense, for his compass; the good old age of an honest man, for his port of destination; and the humble hope of eternal life, for his best bower ar chor, in a better world. He had amassed a handsome property, and was resolved to abandon the sea. "Hundreds of times," said he, "in every quarter of the globe, and upon almost every sea, in sunshine and in storm, I've read over your seven good rules, father Simpson; and here I am, by God's blessing, safe in port, and anchored alongside the best friends I have in the world. Now it may seem an odd freak, for a fellow, that has had a capful of wind from every breeze, and been blown about the world, as I have been, to drop his last anchor, in Groggy Harbor. But I've come home to live with ye, mother, for the rest of my days." "God bless ye for it, Billy!" said the old woman. "You're too big now, dear, for the little room in the gable, where you used to lodge, you know; and, as I've left off teaching the children, for ten years past, you can have your bed in the school-room." Captain Lane shook the kind-hearted old creature by the hand, and bade her give herself no trouble about the bed-room. He then told them, that he would go aboard, and despatch the mate with the ship up to the port of ——, and return to pass a few days with his friends.

The captain had scarcely quitted the dwelling of friend Ephraim, before it was literally taken by storm. Gossips and idlers, without number, flocked about the door, to satisfy their curiosity. As to the old boatswain, nothing could be gotten out of him. He held up his knowledge, as a cow of good resolution holds up her milk. Man of business, as he was himself, he became wearied and disgusted with the sight of such a troop of idlers and ragamuffins, crawling about the grog-shop, like flies about a sugar hogshead, and becoming more and more tipsy, as the sun advanced to the zenith. A little out of patience withal, at being left so long upon his post, he had become as uneasy as a grampus, left upon a sand-bar, by the falling tide.

In the afternoon, the captain's chest was sent ashore, and carried to old Peggy's house; and, shortly after, he followed, himself. It was not long before the anchor was up, and the ship under way. She speedily vanished; and with her, the high hopes and expectations of Mr. Simon Spicket, that eminent distributor of death and destruction by the gill.

It was a bright day for old Peggy Lane; and, as we have no gauge for the pleasure she enjoyed, we leave it to the reader's imagination. In the evening, that is, at four o'clock, — for a village and a metropolitan evening are very different affairs, — she walked up to Ephraim Simpson's, to take tea, leaning with great apparent satisfaction upon the captain's arm; now and then casting a glance at the neighboring windows, as she went along; and evidently gathering additional comfort from every eye, that she happened to encounter.

The little urchin, whom she had rescued from a watery grave, had made an impression upon Peggy's mind, at the age of thirty, which would not give place to any other, at the age of threescore and ten; and it was rather amusing to see the zealous old creature, in the pride of her heart, introducing to those, whom she met, as her "poor little Billy," a stout master mariner of forty-five, with a pair of whiskers, that might have excited the envy of a Spanish admiral

Friend Ephraim and his wife, with Peggy and the captain, enjoyed as much happiness, over the neat little tea-board, as could well be crowded into the compass of three or four hours. A thousand recollections were brought to life; and important incidents, in the pilgrimage of one party, were freely exchanged, for the not less interesting experiences of the other. At length old Peggy and the captain returned to the schoolma'am's cottage, where the schoolroom had been neatly prepared for his reception. After they had parted, and he had been for some time in bed, she opened the door, with, "It 's only your mother, dear; I thought I would come and tuck ye up. I came just now, but I listened, and heard ye saying your prayers, like a good child, Billy; and I rejoiced that ye had not forgotten all that I taught ye when ye was little." With this and her blessing, she took her leave for the night.

Captain Lane was up with the sun, and had taken a stretch across the town, before breakfast. "Why, where have you been, Billy?" said the old woman, as he entered the door; "come, here is some hot coffee for ye, and a beautiful scrawd, and some cunners, that Tommy Loring, the little boy, that does my chores, has caught on purpose for ye, this very morning."

As he sat down to breakfast with a good relish, "Mother," said he, "I 've just been across the harbor; the sun is n't two hours high; I 've been in a multitude of cities and towns of all sizes, in almost every part of the world; and I never saw so many lazy, intemperate looking people, at this hour of the morning, in any place upon earth." "You know it always was so, my child," said she; "Groggy Harbor will be Groggy Harbor; the name will stick, till ye change the nature. It 's bad enough to be sure. There are few

old folks left among us now. There is our next neighbor, Wiley, dying of a consumption, all owing, as the doctor says, to hard drinking. His father died just so. Watkins, the miller, watched with poor Wiley, last Friday night. Ye know, my child, they always leave refreshments for the watchers, and Watkins drank a whole bottle of Geneva, and was found in the morning, dead drunk upon the floor; and poor Wiley groaned all night, with nobody to help him. Parson Twist preached a sermon against drunkenness, last year; and he drew a picture of a drunken man, in his discourse; the next day a great many went to him, and each one told him, if he made any more fun of him in the meeting-house, he would never enter it again." "Mother," said the captain, "this is too tough for me; I shall heave up my anchor, if it's going to blow a drunken hurricane, at this rate, all the rest of my days. I'll go up to father Ephraim's and talk with him about it, and see if we can't boxhaul some of these craft, that are head on for destruction, since there's no mode of getting 'em about, the old-fashioned way. At any rate," he continued, observing that poor old Peggy appeared dejected, at the bare possibility of a separation, "we shall never part company again, my good mother, unless, upon a signal, that all must obey."

He found the Quaker and his wife reading their Bible together. "Sit thee down, Billy," said the old man, and continued to the end of the chapter. When he had finished and laid aside the book, the captain observed, that he should like to hear a few more particulars of those whom he had once known. "Pray," continued he, "what has become of Sam Legget, who worked with me in your shop, father Simpson?" "Poor lad," said the Quaker, "he did very well till they made him a corporal in the militia; his whole soul seemed then to be absorbed in military glory; he never made a good joint after that; he was out treating and trooping a great part of his time, and became good for nothing. I have often caught him, after I had laid out his morning's work, shouldering firelock, and going through his exercise with a handsaw. Poor lad, he died a drunkard." "What became of Peter Watson, who lived over the way?" "Watson became intemperate, as well as his wife; they came upon the town; both are dead; and their children are in the poor-house." "And Barnes, the blacksmith?" continued the captain. "He yet liveth," said the Quaker; "he was put into the work-house more than ten years ago, and is subject to that kind of delirium, which afflicteth the intemperate." "What a scourge intemperance has been upon the earth!" exclaimed the captain; "why poor old Parson Merrit must have had ill luck in turning the wicked to repentance." "It is not agreeable," rejoined the old man, "to speak

that, which is evil of any, especially of those, who preach the gospel; but few had greater occasion than friend Merrit, to cry out, in the words of holy writ, *Pray for us.* He was verily a man of like passions with ourselves. He fell into intemperate habits before he died." "Is it possible!" exclaimed the captain; "but pray, who is that wretched object, the woman yonder, who is bowing, in a strange manner, to every one she meets — you see her dancing along, don't you?" "Yea, Billy, I see the poor unhappy child; she is harmless; and they let her go her own way," replied the old man. "Ah," said Margery Simpson, who had risen from her chair, and was looking at this poor being, who had decked herself with fall wild flowers, and appeared wonderfully merry; "ah," said she, "the poor thing is in her happy vein to-day; to-morrow, no doubt, you may see her sitting between the graves of her husband and her son, and dividing those flowers between them, with as much care, as though she were dividing a treasure into equal parts." "Surely, Billy," said old Ephraim, "thee rememberest Jenny Jones." "Is that miserable creature Jenny Jones," said the captain, "the pretty girl with red cheeks and black eyes, whose fine voice I used to talk about, when I came from meeting!" "Yea, verily," replied the old man.

By the aid of a mischievous memory, the captain had before him a perfect vision of the past: he almost beheld the trim little girl, with her blue gown and neat straw bonnet, with her singing-book in her hand, tripping across the green, of a Sabbath morning. The very peal of the village bell rang, at that moment, in his ear; and he beheld the countenances of the loiterers about the porch. All these associations came at once upon his mind, and, contrasted with the emblem of misery before him, brought the tears into his eyes. "Is she intemperate?" he inquired. "Nay," said his old friend. "I never heard, that she was; her tale is a brief one; she married Jack Lawson, the fisherman, against her father's will: poor old farmer Jones, he was broken down by his family trouble, when Jenny lost her reason. Jack Lawson was a handsome lad, but in a bad way from his youth. He soon died a profane drunkard, and left her a widow, very poor, with a child to support. Bad as he was, Jenny took his death deeply to heart: their loves were young loves, Billy; and nothing roused her, but her sense of duty to the child. She called it John, after the father. She worked very hard, and supported herself and her boy; and I never heard a word against her. Little John fell early into the society of bad boys, and acquired a relish for spirit. Thee, no doubt, rememberest Jerry Tappit, that kept the little grog-shop in Lot's alley?" "The fel-

low who lost his eye in a brawl?" said the captain. "The same," replied father Ephraim; "poor Jenny knew, that her son had a great amount of spirit at Tappit's shop, and she had often forbid him. At length, John was brought home dead. He was killed with a stone, in a drunken fight, in Lot's alley. Jenny gave a shriek, when she first saw the dead body of her child; but her reason was gone, from that hour. A merciful Providence extinguished the lamp, that she might not so clearly survey the measure of her misery. From that time, she was in the habit of going, three or four times a day, to Jerry Tappit's shop; sometimes forbidding him from selling John any more liquor, as though he were still living; or asking if her boy was there; and, at other times, in the most beseeching manner, urging him to go with her and help wake up her poor Johnny. Jerry was greatly annoyed by the poor creature, and once he threatened to beat her, if she came there again; but Jim Dixon, who was passing by at the time, threatened, in his heathenish way, to knock in his deadlights, if he so much as laid the weight of his finger upon a hair of her head; 'You have killed her boy,' said he, 'and now ye would kill the poor creature herself.'" "It was unseemly, no doubt," said old Margery, "for Dixon to talk, in that inconvenient way, or to threaten bodily harm; but all agreed, that it was kind in him to interfere, and save crazy Jenny from abuse; and the more, as it was well known she had refused Jim Dixon for Jack Lawson's sake." "Jim Dixon?" said the captain, as he rubbed away the tears from his eyes, "that 's the young man that brought my ship into the harbor; a smart young fellow, but even he asked for his dram, before the anchor was down." "Yea," said old Ephraim, "the very best of them think it impossible to live without it; but Jim is decent and well to pass in the world, and a civil, obliging lad." "And where," said the captain, "is the man who kept the tavern, at the sign of the Demijohn?" "Dear me, Billy," said father Ephraim, "which one dos't thee mean? nearly twenty, I should think, have kept the Demijohn tavern, since thee wentest away; and I do not remember but two temperate men among them: there was Gookin, I never heard that he was ever drunk; he had an amazing strong head. He had kept the house only three days, when he was arrested for stealing a horse, the year before. And there was a Mr. Barker, who tried it for a fort night; and, hearing that a man had hung himself, after getting drunk at his house, he became conscience-stricken, and gave up the business." "Do tell me, father Simpson," continued the captain, "what was the end of Windsor, the barber?" "His was an awful case," replied the old man; "he became intemperate, and cut so

many of his customers, that he lost his business. Thee remembereest 'Miah Fidget; he was a fiery little fellow; Windsor, once, when he was shaving Fidget, and very tipsy, cut him terribly. Fidget did not bear it like a Christian, Billy, but gave the poor barber a terrible flogging. Windsor became a miserable sot, lost every customer, murdered his child, and his wife, and cut his throat, with his own razor." "Mercy on us!" said Captain Lane; "I should almost think you were reading the log-book of Gomorrah: but do tell me what became of Archer, the apothecary?" "Died a drunkard," father Ephraim replied. "He was rather careless long before he died. Parson Merrit applied to him for a dose of magnesia, and he gave him a heaping tea-spoonful of tartar emetic, and it nearly killed him." "I will ask after one more; how did Moses Mattock, the sexton, turn out?" "Very badly, Billy, I am sorry to say it. It was thought he would have done pretty well, had it not been for the unchristian practice of treating, at funerals. The Poodle family, who, thee mayest remember, were very poor, and stood in great need of everything but pride, never forgave Moses, for his shocking misdemeanor, when their grandmother was buried. When the old lady had been lifted, and put upon the hearse, Msoes, who had taken more spirit than usual, for the Poodles treated very freely, to keep up their respectability, instead of driving to the grave-yard at a decent pace, forgot himself and the occasion entirely, and, setting off upon a trot, drove the old lady, to the scandal of the mourners, to the door of Deacon Atherton's grog-shop. This conduct was more offensive to the family, because it was the very shop where the old lady had all her Jamaica."

"Pray," said the captain, after a pause of some length, "are there more or fewer drunkards, in the harbor now, than when I was a boy?" "I think the increase of drunkards is beyond the increase of the people," answered the old man. "Now, father Simpson," said Captain Lane, drawing his chair more closely to the old man's, and taking him by the hand, "look here; I 've no kith nor kin, that I know of, in the world. There 's nothing that would suit me better than casting anchor, for life, alongside of you and mother Lane. By God's blessing, I 've enough and to spare. But nothing will persuade me to look for moorings here, unless we can contrive a plan to change the nature of the bottom." "I comprehend thee," said the Quaker, "there are yet a few, in this place, who would lend a willing hand in a godly work. They wisely know, that their strength is in sitting still, and waiting for the appointed time." "The spirit moveth me, Billy," said Margery, "to say thee mayest be the means, in the hand of Providence, of

working a woudrous change, in a wicked place." "Thee hast seen enough of the world, my son," said the Quaker, "to know, that it is necessary to be careful in removing the idols of any people, whether they be worshipped, under the form of a stone image or a stone jug. The temples of Baal were protected by the laws of the land: so are these modern abominations, which we call grog-shops. Those, who minister to the 'PUBLIC GOOD,' may well rely on the public support." "I should like to have those fellows, that are making all this misery, on board my ship for a couple of hours. I 'd keelhaul every mother's son of 'em," said Captain Lane; and he really looked as if he would. "Well, Billy," continued old Ephraim, with a smile, "I think I may safely say, there is not one of them, who will go on board thy ship for any such purpose. I cannot deny, when I look upon their work, that they deserve their reward: but we must obey the laws." "I know it, father Simpson," rejoined the honest-hearted sailor; "but, as you used to say, out of the heart the mouth speaketh. Why not speak to the selectmen, and get the town clerk to pipe all hands and overhaul the matter?" "Hast thee not read of Satan rebuking sin?" said the old man. "The selectmen are all three dealers in spirit; and the town clerk keepeth the Demijohn tavern, at this present time. Nay, Billy, the better way would be, to collect as many of the men, women, and children, as can be gathered together, and enlighten their minds, by discussing the subject in a Christian manner; but the difficulty lieth in this, we have no speakers on our side. Parson Twist will be lukewarm in the matter, and though he would take an active part, if it were likely to be popular, it will be just the other way. Teazle, the lawyer, will make a long speech, in favor of the dram-sellers; nobody will have courage to answer him, and I fear we may be worse off, than if we had never stirred in the matter at all." "Father Ephraim," said the sailor, slapping his hand upon the table, "give yourself no trouble about a speaker; I must go up to ———, to look after my vessel and cargo; arrange your meeting, for this day week; and I 'll be here upon the spot, and bring ye a speaker; and if any lawyer in Groggy Harbor can get the weather-gauge of him, never trust me again." "And pray Billy, who may he be?" inquired the old Quaker. "Leave that to me," he replied; "give me credit, father Simpson, for a little discretion, after having been knocked about, for thirty years, among Jews and Gentiles. Only get the whole town together, in the meeting-house. Charter a hundred of the lazy loons I see about the streets, and send notices to all quarters, and leave the rest to me."

"Heaven guide thee, my son," said the old man; "something telleth me it should be so; I will do even as thee sayest."

Ephraim Simpson fulfilled all his ordinary engagements to the letter. Upon the present occasion he was particularly active; and he was rejoiced to find a larger number than he expected, who were willing to coöperate in this good work. One was roused, by the recollection of a ruined child; another was urged on to the holy war, by the remembrance of a parent, whose gray hairs had been brought to the grave, with less of sorrow than of shame; a third was stimulated, by the living emblem of squalid wretchedness, in the person of a drunken brother, or a drunken sister; a fourth had long sighed for this very occasion, to break forth against a curse, which had destroyed the peace of his fireside, and left him, the husband of an habitual drunkard. Friend Ephraim had good reason to be cheered by the result of his labors, thus far. The selectmen were, at first, opposed to granting the use of the meeting-house; but finally consented, in the full confidence of giving the "*fanatics*," as the friends of temperance were called, a complete overthrow. Notices of the intended meeting were posted up, in various parts of the harbor, and no pains were spared, to ensure a full attendance: it was particularly stated, that a distinguished friend of temperance, not resident in the town, would deliver his sentiments upon the occasion.

The next day, notices were put up in the following words: "*At a large and respectable meeting of the grocers of Groggy Harbor, held last evening, at the store of Mr. Simon Spicket, it was unanimously resolved, that we view with deep regret the proceedings of the self-styled friends of temperance.*" This resolution was signed, Simon Spicket, Chairman. Mark Mooney, jun., Secretary. The effect of this notice was rather to increase the notoriety of the contemplated meeting, and to stimulate the little band of Spartans to redoubled exertions.

Parson Twist, as the meeting was to be held in his house of worship, had been requested to open it with prayer. He excused himself on the score of indisposition, and expressed a fear that the friends of temperance were going "*too fast and too far:*" accordingly, the Rev. Mr. Sterling, from an inland town, was invited to attend, and cheerfully accepted.

The thirty-first day of October arrived, the day appointed for the meeting, and a more delightful fall morning I never beheld. The hour appointed was one o'clock, P. M., and, for more than two hours preceding, chaises, wagons and saddle horses were seen arriving from all quarters, and multitudes of men, women, and children on foot;

and, before the time appointed, it was calculated, by competent judges, there were just about ten times the number collected, that commonly attended on the sermons of Parson Twist.

No person, at this moment, was apparently so very uneasy, as father Ephraim. He repeatedly went to the door, and looked up and down the road, with an air of anxiety. At length the meeting was called to order, and old Captain Barney, a respectable officer, who lost an arm in the Revolution, was appointed chairman. It was moved and seconded, that the meeting be opened with prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Sterling, and by reading such portion of Scripture, as he might think appropriate. The venerable man was ascending the pulpit stairs, for the performance of the duty required of him, when friend Ephraim Simpson's anxiety was relieved, by the appearance of Captain Lane, entering the door, followed by a large, hard-favored man, about sixty years of age, with a rolling gait, and wearing a shaggy pea-jacket. Jim Dixon, who knew Captain Lane and the boatswain, provided them with seats.

Never was an unsettled assembly reduced more immediately into a state of silence, than was the promiscuous group, convened upon the present occasion, by the first words, distinctly and impressively uttered by the Reverend Mr. Sterling. "Oh Lord, what is man!" and the pause which succeeded was the silence of the grave. His prayer was marked by an unusual tone of deep religious sensibility. Every irrelevant feeling in the audience was subdued, as by a spell. Even Squire Teazle, the attorney, who had entered the meeting-house, with a consequential, and even a triumphant expression, as though he had somewhere discovered already an omen of victory, was evidently made to feel that he was in the temple of the Lord; that the cause to be tried was not simply a question between man and his fellow, but between God and man. After the prayer, the holy man read, in a solemn and interesting manner, the one hundred and seventh Psalm. The effect was evident upon the whole assembly, when he pronounced those appropriate passages from the twenty-third to the twenty-eighth verse: "*They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters; these men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For at his word the stormy wind ariseth, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They are carried up to the heaven, and down again to the deep; their soul melteth away because of the trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, he delivereth them out of their distress.*'

The rum party, knowing that Captain Barney had always been in the habit of using spirit, had counted on his influence; or, at

least, that he would not be against them. They were confounded, therefore, when, in opening the meeting, he plainly stated, that, whatever good ardent spirit produced, the evil was so much greater, that he should not be sorry to know, that it was all cast into the sea. He clearly set forth the objects of the meeting, and requested any persons present, strangers as well as residents, to express their opinions. He then resumed the chair, and a pause of some length ensued.

At length, a good-looking man, rather above the middle age, rose, with an air of diffidence, and addressed the chairman. "Nobody seems willing to say anything upon this business," said he, "and I 'll trouble the meeting with a few words. My farm, as you know, Mr. Chairman, is three miles from the harbor. If it had been thirty, I might still have been the father of two likely boys, who fell victims to habits of intemperance, contracted by visiting the harbor, and the dram-shops. I have no plan to propose, to remedy the evil, which is every year carrying young men, as well as old ones, to their graves. I trust some remedy will be provided. I came here to give my humble experience, and have nothing more to say."

The next person who addressed the assembly was Mr. Mixer, the keeper of the Demijohn. "Mr. Chairman," said he, "farmer Jenkins, who has just spoke about his boys, feels a kind of ugly towards me, because his boys got liquor at my tavern: now"— "Stop, Mr. Mixer," said the chairman. "You are out of order: the only points to be considered are the evils of intemperance and their remedy; we can have no personal allusions." "Well, sir, all I has to say is this, let folks keep their boys at home, and keep at home themselves if they will. I 'se got a license, and why ha'n't I as good a right to sell liquor with a license, as farmer Jenkins has to sell his corn without one? That 's all I want to know." This produced a little cheering among the rum party, which was promptly checked by the chairman, who remarked, that the meeting had been begun in a Christian spirit, and that, while he was in the chair, it should so be continued and ended. Two or three persons, in liquor, had risen to address the chair; but this remark and the well known character of Captain Barney reduced them to order.

Silence having been restored, Mr. Teazle, the attorney, commenced a speech of nearly an hour's length. The commencement was rather unfortunate. "I rise," said he, "Mr. Chairman, not admitting, on behalf of my clients, any responsibility to this assembly." "Pray, Mr. Teazle," said the chairman, "you speak of your clients; by whom have you been retained?" Teazle was obviously confused, and Spicket hung down his head I beg par-

don," continued the attorney, "my fellow-townsmen, I should have said." The points of his argument were these. The traffic is a lawful traffic, and we have no right to interfere with it; — people may drink or not — they are free agents; and, if they become drunkards, the fault and its consequences are their own; — temperance is a good thing, and liquor ought not to be sold to drunkards, and the law forbids it; — if we want any remedy, beyond a man's own moral power of self-restraint, we must ask it of the legislature; — combinations to ruin the business of a particular class of men are illegal and morally wrong. Mr. Teazle ran over these grounds of argument, in every variety of way; and, to do him justice, with not a little ingenuity. When he concluded, there was much satisfaction exhibited on the countenances of the dealers, and their numerous customers.

The chairman, after a long pause, again requested any person present, who might be so inclined, to express his sentiments upon the subject. Seeing no other person disposed to take part in the discussion, Captain Lane rose from his seat. He was already known to many who were present, though he had not had any opportunity of meeting them in a familiar way. "Mr. Chairman," said he, "it is not my intention to detain you many minutes. Forty years ago I was cast away on the reef, ever since called the 'Drunkard's Ruin.' By the misconduct of an intoxicated captain, the whole crew and several passengers, among whom were both my parents, were drowned. I was then about five years old. I see in this assembly the friend who saved me from a watery grave, and proved to me a kind mother. I also see here another friend, who took me into his family, to learn a trade, which I afterward quitted, for the sea. When we parted, he gave me much good counsel; and, knowing the temptations of a sea-faring man, he particularly cautioned me to drink no spirit. I have never tasted a drop in my life. I have been a healthy, and a prosperous man. I returned here but a short time since, with the intention of casting anchor for life. I have been in many harbors, in the course of thirty years, but I confess, Mr. Chairman, I have never seen a town, where drinking spirit seemed to be so much in vogue, and so completely the chief end of man, as it seems to be here. I move that it is expedient to get up a society forthwith, to put down this wickedness and folly, in some way or other."

The captain's motion was seconded by several voices, and it was evident that he had made a favorable impression on the assembly.

The chairman then stated the motion, as usual, and that it had been seconded from various quarters. In the mean time, Ephraim Simp-

son walked round to Captain Lane, and whispered, "Hast thee not failed in thy promise of a speaker, Billy?" "All in good time; he'll be here as soon as he is needed," was the reply. Friend Simpson returned to his place, and with his broad-brimmed hat upon his head, addressed the chairman, in the following words, which were listened to with all that respect, which infallibly gathers about the person of an old man of pure and irreproachable life. "Friend Barney," said he, "the Spirit moveth me to say a few words. I like the motion; it is meet and right. If it prevaileth, and I think it will, for the finger of the Lord is surely in this matter, thee mayest live to bless the day, and so may we all, when this poor, perishing child was cast upon our shore. This is a great question, friend Barney; it is not a question of dollars and cents, but a question of life and death, eternal life and eternal death." At this moment, the attention of every person in the assembly was drawn suddenly to the door, by a sharp, shrill cry, and poor Jenny Jones was seen standing at the entrance. "Will nobody go and help me wake little Johnny!" said she. Some kind-hearted person led her gently out of the way; and friend Simpson continued, as follows, while she was passing out of the door;—"It seemeth as if that poor senseless creature had been sent hither, by the direction of Heaven. Thee seest in her, friend Barney, the melancholy effects of this deplorable business. The poor thing hath lost her husband, she hath lost her son, she hath lost her reason! Thee feelest, I see thee dost, friend Barney, and we all ought to feel the force of that rebuke upon our past indifference, which is presented, wherever this wretched woman showeth herself." Friend Ephraim resumed his seat, and Captain Barney was not the only person who had put his handkerchief to his eyes.

"Mr. Chairman," said Mr. Sulkey, one of the selectmen of the town, "I am no speechmaker, but I cannot see things going on at this rate, and keep my seat. If Captain Lane thinks proper to settle down among us, very well; but he must take us as he finds us. We want no new-fangled notions. Why should we set up to be wiser than our fathers? Rum sometimes does mischief, and what good thing does n't, I want to know? Folks that don't like our notions can go elsewhere; that 's all I have to say."

"Oh, Captain Barney," cried an old lady of respectable appearance, with tears in her eyes, "I never see that man, without thinking of my poor George, that was ruined at his store." The chairman interrupted her by stating, that it would be hardly proper for females to take part in the debate. He then observed, that it would be very agreeable to the assembly to hear the subject treated more fully, by any person, on either side of the question.

Captain Lane again rose; and the general expectation of a speech of some length, was entirely disappointed by the following brief remarks. "Mr. Chairman," said he, "I do not feel myself able to treat the subject as it deserves. But there is a person in this assembly, who has had occasion to think deeply upon it. He is here by my request. He has been the boatswain aboard my ship for thirteen years; and, if you will put up with plain common sense, and allow a little for the language and manner of an old sailor, he will be willing to give you his views."

The chairman said, he had no doubt it would be very agreeable to the meeting. "Mr. Morgan," said Captain Lane, "our friends here will be glad to have you express your sentiments on the use of strong drink." "Ay, ay, sir," said the old boatswain; and all eyes were turned upon him, as he rose, in his shaggy pea jacket: and, with his clean shirt-collar, and tidy black silk neckcloth, loose, gray locks, and sedate expression of face, he might have passed for the very patriarch of the flood. So far as external appearance and professional relation were concerned, this was the very orator for Groggy Harbor. It was clearly indicated, in the countenance of friend Ephraim, that he was fearful of the result. But the confident expression, on the features of Captain Lane, seemed to say, "It 's old Morgan's watch, and I 'll sleep at my ease."

"Please your honor," said the old boatswain, "I 've come down here by the captain's orders; and, if there 's anything, stowed away in my old, weather-beaten sea-chest of a head, that may be of any use to a brother sailor, or a landsman either, they 're heartily welcome. If it will do any good in such a cause as this, that you 've all come here to talk about, ye may go down below, and overhaul the lockers of an old man's heart. It may seem a little strange, that an old sailor should put his helm hard-a-port to get out of the way of a glass o' grog; but, if it was n't for the shame, old as I am, I 'd be tied up to the rigging, and take a dozen, rather than suffer a drop to go down my hatches." By this time all eyes and ears were riveted upon the speaker. His voice, though he spoke at the natural pitch of it, was remarkably clear and strong; and his whole manner was calculated to create a feeling of respect. He stood as firmly as a mainmast; and a well carved image of him, pea jacket and all, would have made a glorious figure-head for Old Ironsides. Father Ephraim's countenance began to lose its expression of anxiety, and the old sailor continued, as follows:

"Please your honor, it 's no very pleasant matter, for a poor sailor, to go over the old shoal, where he lost a fine ship; but he must be a shabby fellow, that would n't stick up a beacon, if he

could, and fetch home soundings and bearings, for the good of all others, who may sail in those seas. I've followed the sea for fifty years. I had good and kind parents — God bless 'em both. They brought me up to read the Bible, and keep the Sabbath. My father drank spirit sparingly. My mother never drank any. Whenever I asked for a taste, he always was wise enough to put me off: 'Milk for babes, my lad,' he used to say; 'children must take care how they meddle with edge tools.' When I was twelve, I went to sea, cabin boy of the Tippoo Saib; and the captain promised my father to let me have no grog; and he kept his word. After my father's death, I began to drink spirit; and I continued to drink it till I was forty-two. I never remember to have been tipsy in my life; but I was greatly afflicted with headache and rheumatism, for several years. I got married when I was twenty-three. We had two boys; one of them is living. My eldest boy went to sea with me, three voyages, and a finer lad" — just then something seemed to stick in the old boatswain's throat, but he was speedily relieved, and proceeded in his remarks. — "I used to think my father was over-strict about spirit, and when it was cold or wet, I did n't see any harm in giving Jack a little, though he was only fourteen. When he got ashore, where he could serve out his own allowance, I soon saw that he doubled the quantity. I gave him a talk. He promised to do better; but he did n't. I gave him another, but he grew worse; and finally, in spite of all his poor mother's prayers, and my own, he became a drunkard. It sunk my poor wife's spirits entirely, and brought mine to the water's edge. Jack became very bad, and I lost all control over him. One day, I saw a gang of men and boys, poking fun at a poor fellow, who was reeling about in the middle of the circle, and swearing terribly. Nobody likes to see his profession dishonored, so I thought I 'd run down and take him in tow. Your honor knows what a sailor's heart is made of — what do you think I felt, when I found it was my own son! — I could n't resist the sense of duty; and I spoke to him pretty sharply. But his answer threw me all aback, like a white squall in the Levant. He heard me through, and, doubling his fist in my face, he exclaimed. 'YOU MADE ME A DRUNKARD!' It cut the laniards of my heart like a chain shot from an eighteen pounder; and I felt as if I should have gone by the board." As he uttered these words, the tears ran down the channels of the old man's cheeks like rain. Friend Simpson was deeply affected, and Parson Sterling sat with his handkerchief before his eyes. Indeed, there was scarcely a dry eye in the assembly. After wiping his eyes on the sleeve of his pea jacket, the old sailor proceeded.

"I tried, night and day, to think of the best plan, to keep my other son from following on to destruction, in the wake of his elder brother. I gave him daily lessons of temperance; I held up before him the example of his poor brother; I cautioned him not to take spirit upon an empty stomach, and I kept my eye constantly upon him. Still I daily took my allowance; and the sight of the dram bottle, the smell of the liquor, and the example of his own father, were abler lawyers on t'other side. I saw the breakers ahead; and I prayed God to preserve not only my child, but myself; for I was sometimes alarmed for my own safety. About this time I went to meeting one Sunday, and the minister read the account of the overthrow of Goliah. As I returned home I compared intemperance, in my own mind, to the giant of Gath; and I asked myself why there might not be found some remedy for the evil as simple as the means employed for his destruction. For the first time, the thought of total abstinence occurred to my mind: this, then, said I, is THE SMOOTH STONE FROM THE BROOK, AND THE SHEPHERD'S SLING! I told my wife what I had been thinking of. She said she had no doubt, that God had put the thought into my mind. I called in Tom, my youngest son, and told him I had resolved never to taste another drop, blow high or blow low. I called for all there was in the house, and threw it out of the window. Tom promised to take no more. I never have had reason to doubt, that he has kept his promise. He is now first mate of an Indiaman. Now, your honor, I have said all I had to say about my own experience. Maybe I 've spun too long a yarn already. But I think it would n't puzzle a Chinese juggler to take to pieces all that has been put together on t'other side."

"Friend Barney," said Ephraim Simpson, "I have attended to the stranger's words; they are verily the words of truth and soberness, and I would willingly hear more."

"Spin as long a yarn as you please, Mr. Morgan," said the chairman, "and I hope it will be spun of as good hemp and as hard twisted as the last." The strong disposition to cheer and applaud, which was testified throughout the assembly, could scarcely be restrained, by the efforts of the chairman. Jim Dixon was so delighted, that he actually held up his hat and proposed three cheers. Captain Barney reminded him, that he was in the house of God; and that Mr. Morgan's practical good sense needed no such kind of support. "Please to proceed, Mr. Morgan," said he.

"Well, your honor," said the old salt, "I 've got all that I 've heard here to-day coiled up in my store-room, and with your honor's leave I 'll just overhaul it. The very first man that spoke, said he had

lost two likely boys, by the use of ardent spirit. That was saying something to the purpose. Then up got the gentleman, that said he kept the tavern, and that folks might keep their boys and themselves at home. Cold comfort, your honor, for a poor man that 's lost two children! Now, if a man holds out a false light, or hangs one to the tail of an old horse, and such things have been done, as your honor knows, and I lose my ship by mistaking it for the true light, I should n't be much comforted, by being told, that I might have kept my ship in port or myself at home. Now, if a dram-seller, who happens to outlive a score of poor fellows, who have drank death and destruction at his hands, will still sell the poison, that he well knows must kill a considerable number of those that drink it; he is the man that holds out a false light. The question he asks is a queer sort of a question, your honor, to be sure. Why has n't he as good a right to sell spirit with a license, as the farmer to sell his corn without one? I 've been in countries, where a man who bought a license, or an indulgence, as they call it, to murder his neighbor, might inquire, in the same manner, why he had not as good a right to commit a murder with a license, as his neighbor to sell his well-gotten merchandise without one." "That old fellow would have made a capital lawyer," said Teazle to the chairman in a whisper. — "A little too straightforward for that, Mr. Teazle," replied Captain Barney with a smile.

"Now, your honor," continued the boatswain, "I 've heard lawyers say, that a man could n't be forced to pay his debts, if no claim was made within six years. A man owes the amount just as much after, for all I can see, as he did before, and would be a great knave not to pay it. He may, therefore, as I understand it, be a great knave, according to law. I can't see, therefore, that this rum-selling business is an honorable or a moral business, because it is a lawful business.

"Please your honor, the gentleman, whom I take to be a lawyer, because he said something about his clients, seems to be an ingenious and able man. Now, your honor, when I see an ingenious and able man, talk, as it seems to me this gentleman has, I can't help thinking he knows he has got hold of a rotten cause. Just so, when an old seaman can't make a neat splice, the fault 's in the rope, and not in him. He says the traffic is a lawful traffic, and we have no right to interfere with it. I hope, your honor, the gentleman does n't mean to take the law of us, if we refuse to drink rum; and I suppose nobody wants to interfere in any other way. Dram-selling is not more lawful, I take it, than rope-making; yet we are not obliged to buy a hemp cable, if we like an iron one better. The gen-

tleman says we may drink rum or not; and if we become drunkards, the fault and its consequences are our own. Now, your honor, suppose I should contrive some new-fangled sort of amusement, so very agreeable, that very few would be able to resist the temptation to try it; and yet, in the long run, it should be the cause of death to one out of every fifty, how long should I be suffered to go on? We are praying not to be led into temptation, and yet we are constantly tempting one another to become drunkards, and yet telling them it 's their own fault after all. The gentleman says temperance is a good thing. My notion is, that it would be a bad thing for the lawyers, your honor. He says the law forbids selling ardent spirit to drunkards. It 's a strange sort of a law, that forbids us from giving any more rope to a man that has already hanged himself. Now, your honor, ought not that law to be altered, so as to forbid the dram-sellers from selling it to any person but drunkards, who will soon die off, and leave none but temperate people behind? The gentleman said we must apply to the legislature. If we get a good law, how long will it last, your honor? I don't know whether there 's a weathercock atop o' the state-house; but I 've heard that the wind there goes all round the compass, sometimes in four and twenty hours. Unless the law is put in force, what is it good for? Why it 's like the Dutchman's anchor, that lay on the wharf at Ostend, when he was in a gale, off Cape Hatteras. You might as well have a law, your honor, against the rheumatism. If people can be persuaded to leave off drinking, entirely, that will be as good as a law, written in their members, — and then, your honor, the dram-sellers may drink up the balance among themselves. Total abstinence, it seems to me, is the only remedy, and the evils of intemperance will fall before this simple remedy alone, as the giant of Gath fell before A SMOOTH STONE FROM THE BROOK AND A SHEPHERD'S SLING."

The old man sat down, amidst a roar of applause, which continued for several minutes, in defiance of Captain Barney's best efforts, and the repeated application of his oak stick against the side of the pulpit.

Silence having been restored, the question was taken on the motion of Captain Lane, and carried by an almost unanimous vote. A society was formed upon the spot: and one hundred and thirty-two individuals signed the pledge.

The old boatswain was surrounded, after the meeting had dissolved, and received an hundred kind looks and hearty shakes by the hand. The humble hospitality of Fishingport was offered by many, but his business called him immediately away. Jim Dixon and

half a dozen zealous fishermen, in a knot by themselves, were eagerly debating, whether Mr. Morgan might not be prevailed on to relinquish the sea, and if it might not be a good thing to dismiss Parson Twist, and give the old boatswain a call.

"Well, father Simpson," said Captain Lane, after the meeting, "what do ye think of the speaker?" "Beyond my expectation, I confess," said the old man. "If you could hear him tell over," said the captain, "the long list of likely fellows that have foundered all round him in this ocean of rum, for forty years, it would make your heart ache." "Billy," rejoined the Quaker, "I tell thee, he hath done more good, in one hour, than all the clergy could have done, in a twelvemonth, towards the removal of the evils of intemperance."

The progress of the reformation in Fishingport was rapid beyond example. In three months from that time, a drunkard attracted as much attention, as a stranger of distinction. "Now," said old Peggy, "a body can sleep o' nights."

At the next March meeting, the old selectmen declined being candidates for offices, which it was obvious they would not be elected to fill. Three cold-water men were chosen without opposition, who refused all application for licenses to sell ardent spirit in Fishingport.

Captain Lane contracted for a large house, on a beautiful spot of ground, just above father Simpson's, on the left hand, just before you come to the road, that carries you to the meeting-house. It was speedily finished; for he said, his old mother should have the comfort of it, in her old age. Friend Ephraim superintended its construction; and there was not a drop of grog in the joints, from garret to cellar. No man who drank spirit, raised an axe or lifted a hammer in the work.

Here, for many years, dwelt Captain William Lane, the friend of the poor, a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to such as did well. Good, perfectly unmixed, is no ordinary thing. The peace and prosperity of the town, the cheerful, yet busy expression on the features of its inhabitants, the constant arrival and departure of the fishing craft, the kind and provident husbands, happy wives, and dutiful children of Fishingport, became as remarkable, as the intemperance, indolence, and wretchedness of Groggy Harbor, a short time before. On the other hand, it must be admitted, that the sexton and the apothecary had much less to do. Teazle lost the greater part of his business, and his office is now occupied by a worthy shoemaker. Dr. Gale was one of the best friends of the cause. "Few," said he, "are more likely to profit by the temperance

reform, than men of my profession. We have less to do; but we are paid for it all. Formerly I was worn out, night and day, in the service of a set of poor drunken creatures, whom I could not refuse to attend; whom I supplied with medicine, which they had no means to buy; and from whom I never got a cent."

As no licenses were granted, we need not say that the Demijohn, as a matter of course, became a temperance house. The man who took it, was a person of some humor; he retained the old sign, but turned it bottom upward, to signify that the liquor had run out.

Simon Spicket soon found, that he was doing what is called a small business; for Jim Dixon, who thought Captain Lane, next to the old boatswain, the greatest man in the world, had, with the captain's assistance, set up a grocery store in the heart of the town; and he had the custom of all, who preferred their sugar without sand, and their molasses, before it was diluted.

At the end of two years, the old boatswain, who had lost his wife, quitted the sea, and dropped anchor for the remainder of his days, alongside his old master. The captain made him a present of an acre of land, and he built himself a snug cabin, directly over the way, and in front of the captain's dwelling-house. When the old ship was broken up, he put the figure-head, a Neptune with his trident, over the front door. He was a man of excellent judgment and sterling integrity, and saved the county a considerable amount of time and money; for nothing was more common, upon any disagreement in the harbor, than to hear a proposal on one side, to leave it to uncle Morgan, and an immediate assent on the other.

Parson Twist is yet living, though he has relinquished his holy calling. The captain thought him an amiable man; but he used to say, that the least touch of the helm would make the parson change his course ever so many points, in an instant. The captain was kind to him; and he now keeps a little shop, for the sale of books and stationery.

The Reverend Mr Sterling has been settled in Fishingport, for three years past; and never had a clergyman a more ready assistant, for the promotion of every good work, than has this excellent disciple of his Lord and Master, in good Captain Lane. Old Peggy in her new house, with every comfort about her, is one of the happiest creatures upon earth; and father Ephraim and his wife are not less happy in their old one.

Mark Mooney died, in great anguish of body and mind. His confessions on his death bed, to the Reverend Mr. Sterling, were of so painful a character and revealed such atrocious conduct, especially

in relation to the old shipwreck on the Drunkard's Ruin, that the minister and father Ephraim decided not to communicate them to Captain Lane: — the wretch had gone beyond the jurisdiction of all earthly tribunals.

The reader shall have no reason to complain that we leave him in ignorance of the fate of Jenny Jones. The captain became deeply interested in this miserable creature; and, at his own cost, conveyed her to the Asylum for the Insane. In less than twelve months, she recovered her reason, to the astonishment of everybody, excepting the skilful superintendent; who remarked, that she might, in all probability, have been cured, at any time before, had she been removed from her old haunts, and judiciously attended. She has been entirely well, for several years; and, having received a good plain education, in her youth, she has, for some time, kept the village school, in the very house where it was formerly kept, by old Peggy Lane.

A neighboring clergyman, on a visit to the Reverend Pastor, after a residence of several days, witnessing the universal indications of industry, health, and good manners, in the inhabitants, and the general appearance of neatness and comfort about their dwellings, lifted up his hands and exclaimed, "Can this be Groggy Harbor?" "No, my friend," said the Reverend Mr. Sterling, "this is no longer Groggy Harbor. Its nature has been changed, and the name may well be forgotten. This change, which fills you with astonishment, and which has given us peaceful firesides, for temples of discord, beauty for ashes, and the oil of joy for mourning, has been produced by the simple remedy of TOTAL ABSTINENCE FROM ARDENT SPIRIT, which has proved as effectual, in our warfare with intemperance, that giant of human evils, as A SMOOTH STONE FROM THE BROOK AND A SHEPHERD'S SLING."

RIGHT OPPOSITE.

Neither riches, nor honors, nor learning, nor wisdom, nor age, nor strength, nor stature, nor power, can provide a security for man, against the evils of intemperance. Drunkenness is at home, in the cottage and the castle; upon the sailor's hammock, and the bed of down; among the learned and the ignorant; the poor and the rich; the vulgar and the refined.

It would be matter for curious speculation, to inquire how far the intemperate habits of many educated men have been connected, in their very formation, with their academical and collegiate studies. Expurgated editions of the Greek and Roman classics have been introduced into our academies and colleges. But, as far as my knowledge extends, the process of expurgation has been confined to such portions of the classics, as were of a libidinous or amatory character. Many glowing passages, which are of constant occurrence on the pages of those ancient writers, have been rejected, with eminent propriety, in such editions as are designed for colleges and schools. The effect of the deliberate translation of such passages, into plain English, in a public recitation room, must prove exceedingly embarrassing and indecorous. This consideration, however, is of minor importance. What is the least of all those evils, which may be expected from the laborious acquisition of that precious knowledge, which these objectionable portions contain! The precise import of every word is to be ascertained, with toil, and fixed in the memory; terms and phrases are to be understood; and every part of the sentence, faithfully adjusted to its fellows; until the sentiment, contained in the nut-shell of a sententious and beautiful verse, never, perhaps, to be forgotten, is effectually wrought into the system, like leaven into the lump. The mischievous influence of such reading, while the youthful heart, like molten wax, is peculiarly susceptible of impression, has been fully estimated, by those, who have the superintendence of our literary institutions; and the salutary effect of the preventive measure, to which we have alluded, has been satisfactorily tested.

Let us gravely inquire, if *expurgation*, in relation to those ancient authors, which are employed in schools and colleges, has had its perfect work? Is there no other topic, which may be fairly considered a legitimate subject matter for the excisive process? Is there nothing more for the pruning-hook of the moral instructor?—We think there is. The praises of wine are everlastingly poured forth by Horace, Anacreon, *et id genus omne*. Men and boys are imitative creatures; and, after reading with care, and fixing firmly in their memories, the fervid and eloquent descriptions of Falernian, Chian, Formian and other wines, with which such writers have literally filled their works, not a few rise from the perusal, more than half inclined to make a trial of their virtues. In the absence of all those unenforced wines of other days, our under graduates very naturally resort to such execrable compositions, as are vended, under the name of wine, almost in the very purlieus of our universities: and we greatly err, if the intemperance of the full-grown man, in after days, may not frequently be traced to a classical original.

We believe the influence of such reading to be mischievous, in its operation upon the minds of young men and boys. If it be needful, that they should acquire any knowledge of wine, let them seek it among the words of truth and soberness, and not upon the pages of those fanciful writers, who hold, that drunkenness, in a certain modification, is the handmaid of poesy. Let them acquire correct impressions, at first, by a careful perusal of the elder Pliny's treatise upon wine, and especially of that portion of it, in which he writes, "de ebrietate vitanda."

TWENTY years had rolled away, one after another, like billows upon the ocean, since, upon the day after commencement, in the year 18—, Mr. Atherton had taken his chum, Tom Burley, by the hand, for the last time. They had separated with expressions of great kindness for each other, and an agreement to correspond; which, of late, had not been very carefully regarded by either. Burley had returned to his native village, and settled down upon an extensive patrimonial estate, as a gentleman of leisure. Atherton had become a planter in the State of Mississippi. Their Greek and Latin had long been forgotten, and their Hebrew had died down to the roots.

Mr. Atherton, whose health had become impaired, was advised, by his physician, to take a journey into New England, and make a

trial of his native air; and no inconsiderable part of his prospective enjoyment was associated with the idea of revisiting the scenes of his youth, and meeting his old classmate, Burley, again. Mr Atherton, it is true, had lost all his skill in the dead languages; but there existed, in his mind, a residuum, in the form of a purified taste, acquired undoubtedly by the study of those very languages. He was a slave-holder; and certainly an exception from the general rule, that the exercise of a dominion, nearly equal to that of a Satrap, over one's fellow-creatures, will ultimately harden the heart of man I have passed a month in his hospitable mansion, and can truly say, without any defalcation from the sum total of my utter abhorrence of slavery, that Archibald Atherton was a kind-hearted master.

Mr. Atherton travelled on horseback; and, followed by a gray-headed negro, had arrived within a short distance of the village, in which his friend Burley resided. He had stopped at a brook, to water his horse, and old Sambo had ridden close to his side, for the purpose of drawing his cloak more closely about his shoulders. Sambo was a faithful creature, and a man of all works. He was a capital cook, valet, barber, and coachman, a good farrier and groom; and, though he had never received a diploma, he possessed no contemptible share of skill and knowledge in the healing art. Indeed he was universally known, by the title of the Doctor, among the blacks of the neighboring plantations. — "Pretty sharp, massa," said the careful creature, as he brought the collar of the cloak more closely round his master's throat. — "Rather cold, Sambo," said Mr. Atherton with a kind-hearted expression; "we have now gotten into New England; and how beautiful is all the surrounding scenery!" — It was beautiful indeed. It was a clear frosty morning in the middle of October; a thin formation of ice might be seen at the edges of the brook; pumpkins and squashes were gathered in heaps round the farmers' doors; the laborers were employed in cutting the corn from the stalk, or throwing the harvest into carts, preparatory to the husking frolic; and every farm-house was adorned with its festoons of dried apples. All around bore the impress of substantial comfort. But the forest, the October forest of New England, was never more beautiful than at that very time. The fall of the leaf had not yet commenced, save with the birch, and the few ill-fated foresters, whose shallowness of earth gave them a stinted nourishment, insufficient for their annual wants. The whole forest had changed its complexion in a single night. Frost had come down upon the earth, with all its powers of alchymy. The white oak and the ash manifested but little disposition to surrender their verdant honors, and had scarcely changed their color, for a deeper

green. But the shapely walnut had varied its light green for a brilliant yellow; and mingled its leaves with the deep brown, at the base, and glossy moroon, at the summit, of the red shrub oak. The maple and the quivering aspen had assumed an orange hue, and the larger leaves upon the terminal shoots of the black oak were changed to purple. "How lovely," said Mr. Atherton, as he gazed upon the scene around him, "how lovely is this variety of colors! how beautiful these hills and intervals!"

Sambo had as strong an affection for his native state as Mr. Atherton; and, withal, his mind was not entirely free from apprehension, that his master might be persuaded to remain in New England. He therefore ventured to give his opinion. — "Massa," said he, pointing to a rocky precipice, where not even a mullein stalk could find foothold and support, "dat no very good land for cotton!" — Mr. Atherton laughed, and Sambo followed up his advantage. — "Does massa say de tree here so fine as pride o' Chiny?" — "Pride of nonsense," said Mr. Atherton; "this is the fall of the year, Sambo." — "Oh, massa Atherton," cried Sambo, 'what you say to de red bud, and de live oak, and de great magnoly, leaf green all de year, foot long." — "Ay, Sambo," said Mr. Atherton, "and Spanish moss flapping in your eyes, eight feet long!" — "Spanish moss make good bed, massa," rejoined Sambo. — Mr. Atherton made no reply; and Sambo, who understood the signal, slackened his pace, and fell into the rear.

As they moved along, upon a moderate pace, the indications became more convincing, at every step, that they were upon the confines of a New England village. The long ranges of stone walls were a source of great wonder to Sambo, who had passed his whole life, in an alluvial country, where there cannot be found a stone, as large as a robin shot. The farm-houses, with their ordinary complement of bee-hives, cider-presses, and elevated corn-barns, were becoming less few and far between; and turkeys began to present themselves, in flocks, which Sambo mistook for collections of buzzards. They were very numerous, for the day, which is always appointed by the governor of every New England State, by and with the advice of council, for a general roasting of these unhappy birds, had not yet arrived. Even Mr. Atherton was perfectly satisfied, that the curs, of which one or more rushed, yelping, from every gate, as the travellers rode by, pursuing them, till the hue and cry was taken up by the dogs of the next farm-house, and then returning to be ready for the next comer, were the descendants, in the right line, of those very dogs, that annoyed the traveller, in the same manner, some twenty years ago. The shout of an hundred little voices, and

the irruption of as many little boys and girls from a small square building, at the road-side, denoted the general jail delivery of as many little prisoners, who were emancipated for the morning, from the bondage of science. Their gambols were interrupted, for a short time, as they gathered into groups and gazed after the travellers. The geese were more troublesome than usual, expressing, in their peculiar way, their indignation or scorn, or defiance, whichever it might be, for the motives of a goose are not easily understood. They cackled, and flapped their wings, and hissed at the travellers, particularly at Sambo, with extraordinary vehemence.

Ere long a portion of the village spire began to appear among the trees, and the gilded telltale on its top, in which the slippery politician, and the fair weather friend, and the doubting disciple, who is blown about by every wind of doctrine, may behold a happy emblem of life and practice. The village was now fairly before them, beautifully planted in a broad valley; and the smokes of its peaceful fires were seen, curling slowly upward, against the precipitous sides of its many-colored hills beyond.

A thousand recollections of early friendship and college days came crowding upon the mind of Mr. Atherton, as he drew near to the habitation of his friend. — "A large square brick house," said he to himself, "not far from the centre of the town; such was the description, which Burley gave me of his residence, in his last letter. But that was written about three years ago. He may have moved, or"—— He did not finish the sentence; it was evident, that he was contemplating the changes and chances, which might have befallen his friend. — "Sambo," continued Mr. Atherton, pointing to a house, which answered the description, "that, I guess, must be the dwelling of my old friend, Mr. Burley."—"I guess so, massa," said Sambo. — "You guess so," said Mr. Atherton, with a smile; "what makes you guess so?" — "Oh, massa," rejoined the good-natured follower, "like massa, like man; massa guess so, Sambo guess so; and de poor old horse very tired." — "Well," said Mr. Atherton, "I'll make the matter sure;" and riding up to a small shop, on the other side of the way, over whose door was the sign of Simeon Soder, Tinman; "Pray, sir," said he to a little old man with spectacles, who was busily tinkering some article in his line, "will you inform me where I may find the house of Mr. Thomas Burley?" This question he repeated three times, before he obtained a reply. At length the tinman turned to him, with an air and expression, which seemed to say, that time was money, and said, in a rapid manner, "Sodering, sir, — could n't leave the job, — what's your will, sir?" — Mr. Atherton put the inquiry again.

—"*Right opposite*," was the reply, and the old tinman was at it again, before the last word was out of his mouth.

Mr. Atherton dismounted, and, giving his horse to old Sambo, knocked at the door. It was opened, by Burley himself. So universal was the change, which twenty years had wrought in his appearance, that Mr. Atherton did not recognize the friend of his youth, until he himself exclaimed, seizing his visitor by the hand, "God bless you, Atherton, how do you do? Come in, my dear fellow, you have come in the nick of time; Mrs. Burley is just now making a bowl of punch." So saying, he dragged his old classmate into the parlor, and introduced him to Mrs. Burley; — "My old friend, Atherton, my dear, of whom you have heard me speak so often." — Mrs. Burley set down a case bottle of old Jamaica, a portion of which she had just poured into the punch-bowl, and, after receiving him very civilly, returned to her labors at the sideboard.

"My dear friend," said Mr. Burley, "you cannot tell how glad I am to see you; — four limes you know, my dear." — "Oh yes, I know," said Mrs. Burley, in a voice of great self-complacency. — "Well now, Atherton," continued he, "tell us about your wife and children, how many have you? — half a dozen table-spoonfuls of arrack, my love, to give it a flavor, you know." — "Lord, Mr. Burley," said his partner, with no little petulance, "do you think I want to be directed, after making your punch, almost every day for ten years, when I have not been confined to my room with St. Anthony's fire?" — "Make it your own way, my love," said the prudent husband. "I assure you, Atherton, nobody can make it better. Mrs. Burley's forte, however, is mulled wine."

This admirable housewife's composure appeared to be entirely restored, by the well-timed compliment. The punch was soon compounded, and a brimming tumbler presented to Mr. Atherton. — "You must excuse me," said he, "but my physician has forbidden the use of all stimulating drinks." — "Pray take a little, sir." said Mrs. Burley, evidently mortified at his refusal. — "My dear fellow," said her husband, "it 's my settled opinion, that your doctor, whoever he is, will be the death of you. Not take punch! What do you say to a little brandy and water?" — "Nothing of the kind, I thank you," said Mr. Atherton. — "You are very pale, sir," said Mrs. Burley, as she took her glass; "I really think it would heighten your complexion." She certainly exhibited a striking illustration of the truth of her opinion. She was short and corpulent, and her countenance was as round as the full moon in the primer. — Mr Atherton adhered to his resolution; and the bowl of punch was conquered by Mr Burley and his lady, with the exception of two small

glasses, which were put by, for the "dear creatures," as Mrs. Burley called them, on their return from school.

Mr. Burley again interrogated his friend, about his wife and children; and learned, that he had left four fine boys and their mother, in good health on his plantation. But Mr. Atherton's manners had become exceedingly solemnized, by the scene around him; and the natural melancholy of his character had assumed an air of sadness, while contemplating the striking alteration in the appearance of his friend. His fine black hair had become prematurely gray, at forty-two. At college, he had been remarkable for his erect figure, clear complexion, and bright eye. He had become extremely corpulent, with an infirm gait, and the stoop of old age. His eye had lost its lustre, and acquired that stupid, and bloodshot appearance, which is so characteristic of an intemperate man. It told too plainly the story of his evil habits; and his bloated and eruptive countenance confirmed the disgraceful tale.

A loud shout at the gate announced the return of the two boys from school. "Jim and Billy have got home," said Mrs. Burley; and, going to the door, "Billy, dear, come in," said she. — "I won't," said Billy. — "Jim," said this judicious parent, "catch Billy, and fetch him in." — "I won't," said Jim. — "Dear me," said Mrs. Burley, as she returned into the house, "the spirits of these dear children fairly run away with them. Here, dears," she continued, holding up the two glasses of punch. These urchins, one about nine, and the other, twelve years of age, came rushing up to the door; and the mother attempted to catch them by their manes, like a couple of colts. Jim escaped, breaking the tumbler on the door-step, and upsetting the punch on his mother's gown. Billy was dragged into the room, floundering and stamping, — "Here is Mr. Atherton, my love, your father's old friend, shake hands with the gentleman, Billy." — "I don't care, — I won't, — let me go." — "Oh Billy, dear," said the mother, who was fairly out of breath, and let him escape, "you don't behave your best by any means." — "I never interfere," said Mr. Burley, who had just taken up the ladle, habitually as it were, and put it down again, when he discovered, that the bowl was empty; "I never interfere: for managing boys and making a bowl of punch, Mrs. Burley has not her equal, in the county."

The dinner hour, at length, arrived. "You 'll take a little brandy before dinner," said Mr. Burley to his friend. — "No, I thank you," said Mr. Atherton. "Well," said Mr. Burley, "I find I cannot do without it. A watery stomach, I think, cannot be corrected so readily, in any other way. Wine does not agree with me,

at all, and, though I can give you some tolerable brandy, or Hollands, or Jamaica, I am afraid we have scarcely a glass of wine, that 's worth your drinking." — "I never take it," said Mr. Atherton. — "No wine!" said Mrs. Burley; "you amaze me." — "Ha, ha, ha, you 're a cold-water man," cried her husband, as he put down his glass. "I can 't go it. I must have brandy. But here 's a little old fellow, *right opposite*, Soder, the tinman, who drinks nothing but water. He 'll be delighted to drink with you all day. He 's an active member of the temperance society. That little old skeleton and his son, who keeps another tin shop, half a mile down the street, Simeon Soder, junior, with a set of fanatical hypocrites and orthodox rascals, if they could have their way, would soder up the throats of every man, woman, and child, that drank a drop of spirit. Our well has failed, this very last week; and I 've no doubt these rascals are at the bottom of it. Here 's a long life to the best of them," said he, pouring down another glass of brandy. "But do tell me, Atherton," he continued, "if you are a cold-water man?" — "Yes, I am," replied Mr. Atherton. — "A member of the temperance society?" inquired the other. — "No, I am not," said Mr. Atherton. — "I thought you were too sensible a man," cried Mr. Burley, slapping his hand upon his visitor's shoulder, "to join such a shabby society." — "Why, as to that," observed Mr. Atherton, "I will be very candid with you, friend Burley; the only reason, why I am not a member of the temperance society, is that no such society exists in my neighborhood. I abstain, for the sake of my health. For the sake of the example to others, I should think it my duty to sign the pledge; and, when I return home, I think I shall endeavor to get such a society organized." — "Atherton," said Mr. Burley, scarcely able to disguise his displeasure, "I 'll bet you a suit of clothes, that this scurvy company, the self-styled friends of temperance, will come to nothing in less than five years. Old Colonel Cozy, who had his canteen shot away in the battle of Brandywine, and behaved nobly, and who now keeps the hotel in this town, says he has made a calculation, and that the whole temperance party in the United States cannot exceed six thousand, of whom the greater part are hypocrites, ministers, and old women" — "Friend Burley," said Mr. Atherton, with a smile, "as to the clothes, I have no occasion for a suit, and I never bet. But permit me to inquire, if you were ever present at a temperance meeting?" — "I," said Burley, "not I indeed; I would as soon be caught robbing a henroost" — "Have you ever read any of their reports, circulars, or journals?" — "Never, only on one occasion," he replied; "one morning, just as Mrs. Burley had finished making her punch, a

scoundrel threw one of their dirty newspapers into the yard; and my little boy, Jim, brought it into the parlor. The very first article was headed 'PUNCH IN THE MORNING.' I ran after the fellow with my horsewhip. He asserted in the most solemn manner, that the paper was the first number of a journal, and that he had orders to leave one at every door. But who, that considers all the circumstances, will doubt, that some villain, who knew our hour for punch, had sent this hireling to insult me? Mrs. Burley said, that she only wished she had his tongue within reach of her scissors. I told him, that, if he should ever throw another of his impudent papers before my door, I would break every bone in his skin." As he uttered the last words, Mr. Burley struck his fist upon the table with such force, that he woke up his good lady, who had fallen fast asleep in her chair.

"Now, my friend," said Mr. Atherton, "your error, in relation to the number of the friends of temperance, in our country, is very great; instead of six thousand, two millions abstain from the use and the traffic: and the wisdom, learning, and worth of our country are rapidly gathering to the side of the temperance reform."—"Well, well," cried Mr. Burley, with evident impatience, "I believe I must go on the old way. Let us talk of some other subject. Where is our old class-mate Lane?"—"In the drunkard's grave," said Mr. Atherton.—"Is it possible!" said Mr. Burley, as he sat his glass upon the table, and folded his arms upon his breast.—"Even so," replied his friend; "he quitted the law, or rather the law quitted him, in 1812, and he obtained a commission in the army, soon became intemperate, and died a sot."—"He was remarkably abstemious, at college," said Mr. Burley; "and I have heard him discourse of the dangers of intemperance, an hundred times; while Barry, his chum, would laugh and take his glass, and say, that he had no fear of himself, while he retained his reason."—"Of course," said Mr. Atherton, "you know what became of Barry?"—"I heard," said the other, "that he went to Europe, about fifteen years ago."—"He died," said Mr. Atherton, "a most miserable drunkard, in a French prison. I have been told, by an American gentleman, who knew something of his family, and kindly visited him in jail, that he had never beheld a more loathsome and disgusting victim of intemperance. You see, friend Burley, how it is, the most confident, the strongest swimmers are as frequently swallowed up, by these waters of strife, as the most timid, if they venture at all."—Mr. Burley had listened with evident emotion. A short pause ensued. He lifted his eyes upon the features of his benevolent friend. They rested there but an instant. The kind but melancholy expression of an honest friend was perfectly irresistible.

That single glance had established a mutual consciousness of each other's thoughts. — "Nineteen of our old classmates," said Mr. Atherton, "have already died, or yet live, intemperate men. You remember Archer, who distinguished himself for his skill in mathematics?" — "I do," said Mr. Burley, without raising his eyes from the floor. — "Archer," continued Mr. Atherton, "married my only sister. His habits were then perfectly correct, but he became a convivial and popular man; soon fell into habits of intemperance; broke my poor sister's heart; and shortened her days. He is now a subaltern clerk or runner, in the office of our under sheriff; and my sister's three little orphans, for they are, in reality, fatherless and motherless, mingle with my own little troop, and we try to love them all alike, and succeed pretty well too." — Mrs. Burley had left the room, and the two friends were now by themselves — "This is a detestable vice, Burley," said Mr. Atherton — Burley said nothing, but bit his lip, and the tear stood in his eye He was a man of a kind heart, and good natural understanding. — 'Burley," said Mr. Atherton, taking him by the hand, "forgive the freedom of an old friend; — I conjure you to abandon the use of ardent spirit." — "My dear friend," he replied, wiping the tears from his eyes, "I trust I am in no danger." — "Those," said Mr. Atherton, "who are upon the edge of a precipice, do not always see the danger so clearly, as those who are further removed." — Mr. Burley admitted, that he had sometimes tried to diminish the quantity, but always thought he was the worse for it. Total abandonment appeared to him to be absolutely impossible. — They were now summoned to the tea-table; and Mr. Atherton sat down, in a scene of confusion, in which the reading of the riot act would not have been amiss. The violence of disorderly boys, upsetting their tea-cups, and fighting for gingerbread, constantly and unavailingly chidden by the shrill voice of their mother, for whose authority they appeared to care nothing; and restrained, in no respect, by their father, who left their management entirely to his better half; all this, and the fatigue of his journey, caused Mr. Atherton, soon after he had risen from table, to seek a good night's repose; and he was shown to his chamber, by Mr. Burley.

The first object, that struck Mr. Atherton, as they entered it together, was an excellent portrait of Burley, taken just after he left the university It completed the chain of recollection in the mind of Mr. Atherton; — it was impossible not to contrast it with the sad reality; and, as he unavoidably cast a glance from the one to the other, a sigh involuntarily escaped him. — "You see a great alteration, I suppose?" said Mr. Burley. — 'I do," said his friend. "We grow old fast enough, when we do nothing to hasten the

chariot of time." — Mr. Burley appeared to understand the reproof; and with some little appearance of confusion, he wished him a good night's rest, and retired.

Mr. Atherton's reflections were of a most painful character. He cast his eyes around the room, and thought he discovered the signals of approaching poverty; two or three panes of glass were broken, and the air was excluded, by stiff paper, tacked to the frame; the carpet and the counterpane were ragged, and the dust, which had been suffered to accumulate upon the scanty furniture, was indicative of sluttery and sloth. He had also observed, that his old friend was rather shabbily clad. His fatigue had well paid in advance for a good night's rest, and he was scarcely on his pillow, before he fell into a profound sleep; and, when he awoke, the next morning, the sun was shining in at his chamber windows.

He cast his eyes about the room, and was amused with the operations of a venerable spider, whose joints were evidently comforted by the rays of the bright sun of an October morning. The intelligent creature had quitted the metropolis of its beautiful domain, and posted itself on that side of it, on which the very first stream of golden light must necessarily fall; and was moving slowly forward, to keep, as long as possible, beneath the influence of its cheering light and heat. It had judiciously expanded its web, where it was least likely to be disturbed in its operations, over the glass doors of a little book-case; and where the exhausted carcasses of numerous flies and moths, indicated a long summer's campaign.

His friend received him, in the parlor, with much kindness, but in a subdued manner, and with an apparent consciousness, that, for some reason or other, he himself was placed on less elevated ground. They had scarcely assembled in the breakfast room, before Jim came running to his father, with a small black bottle and a wine-glass; — "Father," said he, "it 's after eight o'clock, and you haven't taken your bitters." — "Mother has," said Billy. — Mrs. Burley was somewhat confused, and her husband bade the child put the bottle in the closet, as he should not take any, that morning.

"Go to the door, Billy," said Mr. Burley, just after they had taken their seats at the table; "some one is knocking." Billy, for once, did as he was bidden. — "Father," said the boy, as he returned, "Mr. Soder wishes to know if you will pay the interest on the mortgage, to-day; and says he has sent a great many times for it." Mr. Burley rose and went to the door, evidently in a hurried and angry manner. He soon came back and resumed his seat at the table; but his efforts were vain to conceal his agitation and embarrassment. Mr. Atherton called his attention to some early

recollections of college days, and diverted his mind, as far as possible, from this unpleasant occurrence.

After a visit of three days, which probably produced very little real happiness to either party, Mr. Atherton took his leave, promising his old friend, that, whenever he revisited New England, he should certainly see him again. These three days were passed in the same round of unnatural demands and the same unabating gratifications. In compliment, probably, to Mr. Atherton, the morning bitters and the slipper cup were omitted.

Mr. Atherton journeyed leisurely along; he passed over the Cumberland road, and, embarking upon the Ohio, at Wheeling, in one of those beautiful leviathans, by whose magic power, the ends of the earth are brought as near again together as they were, he was, before many days, upon the waters of the Mississippi. Old Sambo was permitted once more to look upon his favorite "live oak and magnoly," and Mr. Atherton soon found himself in the bosom of his interesting family. His health was surprisingly improved, by the journey; and three years had passed away, before a recurrence to the same expedient became advisable. Upon the present occasion, he determined upon a sea voyage; and, embarking at New Orleans, he came, through the Gulf of Florida to New York. He journeyed thence, by easy stages, into New England.

Mr. Atherton was well aware, that intemperance is a mental, moral, and physical "reduction descending." He endeavored to prepare his mind for a very considerable change, for the worse, in the internal and external condition of his friend; and it was with no ordinary measure of sensibility, that he found himself once more before the residence of Mr. Burley. It was a rainy evening, in the spring; and just enough of daylight remained, while the stageman was depositing Mr. Atherton's baggage at the door, to enable him to cast a general glance at the exterior of the dwelling; and he was gratified, and somewhat surprised, at the apparent improvement. A new fence had been placed before the house, and the front yard was in neater order. In answer to a letter from Mr. Atherton, written shortly after his return home, Mr. Burley had thanked him for his kind advice, in a tone of deep feeling, and promised to give the subject of entire abstinence the most serious consideration. — "God be praised," said Mr. Atherton, as he quickly mounted the steps, and knocked at the door. — It was scarcely opened, before he extended his hand, but withdrew it as soon, for he discovered that the person before him was a stranger. — "Pray, sir," said Mr. Atherton, "does not Mr. Burley live here?" — "He does not," answered the stranger. — "Really," said Mr. Atherton, "will

you have the goodness to direct me to his residence?"—"*Right opposite*," was the reply.—"Right opposite!" rejoined Mr. Atherton. "About three years ago, I received the very same answer, when asking the same question of a tinman, on the other side of the way, a Mr. Soder, I think."—"Very like, sir," was the answer, "my name is Soder, sir; I kept my shop over the way, for many years; and gave up the business about one year ago."—"Mr. Burley was an old classmate of mine," said Mr. Atherton, "and I have come a distance of some thousands of miles, partly on account of my health, and, in some measure, to visit an old friend."—"Well, sir," said Mr. Soder, "I don't think you could be very well accommodated over the way; the tavern is at some distance, and it 's raining hard; if you can put up with our plain fare, and take a bed with us to-night, you will be quite welcome, I assure you."—Mr. Atherton accepted the proposal with many thanks, and was soon shown into the parlor, and introduced to Mrs. Soder, a bright, little, old lady, younger, at sixty, than her predecessor, in the same apartment, at thirty-five. The board was soon spread; and exhibited a pattern of neat, simple, and abundant New England hospitality.

Mr. Atherton was informed by his host, that poor Burley had gone down from bad to worse, until he became a notorious drunkard. Mr. Soder had a mortgage upon the dwelling-house, and Burley's residuary interest was attached, by other creditors, and sold on execution. Mr. Soder bought it, and became owner of the estate. He could not readily get a tenant; and, though the house, as he said, was too large for any private family, he had leased his old house, and moved hither. No person would take poor Burley for a tenant; and finally he had accepted Mr. Soder's offer of his old shop, rent free; and there Burley and his wife had continued their miserable existence, until about three months ago, when Mrs. Burley died of an apoplexy. Burley's only remaining means of support consisted of a trifling annuity, left him, in the will of his wife's brother, to terminate upon the decease of Mrs. Burley and the children. Mr. Soder observed, that the boys were certainly the worst in the village. Jim, the elder, now about fifteen, was already notorious for his intemperance, and the other was as bad, for his age, in every respect.

The extremely mild and rather melancholy expression, on the countenance of Mr. Atherton, and his prepossessing manners, had evidently won upon the good will of Mr. Soder and his worthy partner; and they were not the less inclined to treat him kindly, after they had made the discovery, in the course of conversation, that he was a cordial friend to the temperance reform.

"Three years, sir," said the old tinman, as he stirred up his fire,

"three years have wrought a marvellous change, for the worse, in Mr. Burley. I think, sir, you would scarcely know him. It is indeed a dreadful thing, to see a man of his talents and property sinking so low in the world." — "And a gentleman of such great learning too," said the old lady, as she sat busily engaged with her knitting; "it is wonderful to hear the poor man, when he can scarcely stand, talking Greek, by the hour together. You remember, my dear," she continued, turning to her husband, "when Colonel Cozy turned Burley out of his bar-room, last thanksgiving day, what a terrible setting off he gave the old Colonel in Hebrew. I didn't hear him, but Mr. Veazy, the town-clerk, did; and he told me, himself, that it was the most like Hebrew of anything he had ever heard in his life." — "That was the very time," said Mr. Soder, "that the poor man lay out all night, on the ground, by the side of Elder Goadly's grog-shop. The Elder tried, in vain, to persuade him to get up and try to walk home. But Burley's humor never left him to the last; and, as he had gotten his liquor at the Elder's shop, he would not stir, nor attempt to rise, and continued to cry out, in reply to the Elder's importunities, *Where the tree falls, there it shall lie.* It was a miracle, that he did not perish." — "Poor fellow!" said Mr. Atherton, with a sigh so deep, so sincere, that the old lady, for a moment, suspended her knitting. "Pray, sir," said she, "was Mr. Burley any relation of yours?" — "None at all," replied Mr. Atherton, "but, for four years of my life, and at that part of it, when the heart is not yet hardened, and impressions can be more faithfully and effectually made, we occupied the same room and the same bed. Tom Burley was then an universal favorite, a young man of respectable talents, an excellent scholar, amiable in his deportment, frank and upright, in his character and conduct, remarkable for his personal comeliness, and the expectant of extensive patrimonial possessions. — Poor fellow!" continued Mr. Atherton, as he quietly wiped the tear from his eye, "what is he now; what, of all this, at present remains! —— I am afraid poor Burley is beyond all power of recovery."

"I am afraid he is," said Mr. Soder; "when a thing is so far gone, as we say, in our line, bottom and sides, time is wasted in repairing it. But you will see for yourself, sir, to-morrow. You must expect to see a great change, Mr. Atherton, in this unhappy man. I have lived here sixty-nine years, and I have seen a great many drunkards go their way, but I have never known such a rapid change, for the worse, as Burley's, in the last two years and a half."

These were indeed the words of truth and soberness, as Mr. Ath-

erton became assured, when, upon the morrow, he paid a visit to the miserable dwelling of his former friend. The finger of death works not a more striking change, until the body actually dissolves, than the ruthless hand of intemperance. Mr. Atherton knocked at the door. "Come in, if you want to," replied a man, in a rough and ill-natured tone. It was Burley; and, in a moment after, Mr. Atherton had entered the apartment, and was standing before him. He had not long risen, and was sitting half dressed upon a broken chair. He appeared not to have shaved, for a week. His hair was very gray, and very long. His face was bloated and fiery, and disfigured by all the customary tokens of intemperance, in an unusual degree. His apparel was dirty and shabby in the extreme. The only furniture of the apartment was the broken chair, on which he sat, a three-legged stool, and the straw bed, which rested directly upon the floor, with its ragged coverlet. He recognized Mr. Atherton immediately; and, though with evident confusion, attempted to rise and give him his hand. — It was impossible; — he was not drunk, but in that condition of mental stupidity and bodily weakness in which an inveterate drunkard rises from his unprofitable slumbers. — "Oh, Burley," said Mr. Atherton, as he drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and turned towards the window to hide his emotion, "has it come to this!" — Burley made no reply. — A deep groan caused Mr. Atherton to turn his eyes again upon the unhappy victim; — the tears were streaming down the cheeks of this miserable drunkard, and he appeared to be convulsed with sorrow. — These tears, however, were soon dried up, and the agitation as speedily subsided. They had not arisen from grave reflection, nor were they, in any way, connected with a resolution of amendment: they were merely the mechanical effects of that high nervous excitability, for which the intemperate are so remarkable; and whose tears can no more be relied upon, as indications of deep-seated emotion in a rational being, than that plethoric hemorrhage, to which they are occasionally subject; or that free perspiration, to which they are particularly liable, upon any sudden alarm.

Mr. Atherton was soon satisfied, that the case was entirely hopeless. The cultivated mind of Burley was utterly gone. All pride, all self-respect, were entirely lost; for, when Mr. Atherton was about to depart, the poor degraded creature held out his hand, and, in a whining voice, begged for a shilling. Mr. Atherton told him he would give many shillings and many pounds, if he could see him restored to himself. He took the poor wretch by the hand, and replied, "Burley, how it grieves me to the soul, to be compelled to say that I dare not trust you, my old and early friend, with a shil-

ling!" — The besotted creature seemed to comprehend the suspicion of his friend, and again he burst into tears.

Mr. Atherton was a judicious and an honest man; and he did not conceive, that he discharged his conscience by parting with his money. He endeavored to study the necessities of the subject, before he administered relief. He agreed with his host, Mr. Soder, that nothing could save this unhappy man, but a compulsory process of abstinence, and that even this would be extremely doubtful. — "And how," said Mr. Atherton, "can such a process be applied?" — "It is very difficult to say," replied Mr. Soder; "the very best thing, that could be done, would be to put him into the poor-house, but the little annuity, which he draws, twice a year, and drinks out in a fortnight, is in the way of such a measure; for the selectmen will not receive any subject, who has the visible means of support; besides, Mr. Burley has been so respectable, that they would be very unwilling to adopt such a measure, unless the case were one of absolute necessity."

After much painful reflection, Mr. Atherton was constrained to abandon this miserable man to his fate. He seemed to be absolutely brutalized and lost. Before his departure, he had requested Mr. Soder to consider poor Burley's case, and, if any suggestion should present itself, for the betterment of his condition, to draw on him, at the South, for any amount, which he might find it necessary to employ.

Day and night, after his departure, the mind of Mr. Atherton continued to be haunted, by the disgusting image of his disfigured and degraded friend. There are no high places of safety, thought Mr. Atherton, against the indiscriminate ravages of this insatiable destroyer. The hewer of wood and the drawer of water may be its victim, to-day; and, to-morrow, the educated and the refined. At one moment, it prostrates the man of fallen fortune, who dies of drunkenness and despair; at another, it strikes down the opulent, in the midst of many friends.

During a period of five years, Mr. Atherton had received no information of Burley's fate; nor a line from Mr. Soder, notwithstanding his promise to communicate any information, which might be of importance, in relation to this unhappy man. Mr. Atherton's health had become so much improved, that it no longer furnished any inducement for a journey into New England. When, therefore, at the expiration of this period, he again found himself approaching its shores, his motives were those exclusively of business. No considerations, but those of pity, could move him to make further inquiries respecting Burley. Mr. Atherton concluded, on the whole,

that he must have fallen a victim to his incorrigible habits. He had endeavored, unsuccessfully however, to adopt, in relation to this old friend, the fashion of the Hebrews, who figuratively bury their apostates alive, and speak of them forever after, as numbered with the dead. His recollections of early days were like refluent billows, and his efforts to forget were as transient as frail marks upon the sand.

He determined, once more, to visit the spot. — He arrived in the evening, and alighting at the tavern, resolved, without any previous inquiry, as soon as he had taken a little refreshment, to repair alone to the dwelling, in which he had found him last; to see the wretched man if alive, or to learn the circumstances of his death, if he were no more.

He reached the humble dwelling and tapped at the door; — it was opened by a young woman of respectable appearance, to whom Mr. Atherton put the question if Mr. Burley resided there: — "No, sir," was the reply, "my husband has lived here three years, or nearly so." — "Pray," said Mr. Atherton, "is Mr. Thomas Burley living?" — "Oh yes, sir," she replied, "he is alive and well: he passed by, about two hours ago." — "Will you be kind enough to inform me where he lives?" — "*Right opposite.*" — "Right opposite!" said Mr. Atherton, with evident surprise. — "Yes, sir," replied the young woman, "*right opposite.*" — At this moment, a door opened, at the end of the entry, and a young man came forward from a shoe-maker's shop, apparently attracted by their continued conversation. — "Husband," said the young woman, "here is a gentleman, who is inquiring after Mr. Burley." — "Eight years ago," said Mr. Atherton, addressing the husband, "I inquired at this very door, for the residence of Mr. Burley, and was told by a Mr. Soder, that he lived *right opposite.* Five years ago, I applied over the way, and was informed again that he lived *right opposite.* And now I receive the same answer from you. Pray, sir, inform me, has Mr. Burley reformed?" — "Oh yes, sir," said the young man, with a smile upon his countenance; "he could not well do otherwise, for he got no spirit. The case is just this: one of his chaps died of a fever, and the other was drowned; and then he lost his annuity, and they put him in the poor-house. The old poor-house was burnt, and when old Mr. Soder died, about three years ago, the town bought his big house right opposite, to supply its place. Mr. Burley has been in, just about that time. He worked on the highways a short spell; but he is a college-learnt man, as perhaps you know; and he got to be so regular at last, that a number of the first folks here, who wanted to have their children

get more learning than common, persuaded the selectmen to let Mr. Burley teach a school. He has tried it about a year, and they think, if he can abstain from spirit, he will be able to come out and be respected. He fitted Squire Blaney's son for college, and they say he was the best fitted of all that entered this year."—The shoemaker's wife noticed that Mr. Atherton repeatedly applied his handkerchief to his eyes. "Is Mr. Burley any kin to you, sir?" said she.—"None at all," said Mr. Atherton. "I am as much rejoiced to hear this good news, however, as though he were."—He thanked the good people for their information, and returned to the inn, resolving to visit Burley on the morrow.

The impression, produced upon the mind of Mr. Atherton, by this intelligence, can scarcely be described. The warmth of his heart, and the fertility of his imagination, were immediately brought into vigorous action; and, before he had reached the tavern, he had already devised a variety of plans, for the advantage of poor Burley. The benevolence of Mr. Atherton sprang spontaneously from the natural soil of the heart. It was the benevolence of a cold-water man, and not likely to evaporate with the fumes of any unnatura stimulus, employed for its production.

As soon as he had entered his apartment, at the inn, he sent for the host. and expressed a wish to have a little conversation with him, respecting a Mr. Burley, who was an inmate of the village poor-house. The inn-holder, who was a remarkably civil man, observed, that he had not been long a resident in the town, and could not give him much information upon the subject; but that the selectmen were there, in session, in an adjoining room, and he had no doubt the chairman would be happy to step in, and answer his questions, if he desired it, as soon as the meeting should be over. Mr. Atherton said he should be particularly obliged to him, if he would. The inn-holder went out, and soon returned with a message, that the chairman would be happy to wait upon him, in a short time. "Mr. Burley's case," said the inn-holder, "is rather remarkable."—"Yes, sir," said Mr. Atherton, "his education, and property did not appear to indicate, that he would come upon the town for support."—"Why, as to that, sir," the inn-holder replied, "I suppose, that very rich and very learned men will sometimes become drunkards, and get into the poor-house, if they venture upon the dangerous experiment of taking spirit. I referred more particularly to Mr. Burley's reformation. It has been a town talk here, for nearly two years."—At this moment the door opened, and a person entered, about forty years of age, with a prepossessing and very intelligent countenance, whom the inn-holder announced as

the chairman of the selectmen. — After a short pause, "I understand, sir," said he, "that you wish to ask some questions respecting Mr. Burley." — "Yes, sir," said Mr. Atherton. "I feel no ordinary interest in his fate; he was an early friend of mine. I saw him, about five years ago, in a condition extremely miserable and degraded. I passed a night, in your village, at that time, with a Mr. Soder, who appeared to take some interest in the fate of this poor man, and promised to write me; I understand the old gentleman is dead." — "Yes, sir," replied the chairman, "he has been dead rather more than three years. I presume your name is Atherton, sir, is it not?" — "It is," said Mr. Atherton, with some little indication of surprise. — "Mr. Soder," rejoined the chairman, "was my father, and he would have written you, if he could have conveyed any information, which would have given you pleasure. It was but yesterday morning, that my mother, who is yet living, was remarking, as Mr. Burley walked by, that she wished Mr. Atherton could witness the extraordinary change, in this poor man's appearance. And I can assure you, sir, that it is not in his appearance only." — "Mr. Soder," said Mr. Atherton, taking him by the hand, "you cannot imagine the pleasure I receive from this intelligence. — "Oh yes I can, sir," said Mr. Soder, "for I have heard my father and mother both speak of the kind interest, which you took in this unhappy man. With your permission, Mr. Atherton, I will give you some account of all that has passed in relation to Mr. Burley, since you was last in the village." — Mr. Atherton assured him, that he should be truly obliged to him for the information.

"I will just observe, in the outset," said Mr. Soder, "that Mr. Burley was probably drunk, for the first time in his life, in this very room; and from that time, he was constantly in the habit of carousing, in this very spot, drinking and playing cards with old Colonel Cozy, and a few of the same stamp, until he had wasted his whole property. This house is, at present, a temperance tavern." — "I thought so," said Mr. Atherton, "from an observation of the host." — "Yes, sir," continued Mr. Soder, "and an excellent house it is; the proprietor is a temperance man from principle, and not one of those, who conceive, that the friends of temperance are bound to support a wretched establishment, and pay first rate charges for fourth rate comforts and accommodations, merely because the proprietor has resolved to sell no spirit. Old Cozy, the former landlord, died four years ago, on a thanksgiving day. At four o'clock in the afternoon, after a hearty meal, he dropped the tankard from his hand, kicked over the table, and expired in a fit. — I think it was about four years and a half ago, that Mr. Burley lost both his

boys, and with them an annuity, depending upon their lives. The loss of the annuity removed the only obstacle to his reception at the poor-house. My father said it was the only chance for him, though a doubtful one. He was not posted, as a common drunkard; and his removal to the poor-house produced a considerable sensation in the village. An hundred acts of kindness and generosity were recalled, which he had performed in better days. But there appeared to be no other course. He was found sound asleep, not far from a grog-shop, on a very cold night, and the next morning he awoke in the work-house. He was carried through the usual process of seasoning, as we call it." — "Pray, sir," said Mr. Atherton, "what is that?" — "Why, sir," rejoined the chairman, "we give them no ardent spirit, without any regard to their previous habits. They become extremely weak; and their countenances are expressive of the greatest human misery. They commonly believe they shall die. But they are mistaken, to a man. I have had the supervision of the town's poor, for several years; and, although we have received drunkards of both sexes, in every stage of the habit, and have adhered scrupulously to the system of total abstinence, we have not lost a subject, as we believe, in consequence of such a course. Such is the practice throughout the state, and such it has been, in these establishments, for many years, without any relation to the general temperance reform. Nothing could exceed the earnestness of Mr. Burley's importunities for rum. He has told me since, that he expected to die, for the want of it; and that nothing could exceed the horrors, which he then endured. — He was certainly the last man, in whom I should have expected a reformation. We treated him as we treated others; and in about a fortnight, when he began to recover his strength, which, by the way, is the common time, he was sent out with a gang of hands to work on the highway. He took his lot very hardly. When any persons passed, whom he had known, he usually contrived to work with his back towards them. My father came home, one day, and said it would not be a miracle, if Burley should reform; for he had stopped and conversed with him, on the road, apart from the other hands, and that the poor man appeared exceedingly mortified at his past misconduct; and that his conversation gave evidence of a full possession of his understanding. Not long before the old poor-house was destroyed by fire, he desired to speak to me alone. 'Mr. Soder,' said he, 'I trust I am sufficiently humbled. I am sensible, that I have brought my misfortunes and my disgrace upon my own head, with my own hands; and if you have any disposition to do me a great favor, I will show you the way. Notwithstanding my degradation, I am

not so low, even in my own esteem, as not to be deeply sensible of my disgrace, in being sent to labor upon the highway. I feel myself able, and I am more than willing, to teach a village school, or even to prepare lads for the university. Am I so entirely lost, that nobody will trust me?" — He burst into an agony of tears. — But I fear, Mr. Atherton," said Mr. Soder, "I fear I give you unnecessary pain." — "Not at all, sir," said the other, as he wiped the tears from his eyes, "you give me nothing but a melancholy pleasure." — "Well, sir," continued the narrator, "I was much moved by his appeal, and I told him, he should not be so employed any more, and I would see what I could do for him. The first person, to whom I spoke upon the subject, was Squire Blaney, of our village. — 'Try him,' said he, 'I 'll send my son to him to-morrow. If Burley will keep sober, and teach a school, there will not be his equal in the county.' Nothing could surpass his grateful emotion, when I communicated the success of my very first application. 'I thought,' said he, 'that I was alone in the world; but I find I am not. I did not expect this from Squire Blaney; if there was a man in the village, who disliked and despised me, I thought he was that man. How erringly we judge of one another! Tell Mr. Blaney,' said he, 'that I have forgotten many injuries in this world, but never a benefit; and that I will strive to show him, by my dealings with his son, how I estimate this act of kindness to a fallen man.' — 'Mr. Burley,' said I, 'if you only act as you talk, the past will be forgotten.' — 'Then,' said he, 'by the blessing of God, it *shall* be forgotten.' — From that time to the present, he has conducted, in the most exemplary manner. He has constantly abstained from ardent spirit. He gave Mr. Blaney entire satisfaction, in the preparation of his son for the university; and has now about twenty scholars, to whom he is entirely devoted. He is not in the poor-house, except by his own wish. His apartments indeed are entirely distinct, and altogether neat and comfortable. We assent to his continuance, as he has expressed an opinion, that, although he does not think he should fall into temptation, he deems himself safer there for a time; and his services, in various ways, meet the expenses of his board and lodging. The compensation, paid him for tuition, with the exception of his ordinary expenses, he scrupulously devotes to the payment of his debts. The very first debt, which he discharged, from these resources, was a dram-seller's score; he observed, that it was the first, which he would have blotted from the books of his creditors, for it was the first, which he desired to blot from his own recollection. — He often speaks of you, Mr. Atherton, with great affection; and I shall be happy to call for you in the morning, and

you will have an opportunity of judging for yourself." Mr. Atherton expressed again the delight he received from this account of Mr. Burley's reformation; and, soon after Mr. Soder had taken his leave, he retired for the night.

Agreeably to his promise, Mr. Soder called, at an early hour, upon the following morning, and proceeded with Mr. Atherton to the poor-house. — "It is likely, sir," said Mr. Soder, as they drew near, "that Mr. Burley would be pleased to see you alone; and I will show you into the overseers' room, and let him know of your arrival." — Mr. Atherton thanked him for his kindness, and was shown into the very parlor, in which he had been received, by Burley himself, just eight years before.

In a short time, Mr. Burley entered the apartment. — The two friends shook hands, and sat down by the side of each other, but neither could utter a syllable. The tear was in Atherton's eye, but his features were lighted up by a smile of cordial satisfaction. He was evidently surprised and gratified, by the appearance of his old friend. He was thin and pale, neatly dressed, in a coarse suit of gray, and nothing remained to identify the miserable being, whom Mr. Atherton had left five years before, utterly degraded and forlorn. — Burley bit his lip, and struggled hard to suppress his emotion. — He was the first to break silence. — "This is very kind in you," said he, "and I can truly say I have more joy to see you here, under these humiliating circumstances, than I had to see you, in the same place, eight years ago. I was then the master of this house; by the blessing of God, I trust I am now the master of myself." — "You are a rich man," said Mr. Atherton, grasping him by the hand, "for you have gotten wisdom, which is better than rubies."

Mr. Atherton urged his old friend to spend the residue of his days at the South, to make his house his future home; and to occupy his time, in the instruction of youth, as the preceptor of an academy. The good people of the village were extremely unwilling to part with a man who bid fair to be as useful, in the last of his days, as he had been worse than useless, in the beginning. It was finally settled, however, that Mr. Burley should accept the proposal of his friend, giving the parents of his present pupils six months' notice of his intention.

The residue of this narrative may be briefly recited. Mr. Burley's career, during the remaining six months, was perfectly consistent; and he gave entire satisfaction to his friends, who continued to increase in numbers, till the period of his departure.

It is now nine years, since he became an inmate in the family of Mr. Atherton, and the principal of an academy in the town of ———.

The case of Mr. Burley is one of the most impressive examples of the effects of total abstinence in breaking that fatal spell, which can bend down the master-spirits of the age in the very dust of the earth. No graduated process, nothing but total abandonment could have wrought this signal reformation.

No more forcible evidence can be supplied of the confidence, reposed in Mr. Burley, by the friends of temperance, than the fact, that two years ago he was requested to deliver an address, before the temperance society, in the town in which he resides. He accepted the invitation; and few, who listened to his remarks, will ever forget them. He said, that he was entirely willing to make a sacrifice of his own feelings, for the sake of his fellow-man. He proceeded, though he was frequently interrupted by his own emotion, to give the history of his own fall and restoration. There was not a dry eye in the assembly.

Mr. Burley is still living, a consistent cold-water man. He has lived down an evil name; and however unworthy and degraded he may have been, he is now RIGHT OPPOSITE.

FRITZ HAZELL.

How can it be possible, say some of our worthy friends, who have not thoroughly studied that melancholy chapter, in the volume of human misery, which treats of drunkenness in all its shapes; — how can it be possible, that so many tales can be written upon a topic, which has, long since, lost the nap of novelty, and become as threadbare as a castaway garment? The means of drunkenness, which have been desiderata, in every age and nation of the earth, are infinite; the modifications of drunkenness are infinite; and the effects of drunkenness are infinite. Nothing is required, but an additional turn of the great moral kaleidoscope, the tithe of a hair, and we have a new configuration of sin and misery. To-day, drunkenness, produced by rum, prostrates some wretched outcast, in the gutter; to-morrow, drunkenness on costly wine, or, in more fashionable parlance, "*a little indulgence,*" gives an unexpected turn to the paragraph of some hot-headed negotiator, and a whole nation, cursed with all the consequent calamities of war, may regret the hour, when his excellency removed the cork from his last bottle of champagne. At one moment, under the influence of this awful scourge, the wife becomes a widow; at another, when the hurricane of a drunkard's wrath, like the simoom of the desert, has passed away, and all is still, the child creeps from its hiding-place, and flies in terror, from the scene of domestic desolation, motherless, fatherless, and forlorn.

It has also been a subject of inquiry, if these Tales, as they profess to be, are really founded upon fact. Assuredly they are. The parasitical plant clings not more closely to the oak, than a certain description of embellishment gathers about the real and substantial part of these little narratives. But the actual foundation of these "Temperance Tales" is, in every instance, a plain matter of fact, communicated to the writer by some obliging friend, in the same manner, in which a rare and valuable shell is presented to a conchologist. Nothing, but a want of intimate knowledge, can mislead any individual, for the subject matter of a temperance tale, to the fancy storehouse of his own imagination, rather than to the great *bazaar* of real life. The most extravagant conceptions of the brain are less likely to bewilder and astonish, than the drunken realities of the world, in which we live. So long, therefore, as the abundant stock of real wretchedness remains, which is presented, as a consequence of intemperance, and in such an endless variety of form, we shall have but little occasion to seek the warp and woof, in our own imagination, for the manufacture of such articles as these.

If the history of Fritz Hazell should prove too long, or too heavy a tax upon the reader's patience, the only satisfactory atonement, which we can offer, or which occurs to us, at the present moment, is to make the ensuing number proportionately shorter; and such shall be the narrative of *Johnny Hodges the Blacksmith.*

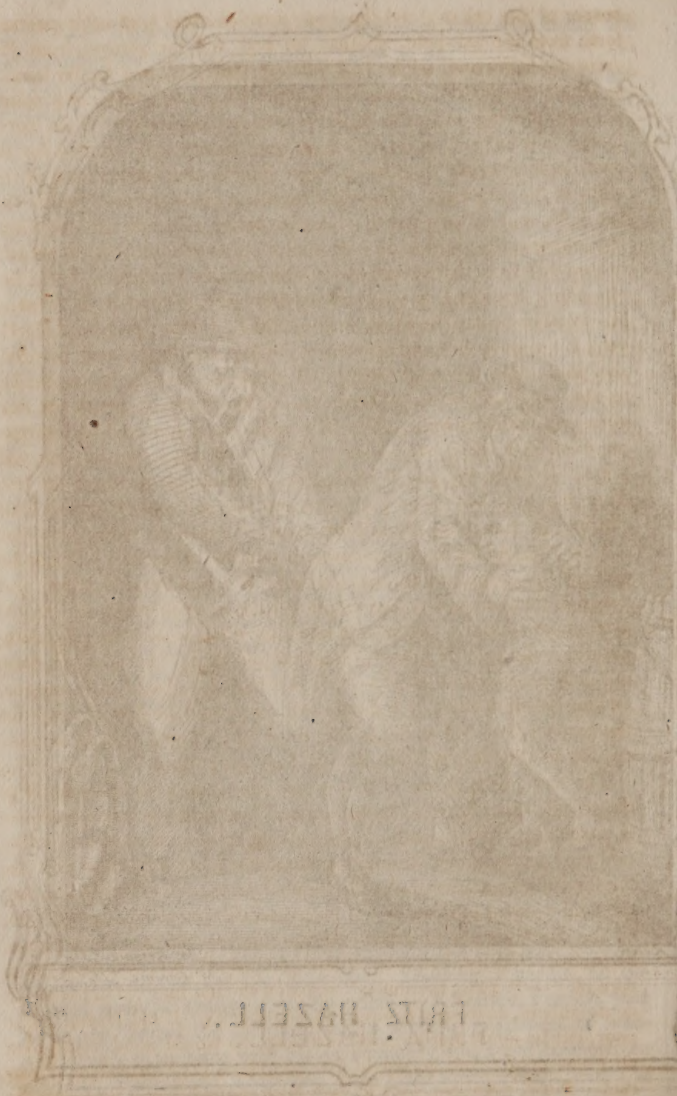
"Do I not hear some one crying murder?" said a stranger, in a sailor's garb, addressing an old Dutchman, who sat smoking his pipe, upon the stoop before his door, in an obscure part of the village of Still-Valley. The Dutchman slowly withdrew the pipe from his mouth; and, when the volley of smoke, which issued forth, had sufficiently cleared away, to enable him to obtain a fair view of the inquirer, "Yaw, mynheer," he replied. — "I hear it again," said the sailor; "it grows louder; what can be the meaning of it?" — "Vy," the old Dutchman replied, "it ish no more nor no less dan dish here; Patrick McFillagin, vat lives in dat shmall house dere, mit de gaple end, ish a drubbing Matty McFillagin, his vrow. Patrick gets drunk, and Matty gets drunk, and just apout now, every day he gives her a beating, and she cries murder: dat ish all." — "My friend," said the stranger, "that cry is occasioned by no common cause; — there, don't you hear that shriek? — and now it is all still again. I should not wonder, if it were murder, in sober ear-

nest." — "Vary vell," replied the Dutchman, who was in the act of restoring the pipe to his mouth, "may pe so."

The stranger expressed his intention of going immediately to ascertain the cause. "Shtop," cried the Dutchman, laying his hand upon the man's arm, "McFillagin, ven he ish in a sphree, ish as crazy as a herring buss, in a gale, mitout a rudder; and ye had better shtay away. — But let me see, dere ish de poor poy, leetle Patrick. Poor lad, ven it blows too hard for him, at home, he often makes a port under my shtoop here. Sometime it ish late, ven his fader kick him out of door, and he come over after I goes to bed, and he lay just here all night, and I finds him curled up in de morning, like a leetle tog. And den he ish so glad of a leetle biscuit and a salt herring, and he cries so pad, ven I tells him he must go home. — He ish a goot poy; — I had a leetle poy once myself; just such a poy was my leetle Fritz, just such a poy is Patrick."

The interest, which he felt in the fate of little Patrick, increased, as it obviously was, by his associated recollections of the child he had lost, completely overcame the old Dutchman's phlegm; and he proceeded with the stranger to McFillagin's dwelling. — All was stillness within. They called at the door, but received no reply. It was bolted on the inside. After knocking repeatedly in vain, they were at length answered, by a deep, hollow groan. — "Here ish trouble," said the Dutchman; and, by the application of his powerful shoulder, he soon burst open the door. — An awfully loathsome scene presented itself to their view. McFillagin and his wife were both extended on the floor, covered with blood; tables and chairs, bottles and glasses were broken and scattered about the room. A brief inspection assured the visitors, that the woman was already dead; her skull was fractured, and she had received several stabs in the body. The man was just expiring, having cut his throat from ear to ear; though speechless, he still held the bloody knife in his hand. — "Patrick, leetle Patrick!" exclaimed the Dutchman. — All was silence. — He then put his mouth to the dying man's ear, and exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, "Have ye murdered de leetle chilt!" — The miserable victim of intemperance made a feeble motion of his head, to the right and left; and, with a slight convulsion, expired. The old man proceeded to look under the bed and in the closets, for the little boy. Lighting a candle, he descended with the stranger into the cellar. — "Patrick, Patrick, poor leetle poy," cried the old man, with a winning gentleness of manner, utterly at variance with his uncommonly rough and inauspicious exterior; "come out, leetle poy, here's old friend Hazell, come to take care of ye, poor chilt!" — A slight movement was heard in a

FRITZ HAZELL.



corner of the cellar; and the poor terrified child was seen peering forth from the ash-hole, whither he had fled for refuge, from the domestic hurricane, which had left him fatherless and motherless.

Man's imagination, under its highest pressure, could not produce a more moving example of helplessness and terror. This bare-footed and ragged little urchin, whom misery had adopted for its own, looked warily from his place of refuge, and half recoiled at the sight of the stranger. The old Dutchman placed himself before the ash-hole, and endeavored to coax him forth, with that kind of whining importunity, which is sometimes employed to seduce an oft-beaten dog from his covert. — "Come out, leetle Patrick," said he, extending his hand, in the most encouraging manner, and twisting his weather-beaten features into a smile; "don't pe feared, leetle poy, it's nopody but old Hazell." — Thus comforted and assured, the poor child ventured forth; and, drawing as closely as possible to the old Dutchman, he held fast by his garments, with the nervous grasp of a drowning boy. Trembling and agonized with terror, he cried, in a whispering voice, "You won't let father kill me, will you?" — "No, my poy," replied the old man, as he wiped the tear from his eye. — "Won't you let me live with you?" cried little Patrick, in the most beseeching tone; "I will do everything you tell me; oh, do let me go home with you, Mr. Hazell." While he uttered this supplication, he laid hold of the old man's hand, and covered it with kisses and tears. This was too much for an old Dutchman's heart. After a momentary effort to control his strong natural feelings, "Mynheer," said the old man, "vat shall pe done mit dish poor leetle toad?" — "It is a bad case," said the stranger, looking at his watch; "I should think it would be best to send for the coroner." — "Vy, dat ish for de dead; vat goot vill de coroner do, for dish leetle poy? dat ish vat I say, mynheer."

The stranger was one of that numerous class, who fly instantly to the rescue, upon the cry of murder or of fire; and whose benevolence is particularly active, while the scene and the circumstances of affliction are of a busy and stimulating character; but who have no taste for the subsequent detail, for the humble process of quietly balancing the final account of misery. He was therefore somewhat perplexed, by the Dutchman's practical interrogatory. — After a short pause, he replied, "Why, I suppose the neighbors will see, that he is taken care of." — "Yaw, mynheer," rejoined the old man; "but who ish de neighbors, as it ish written in de goot book? If old Hazell vas so poor, dat he could not py a sa't herring, he would send voord over de great pond; and he would find neighbors in Amsterdam, I varrant. Now, mynheer, look at dish here ragged, leetle poy; ven he

make up his face, and cry just like dat, if I had not put my leetle Fritz in de ground, mit my own hand, I should say, sure it ish de same chilt." — Old Hazell patted little Patrick on the head, and bade him wipe his eyes; "Pe a goot chilt," said the old man, "and I vill pe a kind father to ye, and I shall call ye Fritz, after de poor poy, vat I buried."

The little fellow cried louder for joy, than he had cried for sorrow. — The benevolence of the Scotch and the Irish has been contradistinguished, by a pleasant writer, who affirms that a Scotchman will walk all over Aberdeen, to serve a friend, to whom he would refuse a baubee; while an Irishman, upon a like occasion, will empty his pocket of its last farthing, though he will not go a mile. The philanthropy of the stranger was somewhat of the Irish character. He caught the contagion of the scene before him; and, taking out his pocket-book, handed the Dutchman a two-dollar bill, to be employed in any way he might think proper for the boy's advantage; promising, at the same time, to call at the Dutchman's house to inquire after the child's welfare.

Little Patrick, whom, from a respect for the old Dutchman's wishes, we shall hereafter call by no other name than Fritz, was immediately removed to his new quarters. The rags in which he had been so long enveloped, were thrown aside; and, with a measure of sensibility, utterly at variance with the general appearance of the outward man, the old Dutchman unlocked a particular trunk, and drew forth a complete suit of boy's wearing apparel. "Go into de chamber, my poy," said he, "and put 'em on; I hope ye vill pe as goot a chilt, as de leetle fellow, vat vore 'em last." — When he returned, clad in his new apparel, the old man's recollections completely overpowered him; he took the child upon his knee, and seemed, as he wept over him, almost to realize that he held communion with his long-buried boy.

An inquest was held forthwith upon the bodies of Patrick McFilagin and Matty his wife. It was an occasion of peculiar interest to the coroner. He kept the grog-shop, four doors above McFillagin's house, and he deeply felt the loss of two such valuable customers. Old Hazell and the sailor appeared before the jury, and related the facts, as they have already been recited; but Mr. McFlaggon, the Irish coroner, persuaded the jury, that they ought not to decide upon circumstantial evidence, and that it would be very wrong to hurt the poor people's feelings, after they were dead. Accordingly they brought in a verdict of accidental death. — "Vell," said old Hazell, when he heard of the verdict, "dat ish droll enough; here ish McFillagin, vat get drunk, and kill his vife, and cut his own throat

as sure as viskey; and McFlaggon, vat sell de rum, say it ish accidental; vell, dat peats me and all de Dutch peside."

The horrible outrage, which we have just now related, produced no ordinary measure of excitement, in the village of Still-Valley. There is something extremely romantic in this simple appellation. When I entered this village, for the first time in my life, through a cluster of tall hills, by which it is surrounded, I fancied the hamlet before me to be, of all places upon earth, the abode of peace. — Still-Valley! A more appropriate name could not have been chosen for this sequestered spot! — "Pray, sir," said I to an aged man, whom I met, at the entrance of the village, "do the habits of the people, in this neighborhood, continue to justify the name, which they have chosen for their valley?" — "Why, as to that, sir," he replied, "since the late murder, the temperance folks have been making something of a stir here, and one of the distilleries has stopped. For several years there have been commonly four at work in the valley." — "Bless me!" I exclaimed, "then it takes its name from the distilleries. I had fallen into an extraordinary mistake; I thought it had obtained its title from the quietness of the spot." — The old man laughed heartily at my simplicity, and assured me that I was altogether mistaken; and that he doubted, if a population of fifteen hundred noisier people could be found in the commonwealth.

Midnight broils, broken heads, and bloody noses were as common in Still-Valley, as in any other village, possessing equal facilities for intoxication; but the late atrocious murder of Patrick and Matty McFillagin had produced an unusual sensation of horror; and prepared the way for the introduction of the temperance reform. With a population of not more than fifteen hundred inhabitants, this village contained four distilleries, five taverns, and nine shops or stores, at which ardent spirit might be obtained. The greater part of the villagers were as much addicted to the use of rum, as if it were the natural beverage of God's appointment. A man, in the opinion of the inhabitants of Still-Valley, would have been accounted unwitted or insane, who neglected so simple a remedy for nine out of ten of all those diseases, that man is heir to. By these inhabitants, and their worthy ancestors, through many generations, it had been esteemed a perfect panacea, for every malady within and without. For a weak stomach, or a sore shin, or unwelcome news, or a crying child, there was, in the opinion of this enlightened community, no remedy like rum. Without this necessary stimulus, the goodman could not go to mill, nor the good-wife hang on her kettle. These villagers could not conclude "*a trade*," about a horse-cart or a heifer, without a little rum. The lawyer, the minister, and the

doctor could not plead, nor preach, nor prescribe, without a little rum. If all the rum-jugs in Still-Valley had been the tutelary deities of the people, they could not have been worshipped with a superior measure of devotion They were the objects of their first attention, in the morning, and the last, at night. A dead drunkard could not be committed to the place, appointed for all living, without a parade, at the side of the coffin, which contained his remains, of that very poison, which had brought him to his end; and the friends and relatives, in honor of the dead, drank a little of the poison, which destroyed him. Rum was not only the appropriate beverage of the heavy-laden, but the oil of joy for the merry-hearted. He who gave way to his feelings, so far as to be fuddled, at a funeral of this description, might be considered as paying a practical tribute of sympathy and respect to the departed; while, on the other hand, a wedding feast, conducted on principles of perfect sobriety, portended an insipid honey-moon, and an extremely stupid and monotonous career. At the period of the McFillagin murder, a proposition to pull down the meeting-house, and convert the burying-ground into a corn-field, would not have appeared a more outrageous attempt upon the liberties of the people, than the proposition of total abstinence from ardent spirits; contemplating, as it obviously does, an abridgment of the liberty of being drunk. These villagers had proceeded, year after year, like the inhabitants of many other towns, in a career of perfect inconsistency. They had entered the temples of the Lord immemorially, on the Sabbath day; and the temples of Baal, on every other day of the week. They regularly insulted the majesty of Heaven, on God's holy day, by offering their heartless prayers, not to be *led* into temptation; while they were fearlessly throwing themselves in the way of it, from Monday morning to Saturday night. From the first of January to the last of December, in every year, a considerable number of miserable beings, who, of course, had once been temperate men, descended into the drunkard's grave; and, as the drinkers were infatuated by their insatiable appetite for liquor, and the sellers were blinded by their reckless cupidity, the curse of intemperance appeared to be entailed, with all its horrible and loathsome retinue of evils, upon the village of Still-Valley.

News of the McFillagin murder flew from one end of the valley to the other; it found its way into the village newspaper, accompanied with an invitation to the villagers to combine for the purpose of abolishing the use of ardent spirits. The incident of the little orphan boy, and the charitable regard to this unfortunate child, exhibited by "our worthy townsman," Mr. Peter Hazell, were by

no means forgotten. The citizens, friendly to the cause of temperance, were invited to assemble on a particular day, at the town-hall, for the promotion of this laudable object. This invitation appears to have excited the indignation of a considerable number of the tipplers, toddy-makers, and toad-eaters of Still-Valley. They paraded with colors flying; and, marching with the implements of their profession, to a neighboring hill, they planted their standard, and bestowed upon the spot the title of Merry Mount; the very name, given by Morton and his followers to Mount Wollaston, in early times; and which appellation was afterwards changed, by good old Gov. Endicott, to Mount Dagon. Here these advocates of "*liberal principles*" listened to an extempore oration upon liberty and equality, from Tim Smith, the Mirabeau of the valley. Tim concluded, by smashing two empty bottles together, which was followed by three cheers from the whole company. Colonel Pandowdy, who was once a worthy farmer, but could not withstand the shock of military glory, and ruined himself by training and treating, offered sundry spirit-stirring resolutions; the last of which contained a proposal to spend the evening, in a rational manner, at McFlaggon's shop. These resolutions were received with shouts of applause, and passed by acclamation.

After passing the day in this praiseworthy manner, this interesting group, considerably augmented in the evening, by journeymen and apprentices, and followed by a train of idle and curious persons, repaired to the sign of the Pot of Ale, where the worthy McFlaggon, the man of the people, forewarned of their intention, stood ready to bid them welcome; having provided himself, for the occasion, with two supernumerary tapsters.

The majority of this assembly, it cannot be denied, were more ready for rebellion, than for the exercise of their reasoning powers. McFlaggon, himself, had no idea of the highly excited condition of his visitors.—"Three cheers for McFlaggon, the friend of the rights of man," cried Tim Smith, as the mob, for such it was, drew up in front of the rum-seller's door. Three cheers were immediately sent forth from the top of their lungs.—"Gentlemen," McFlaggon exclaimed, holding up both his hands, in a supplicating manner, "anything, which my shop contains, is entirely at your service; but you know the stir, that is getting up in the village, on account of temperance, and I beg you to spare my"——"Six cheers for temperance," cried Peter Buckram, the drunken tailor, as he stood, supporting himself, by the fence, over the way. The fancy took with every member of the multitude; and six cheers have been seldom delivered with greater energy, by an equal number of men

and boys. — "For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, have some regard for the reputation of my shop. Here, gentlemen, for ten years, I have sold ardent spirit in peace; I beseech you, gentlemen, to disperse; to-morrow, all that my shop contains, shall be at your service. Besides, gentlemen, Deacon Gill, who kept this stand, and sold the best of rum, in this very shop, for thirty years, is now on his death-bed, on the other side of the way. I pray you, gentlemen, to show some token of grateful respect for Deacon Gill." — "Nine cheers for Deacon Gill, cried old Crupper the harness-maker; "he first taste I ever got was from the deacon." — The action of the electric fluid was scarcely ever more instantaneous, than the obstreperous response to this drunken appeal; how far it contributed to accelerate the worthy deacon's exit, we cannot say; but certain it is, that he faintly inquired the cause of the uproar; and, being informed that it was occasioned by a drunken mob, before his old stand, his mind appeared to wander, and he feebly cried, "Lock the till," and expired.

McFlaggon, foreseeing the impending confusion, instantly proceeded to put up his shutters, preparatory to closing his shop. Colonel Pandowdy, who had no idea of being prevented from carrying his resolution into effect, of passing the evening, in a rational manner, at McFlaggon's shop, immediately interposed. — "Mr McFlaggon," said he, stepping briskly within the door, "two gallons of whiskey, if you please." — "Colonel Pandowdy," replied McFlaggon, "your score is run up pretty well already, and I must see the money, before I furnish the liquor. You have promised payment every day, for the last three months." — "You lie, you old rum-selling rascal," cried the colonel. — McFlaggon attempted to expel his customer, and a scuffle ensued. Hence arose a scene of confusion, without parallel in the history of grog-shops. In the very onset, a demijohn of old Jamaica, which had arrived, that very afternoon, from the city, for the special edification of old Madam Frizzle, the squire's widow, was capsized on top of the iron stove. The vessel was immediately broken, and the liquor in flames. Pandowdy and McFlaggon, rolling and writhing in single combat, on the floor, were soaked and enveloped, in an instant, in five gallons of liquid fire. The crowd rushed in to save the precious contents of the remaining demijohns and barrels; but the flames had already fastened upon a quantity of flax and other combustible articles, and the destruction of the shop and its contents appeared to be inevitable. The mingling cries of fire and murder had gone forth into the valley; the village bell had sounded the alarm; and the Water spout, for such was the imposing title of a little engine, somewhat exceeding

the size of a candle-box, soon came trundling along towards the scene of uproar. In the mean time McFlaggon, who had succeeded in getting the upperhand, was holding down Colonel Pandowdy in the midst of the burning Jamaica. All thought of the destruction of his property appeared to be completely swept away, before the hurricane of an Irishman's wrath. At length, two or three of the bystanders, who were less drunk than the majority, exclaiming that it would be a shame, to suffer the colonel to be killed by the coroner rushed in, and tore the combatants asunder. They came forth literally enveloped in flame, and the engine, which had just begun to play, contributed its friendly relief, by showering upon them the contents of a neighboring goose-pond, from which it was supplied. The premises were entirely consumed; and the sheriff, who came to disperse the mob, finding an unusual collection of his customers together, availed of the occasion, and served a goodly number of writs and executions.

The shameful occurrences, to which we have alluded, were obviously calculated to give additional interest to the meeting of the friends of temperance, which had been appointed for the following day. The assembly was highly respectable, in point of numbers, and comprised a very large proportion of the substantial inhabitants of the valley. It was a subject for surprise and regret to many, that neither the doctor, lawyer, nor clergyman was present, at this interesting meeting. The Reverend Janus Syllabub was in the habit of shadowing forth his opinions, upon a great variety of subjects, in his ordinary discourses. Without any direct indication of the temperance reform, he had alluded to it, very plainly, upon more occasions than one. He was of opinion, that societies were needless, and that every individual should look to himself; that pledges were traps for the consciences of men; and that a little, upon extraordinary occasions, might be taken with safety and propriety. He excused himself for not attending the meeting, having been called to administer spiritual consolation to two of his parishioners, who were seriously injured at the late conflagration, in mind, body, and estate.—The lawyer, Mr. Grippit, candidly admitted that temperance was "*a good thing*," but declared, that he had not made up his mind entirely to total abstinence. He regretted that he could not attend, as he was engaged in getting ready for an arbitration of some matters, in dispute, between Colonel Pandowdy and Mr. Mc Flaggon.—Doctor Manna had stated, that he did not think ardent spirits hurtful, used in moderation, for Dr. Holyoke took a little every day, and lived an hundred years. Doctor Manna excused

himself, for not attending the meeting, on account of his necessary attendance on two of his patients, who were dangerously burnt, at the late fire.

Notwithstanding the absence of these important personages, the meeting was regularly organized; and the temperance society of Still-Valley commenced its operations with more than sixty subscribers to the pledge of total abstinence. A committee was appointed to wait upon Parson Syllabub, Squire Grippit, and Doctor Manna, requesting each of these dignitaries, to accept the presidency of the society; but "they all with one consent began to make excuse." The office was finally conferred, by an unanimous vote, upon old Captain Hazell, who had surprised many of his neighbors, by the excellent good sense of his speech, in favor of the abandonment of spirituous liquor. Unrestrained by the presence of the clergyman, the doctor, and the squire, the plain common sense of the substantial citizens of the valley was delivered, by a variety of speakers, in the most frank and unembarrassed manner. Direct allusions were made to those awful and disgraceful exhibitions, which had lately been presented in the village; and old Captain Hazell was called upon, by the moderator, to give an account of the McFilligan murder. This he performed in the most natural manner; and when, at the conclusion, he pointed to a little boy in the gallery, and exclaimed, "Dat ish de leetle poy dere, mit de gray jacket; dat ish all vat ish saved from de wreck," all eyes and all hearts were gathered to the spot. The imperfect character of the old man's English gave an additional attraction to the clear-headed and substantial remarks, which it served to convey. Those two young men, in the north-east corner of the gallery, who were excited to mirth, at the commencement, would probably admit, that they were willing and deeply interested listeners, at the close.

"Dere ish notting, vat I loves more, in de morning," said Captain Hazell, "dan a schnap of de old Hollands. I does no py 'em here; it ish de real Schedam Gineva, vat I imports myself from my old friends, Van Scrompfen, Broders, and Company, in Amsterdam. I have taken a leetle in de morning, and a leetle just afore I goes to bed, for forty years. Now, in dish goot cause, I am ready to give 'em all up. 'Pon my voord, I am afeard to trink any more. Dish last week I gets a letter from Amsterdam, vat tells me, dat Renê Van Pelten, de burgomaster, as goot and as great a man as ever live, after old Barneveldt de Stadtholder and General Washington, ish a poor old toad of a trunkard. If any pody say, 'Captain Hazell, which ish to pe de first trunkard, you or Van Pelten?' I would not dare to say it would pe de burgomaster. Poor Van

Pelten ish gone on de rocks, a total loss. I vill go right apout, and shteer no longer, in de track of de burgomaster. — My old fader was vat you call a moderate trinker; and he die a goot old man, at de great age of eighty, and in de use of all his faculties; only he could not shtir a shtep for de gout, for de last ten years. Very vell, my fader give de sugar, at de bottom, to my older broder, Jahn Hazell. — Poor fellow! he took de cursed dishtemper, and laid his young brown hair in de trunkard's grave. Dish was a lesson to my fader; he never gave me a trop in my chilthood, nor till I was free, at twenty-five. 'Now,' I says to myself, 'I am sixty-four; it will not pe long pefore I gets to my second chilthood, and I shall pe in as much danger den, as I vas in de first.' — Suppose I say, 'I vill take a leetle, and only upon extraordinary occasions;' very vell, dat vill do, if de vind hold just so; but, sure as viskey, I shall take a leetle more, ven it ish blowing a leetle harder; and de more I takes, de more extraordinary my occasions vill pe. — Here ish an old man: he take a leetle rum, every day, for sixty years — he feel very safe. But de time vill come, ven he vill have nothing else to do; ven he cannot eat, and cannot see, and cannot hear; but he can schmell de vay to de pottle, and trink up de rum; and dat ish all he can do. — Here ish de young man, vat hate de name of a trunkard — he take a leetle every day; and, ven it ish hot, and de scythe ish dull, he take a leetle more. De vife look sober, and bid him take care; — 'Vat,' he say, 'do you tink I vill pe a trunkard, and leave you and de leetle ones to de care of a cold voorld? dere ish no danger.' — Peter thought dere vas no danger; but Peter fell, and pride cometh pefore de fall. Vill dat young man go mit me now, to de grave-yard; I vill show him de grave of more dan von, vat vas as sure as he; but who died a poor miserable sot, and vas buried in de trunkard's grave; and left his children and vidow beggary and de broken heart. — Now, de temperance folks say de trade in all dish here kind of poison ish morally wrong. Dat ish just vat I tinks, myself. De rum-seller, he say, 'No, it ish all right.' For vy he say so? Because his fader and his grandfader sell rum fifty year ago. His fader and grandfader were deacons, and chairmen of de selectmen, and members of de Ginral Court; and it ish right to sell rum now, because it was right den. Now, de vay from Amsterdam to Oporto, in old times, vas close to de shore, all round de coast of France; now de vay ish right over de great pond, and outside de pay of Piscay, and so on; and it ish de right vay, though it vas not de vay of our faders. Your faders pay tribute to de moder country; vas dat de right vay? You say, 'No;' you preak de fetters, and set up for liberty. Dat ish de very ting ve vants to do

now. Ve have peen slaves long enough; and ve vants to preak de fetters of shame. De rum-seller say he sell to temperate men, and never to trunkards. Vy, dat ish no more nor no less dan dish here; he sell plenty of rope; any pody may py as much vat he please, and hang himself mit his own hands; but ven he have hung himself and proken his neck once, de goot Christian trader vill not sell him anoder inch of de rope. — But de trader hold on to de traffic like Van Tromp to de Spanish galleons, in sixteen hunder tirty-nine. 'If I no sell de rope,' he say, 'some oder pody vill; and de man vill hang himself, as sure as viskey.' Vell, vat of dat? Ish it right for me to sell dish man de rope to hang himself, pecause I knows dat dere ish anoder, vat vill sell him de rope, if I vill not? If a poor toad be killed mit a plunderpush, ish de murderers less guilty, pecause dere are twenty of 'em pull de string, vat ish tied to de trigger, dan if von pull it alone? — But de trader say some folk vill not preak dere necks mit de rope, dey vill only stretch dere necks, and strangle demselves a leetle, dat ish all. 'Ve cannot tell who vill preak his neck,' say de trader, 'and who vill not; derefore ve do not sell de rope to preak de neck of any particular pody.' Vell, suppose dey does n't. Dere ish a pretty goot crop of trunkards every year; — just apout de same. De rum-seller put de seed in de ground; and, in de right time he thrash out all de grain; and den de overseers pick up de chaff. De trunken paupers are made by de traders. Now, ish de man less guilty of de crime, who fire his gun into a crowd, and kill somepody, but he knows not who, dan de man vat fire and kill von oder man, vat stand all alone? Ish de trader less guilty, who sell de rope, mit his eyes shut, or mit his eyes open? — Let de trader go. Vat ish de goot of de ugly shtuff? De ploughman vant a leetle — dat ish droll enough. Dere vas old Vansittart, vat ploughed de sea, for forty year, and never let a trop come apoard, in his life. De traveller and de vagoner must have a leetle. Dat ish more droll yet. Venever de prute trink a leetle vater, de man must have a leetle rum. De peast and de man are just de same, all but de soul; de pone, and de muscle, and de plood, and de nerve, are just de same; vell, den, ish it not enough to make a burgomaster shplit his sides mit laughter, to see Matt. Kelly, de postman, vat ish ever so many stone weight, put half a pint of rum into his stomach, dat he may ride upon de pack of his lame mare, vat gets notting but vater? — I pe ready, for von, to sign de pledge. It ish a goot leetle anchor, and vill keep many a poor fellow from going on to de preakers; and ven a man vill make all fast in dish vay, de poor vife and de leetle children may shleep in peace, out of de reach of de trunken hurricane."

The old Dutchman sat down in the midst of applause. Though, for many years, he had been an inhabitant of the village, and was very generally respected and esteemed, no occasion before had called forth his mental powers, in a similar manner. He struggled hard to excuse himself from the office of president, but the unanimous acclaim of the whole assembly left him no chance of escape.

It was well known in the village, that Captain Hazell had on hand a very considerable stock of Hollands, for domestic use. Two of the dram-sellers in Still-Valley, either supposing the old man would sell it extremely low, as he had joined the temperance society, or desirous of laying a trap for the old Dutchman, paid him a visit, early the next morning. What was their astonishment, as they entered his premises, to see him engaged, with the aid of little Fritz, in pouring a tributary stream of the choicest Geneva into the little creek, in the rear of his dwelling! They caught the only apostrophe which he uttered: "Tip it a leetle more, my goot poy; vat vould my old friends, Van Scrompfen, Broders, and Company, say, to see dere very best turned adrift in dish manner!" — Runlet and Stopple, the dram-sellers, were so confounded, at this irresistible evidence of the old gentleman's consistency, that they slunk away, unperceived, to ruminate, at their leisure, upon such an unexpected example of principle, prevailing over interest and appetite. The story flew over the village, and was very differently received, by the friends of peace and good order, on the one hand, and the lovers of rum and riot, on the other. The former, to a man, were highly gratified by such an evidence of Captain Hazell's consistency; and the sacrifice of his personal interest, while it increased his individual respectability, was of no little service to the cause. On the other hand, Tim Smith circulated a report, and was by many supposed to believe it, that old Hazell was deranged; taking it for granted, that no man would throw away a whole quarter cask of Hollands, in his right mind. The widow Frizzle lifted up her hands, when she received the intelligence, and exclaimed, "Why could he not have made a present of it to poor McFlaggon, who has lost his all? It would have helped the poor man to set up again in his business. Besides, McFlaggon's wife is Captain Hazell's only relation, in this, and, for aught I know, in any other country." — "Why, madam," said Dr. Manna, who had tapped the old lady twice already for the dropsy, "perhaps you do not exactly understand the drift of these temperance folks; they hope to produce an entire abolition of ardent spirit." — "Ha, ha, ha," said this jolly widow, "I reckon it will not be in our time, doctor: ha, ha, ha." — "I think not, madam," the doctor replied; "'only

as a medicine,' however, is a part of the temperance pledge; and a sensible physician will be governed by circumstances, you know. Now, in your own case, Mrs. Frizzle, I do not hesitate to say, that I consider a sustaining glass or two, in the course of the day, exceedingly palatable." — "Oh, Doctor Manna," she replied, "you always understood my case, from the beginning. I do believe I should not live a week, without a little spirit. You know what a beautiful preacher Parson Syllabub is, doctor, and what a delightful sermon he gave us, last Sabbath afternoon, about Bonaparte and Lord Wellington: well, I can always understand him better, when I brighten up my faculties with a little Jamaica. I told the parson so, the other day. 'Why, Mrs. Frizzle,' says he, in his pleasant, chatty way, — you know, doctor, he is not one of those gloomy ministers, that are always talking about another world, — 'why, madam,' says he, 'I think I can always preach a little better, after I take a comforting glass; and I am not surprised, that you can hear a little better, after doing the very same thing.' That is just what he said, doctor; and that is what I call a liberal doctrine." The doctor availed of the first pause, to retire, assuring the old lady, that he thought she might go six weeks pretty comfortably, without tapping again.

The cause of temperance made regular progress in the valley, and the president, in particular, displayed an uncommon zeal in its behalf, tempered with the soundest discretion. In little more than a twelvemonth, the number of the society was five hundred and forty-three; and the manifold blessings, which invariably follow in the train of this glorious reformation, were already perceptible, in every part of the village.

More than two years had passed away, since the McFillagin murder. Fritz Hazell, as little Patrick was now universally called, by the villagers, was nearly twelve years of age; and it was a matter of common remark, in the village, that a shoot of more promise seldom came from a stock, so utterly worthless and depraved. But there were careful observers of cause and effect, who explained the seeming mystery, upon very intelligible pinciples. They remembered the early days of Patrick McFillagin and Martha Buchanan. They were then industrious, temperate, and happy. The poor girl gave him all that she possessed, — her humble apportionment of worldly goods, and a devoted heart. He had squandered the one, and broken the other. But, for several years after their marriage, their dwelling was the home of a happy family; and they might still have been seated at their quiet fireside, had not the unfortunate husband, and subsequently the wife herself, contracted that ruinous rel-

for spirituous liquor, which turned their home into an hell, whose only outlet was the grave. They were naturally amiable, and the stock, though certainly depraved of late years, was by no means originally bad. Little Patrick was the early and the only fruit of their marriage. Captain Hazell had placed him at school, and he had acquired the reputation of an intelligent and amiable child. He was strongly attached to his benefactor, and his principal amusements were the cultivation of a little garden, at the rear of their dwelling; or, in the long winter evenings, listening to such tales of the ocean or the land, as the old Dutchman was abundantly able and willing to relate.

It was upon one of these occasions, when the loud roaring of a midwinter tempest perfectly harmonized with the subject in hand, that the old man was engaged, in reciting the story of his shipwreck, in the good brigantine, the Haarlem, in the German Ocean; and he was as zealous in the narration, as though he had not recounted every particular, full twenty times before, to the same untiring ears. He had already recited that part of the sad adventure, in which nine of the crew, who had broken into the spirit room, to seek oblivion of all thought and care, sprang at once into the yawl, and, instantly capsizing, were hurried, drunk, into the presence of Almighty God. "Poor Captain Wertz, vat I never shall forget," said he, with tears in his eyes, "he hold on as long he could; de old prig vas on her peam-ends, and ve vas in de maintop; but de sea made a clean preach over us. Poor old Wertz, he vas vat dey call a temperate trinker; Van Scrompfen, Broders, and Company alvays send down a demijohn of de very pest, just afore de ship sail, for de captain's particular. Poor fellow! he had de rheumatiz, and dat night vas cold as an iceperg. 'I must go,' zaid he. — 'Hold on, captain,' zay I; — dere vas not a rope to lash de poor man to de rigging. — 'No,' he cry, 'I must go, Hazell.' — 'Hold on, captain,' zay I to him; 'tink of de vife!' — De poor fellow, he groan, but he hold on. — After a leetle, he cry again, 'Hazell, Hazell,' — I vas de first mate den, you know, — 'I am going; dere ish gold in de ceiling, remember.' — 'Captain Wertz,' zay I, 'hold on; tink of de tree leetle chiltren; hold on for dere sake, captain' — 'Oh Hazell,' he zay, and he hold on a leetle longer; but den come anoder great vave. — 'Hold on, captain,' I cries; — de sea roll by — I looks up, and poor Wertz was gone!" — Captain Hazell rose and took down his pipe; which was a well-known signal to Fritz, that the story was ended; and the little fellow was about to resume his amusing occupation, under the old Dutchman's superintendence, of rigging a pet frigate, which he hoped to launch in the spring, on

the waters of the little creek. — "Put it avay, my leetle poy, for de night, and sit in de seat here py me." — Fritz did as he was bidden. The old man patted him on the head, and the little fellow looked up with a grateful and devoted expression, upon his best earthly friend.

"Fritz, my chilt," said the old man, "ven you come here, you zay you vill pe a goot poy, if I vill pe your friend. Very vell; you has peen mit old Hazell more dan two year, and you has kept de voord. I vants no petter poy. Ven I had my fever de summer afore last, for sich a leetle chilt, you vas a great comfort. Now, my poy, I am an old man, dat ish plain enough. After a few more seed-time and harvest, old Hazell vill lay town to rise no more, only in de great day. — Do not cry, leetle poy. — No pody knows ven it vill pe; and den de great Got vill pe de fader of de faderless. — Vat I vants to zay, ish no more nor no less dan dish here: you must get ready for de time. You vill not pe a land-lupper. Ven I vas no pigger dan you ish now, I had peen a voyage to de Isle of France, capin-poy of de ship Gropstock, mit old Captain Vanderhausen. Come, cheer up, my lad, you shall not go to sea dish shtormy night; but ven de shpring open, may pe you vill like to see a leetle of de voorld. Vat you tink of a trip to Holland, ey, my poy? You vill see de great city of Amsterdam, and all de grand grafts, vat dey call canals; and de fine church of St. Catharine, and de Stadt house, and a tousand sights, vat vill make you shtare, I'll varrant." — Fritz tried to smile; but even the distant prospect of a separation, from his old friend and protector, entirely frustrated his endeavors. At length he admitted, that he should like well enough to see all the fine sights, if it could be done without leaving home. — "Ha, ha," said the old man, "if ve could only pring, over de great pond, de Stadt house, and de statue of De Ruyter, and a few of de pig churches, de folks vould run a leetle vay to see 'em, no toubt; but you have got to get de pread mit de sweat of de prow, my leetle man. Vell, vell, ven de shpring come, ve vill see how it vill pe."

Before the winter had worn away, repeated allusions to the subject left no doubt in the mind of Fritz, that the old captain was in earnest; and, as he was entirely ready to study the wishes and follow the counsel of his old friend, the little fellow's mind became gradually prepared for a separation.

The spring came at length; and, if any doubt of his destiny still lingered in the mind of little Fritz, it was entirely dissipated, when, upon the day after the captain returned from a journey to the city, he sent for Ma'am Twist, the tailoress, and, placing before her some cloth and check, which he had brought with him, he addressed her

as follows: "I zay, my goot voman, de poy vill vant half a tozen shirts of de check, jacket and trowsers of de plue, and a coat vat de sailors call a pea-jacket, of de shaggy cloth. Come, my poy, and pe measured." Little Fritz obeyed. In a few days, the clothes were finished, and Gouge, the joiner, had sent home a small sea-chest. In the pleasure of this new acquisition, Fritz had already blunted, in some degree, the sensibility, which the prospect of a separation had produced. Five hundred times already he had turned the key of his new chest; and when, on the Sabbath before his departure, he dressed himself for church, in his blue suit, and mounted his black riband and new-glazed hat, which shone under the bright sun of a May-day morning, like an election-cake, the idea of separation did not appear so very terrible, as it had done, some three months before. Even a youthful widow will sometimes derive a small measure of melancholy consolation from the becoming set and fashion of her weeds.

Sabbath evening, the last, which the old man and little Fritz were to pass together, before his departure, was very profitably spent in giving him good counsel for his future way. — "Dere ish no von, so young as you," said the old man, "vat put his name to de temperance pook; I hope dere ish no von, ever so old, vat keep de pledge petter. Ven you gets to Amsterdam, pe sure to take de letter, vat I put in de chest, to Van Scrompfen, Broders, and Company, de first ting, as you gets ashore. Any podies vill show you de varehouse, ven you shows dem de letter. Mind and take off your hat, my poy, so soon, vat you gets in de counting-room. Dere ish no fear put dey vill find you plenty of voyages. Dey vill make a man of you, Fritz, as dere faders afore 'em made a man of me. Van Scrompfen is de portly gentleman, mit de pig vig. All de broders vear de vigs, put Van Scrompfen vear de piggest vig of 'em all. Don't pe fear'd, if he look at you pretty sharp; dat ish his vay. — Ven your fader and moder vere taken avay, dere vas a man, whom I never did see afore nor since, vat put in my hand two tollars, to pe laid out for you, my chilt, as I might tink for your goot. He vas a kind-hearted sort of a pody, and he zay he vould come to see how you get on, put he never did. Now I have laid out de money, in de pest vay I know how, for your goot." So saying, he took from a drawer a new Bible, firmly bound, and with a pair of strong clasps. In the first page, the old man had written with his own hand, "Fritz Hazell. The gift of an unknown friend." — "Dere," said he, "shtick to dat goot pook, and de Got of de faderless vill never forsake you, my poy. — Ven I vas eighteen year old, I vas first mate of a fine ship. In five or six year, I

hope to see you come home de mate of a vessel of four hunder ton. Till dat time, I vants you to sail in de employ of Van Scrompfen, Broders, and Company. You vill write me, venever you gets a goot chance. Now, my chilt, ve must pe up mit de lark; let us say de prayer, and go to ped."

The next morning, early, they proceeded for the city. They arrived at the very last hour; the Triton's topsails were already loosened to the wind, and the little fellow was scarcely put on board, before her anchor was up, and she was standing down the harbor. The old man gave him a hearty shake by the hand. Neither trusted himself to utter a syllable to the other. Thus they parted; — old Hazell to return to his solitary home; — Fritz to seek his fortune upon the wilderness of waters.

Old Hazell confessed, upon his return to the village, "dat it vas hard to part mit so goot a leetle poy." He had undoubtedly sacrificed his personal feelings to the boy's welfare and worldly prosperity.

On his return, the old gentleman devoted himself, with untiring diligence, to the advancement of the temperance reform. He succeeded in his efforts to procure a vote of the town, at the annual meeting, requesting the selectmen not to approbate any application for license to sell ardent spirit. The rum-drinking and rum-selling party poured upon his head the whole torrent of their impotent wrath, in their customary manner upon such occasions, by electing him a hogreeve. The old Dutchman was a practical philosopher. He perfectly understood, that an independent citizen, who opposes the will and pleasure of those, who are viciously inclined, must expect their opposition, while he receives the approbation of the wise and good. When he was told of his election, he calmly remarked, "Very vell, dat ish all right; you pring me every man, vat vote to make old Hazell de hogreeve; and I vill show you all de men, vat trinks rum, and all de men, vat makes it, and sells it; dat ish all. I am too pusy mit de two-legged prutes, vat gets trunk and vallows in de mire, to tink of dem, vat goes on four." During the discussion at the town-meeting, Dr. Manna, upon the solicitation of a large proportion of his patients, among the venders and partakers, offered a few well-balanced remarks, in which he admitted, that temperance was "*a good thing*," but that we should be cautious and discreet. He agreed, that a drunkard was a public nuisance; but he thought a little, now and then, not only harmless, but beneficial to laboring men and others. He begged leave to say, that the Reverend Mr. Syllabub, who could not attend the meeting, as he was engaged at the funeral of farmer Drowthy, who had lately

died of the liver-complaint, had authorized him to express his opinion, that the friends of temperance were "*going too fast and too far.*" — Colonel Noman, who, in a fit of intoxication, a few weeks before, had knocked out his wife's front teeth, with a leg of mutton, rose and seconded the motion. — The moderator informed him, that the motion had been seconded already, by a friend of temperance. — "Well, then," said Colonel Noman, "I don't want to second no such thing; I meant to say I approved what the doctor said; and I don't doubt, sir, there 's nine out of ten, of the gentlemen present, what 's of my mind. No true American, what 's got the giniwine spirit in him, will ever submit to have his liberties taken away, in this here manner." — Lawyer Grippit made a short speech, admirably adapted to offend neither party.

After a short pause, Captain Hazell rose; and the remembrance of his former success, when the temperance society was first organized, caused him to be greeted with loud applause. — "Mr. Moderator," said the old man, "it ish very true I pe no toctor, nor minishter, nor colonel, nor lawyer; put I pe an old man, vat has live and look apout in dish voorld of care and trouple, for many year. Now, in de firsht place, I pe no toctor. My goot friend here, de toctor, he say dat artent shpirit pe peneficial to laporing men and oders. Now, I say I pe no toctor, put I has got seventy-five pretty goot toctor in my pocket." Here the captain pulled out a printed paper, and continued as follows: — "I has just come from de city, vere I has peen to ship for Amsterdam de leetle poy, vat I took home, after de McFillagin murter. Ven I vas in de city, a friend of de goot cause gives me dish paper." He then read the certificate of seventy-five physicians in the city of Boston, that ardent spirits are never necessary for persons in health, and often the cause of disease and death. "Vell, den," continued the captain, "here ish our goot friend von vay, and de seventy-five de toder vay. Who shall tecide ven de toctors dishagree?" — Dr. Manna examined the paper, and made a labored and unintelligible explanation. — The captain resumed: "Mit such a poor old head as mine, I cannot tell vat de toctor mean. He goes mit de seventy-five, or he goes toder vay; he can say vich. For von, if I goes py de toctors, I must go mit de seventy-five, and not mit von toctor, vat ish all alone. — I say I pe no minishter; now, de toctor say dat de Reverend Parson Shillipup pe of de opinion dat ve go too fast and too far. Vat ish he fear'd apout? Can ve go too fast and too far to save our fellow-creatures from de untimely grave, in dish voorld, and de judgment in de toder? How many more vifes and leetle chiltren shall pe made de town paupers, pefore ve pegin again to put a shtop to de rum-

trade? De great reform ish de cause of Got, and vill pe likely to suffer apout as much, from a leetle too much zeal, as de first-rate man-of-war from a leetle too much vind in de topsail. — I say, I pe no colonel, and I pe pretty sure I has none of de shpirit in me; put vat ish all de talk apout taking avay de liperties of de people? Ve vants to take avay de chains and fetters of shame. Ve vants to take avay none of your liperties, put dese, vich I vill name: de liperty of getting trunk; de liperty of apusing and murtering your vifes and de chiltren; de liperty of shpending your time like de putterfly, and your money like de protigal; de liperty of coming upon de town for support; dese here and a few oders are de liperties, vat ve vants to take avay. — I say I pe no lawyer; if I vas, I vould make a speech, vich should pe contrived like de vale-boat, vat vill row just as vell, de von vay, as de toder."

Mr. Hazell sat down amidst loud peals of applause, and his motion was sustained by a vote of three to one.

After an uncommonly short and prosperous passage, the Triton arrived at Amsterdam; and, by the ship Jason, which left that port, three days after the Triton's arrival, Captain Hazell received the following letter: —

Amsterdam, June 4, 18—.

HONORED FATHER:

You always told me to call you father, and I hope I shall always behave like a dutiful child. We had a very pleasant voyage, and I handed your letter to Mr. Van Scrompfen, whom I knew directly by your description. I thought he looked proper cross, and he told me to wait. He went out and kept me waiting several hours. On his return, he seemed very different. He looked very good-natured, and spoke very kindly. He promised to find me a good chance, and I am to sail to-morrow, in the ship Jahn Schmidt, for Sumatra. He inquired about your health several times; and asked how you were pleased with the last gin, which they sent you. At first, I was afraid to tell him the truth; but I remembered what you had often said to me, and I told him of the temperance reform in America, and that you was president of the society, and felt obliged to throw the gin away. The old gentleman and all the brothers fell to laughing at a great rate. When it was over, the old gentleman went to a little glass and fixed his wig, and seemed to look as if he thought he had laughed more than he ought to. He told me very kindly to be a good lad, and he would look after my welfare. — Many years will pass, I am afraid, before I shall get to be mate of a ship. The first officer of the Triton was very kind to me; and, seeing that I was desirous of knowing something of navigation, he took a great deal of pains to

teach me. He was a religious man; the captain, I am afraid, was not. Now, dear father, I must leave off. It will be many years before I shall see you again; but I shall never get into my hammock, without praying for you; and I trust God will hear the prayers of an orphan boy.

Your grateful son,

FRITZ HAZELL.

Notwithstanding the captain had taken great care, that Fritz should have all the advantages of the village school, and was aware that he had the reputation of an uncommonly diligent and intelligent pupil, he was surprised at so well-written a letter. He showed it round the village, with no ordinary feeling of pleasure and pride; and he brought it to bear upon the great cause, in which he was engaged. "Dish leetle fellow," he would say, "ish dat very prand, vat I shnatch from de purning."

The change of Van Scrompfen's manner to little Fritz, after returning to the counting-room, may be easily explained. Captain Hazell had earnestly requested his old friend and patron, to take Fritz under his protection; and the wary Dutchman, resolving to act on prudent ground, was willing first to know more of him, at head-quarters. In twenty minutes from the time, when he left his warehouse, Van Scrompfen was on the quarter-deck of the Triton. "Captain," said the old gentleman, "you haves a capin-poy, vat ish named Fritz Hazell." — "Ay, ay, sir," said the captain, "for the outward passage only, and I am happy to say it." — "Vy, really," said the old Dutchman, "vat ish de matter mit de lad?" — "Why, as to that," replied the captain, "I can only say, he 's a disagreeable little whelp, and I 've taken a distaste to him, that 's all. He 's a whining, praying, puritanical, cold-water dog; and if I 'd suffered it, he 'd have done nothing but read, all the way from Boston light, till we got to Amsterdam." — "A smart lad to work, too, Captain Allen," said Mr. Packard, the first mate, in a respectful manner. — "Why, that 's true," said the captain; "but we canst help our tastes; I dislike the chap's ways, and there 's an end on 't." — "You say de poy love to read, — vat does he read?" inquired Van Scrompfen. — "It 's some cold-water book, I suppose," answered Captain Allen, laughing; "he 's at it, from morning to night; but there is Mr. Packard, who thinks better of the boy, than I do: perhaps you may as well talk with him." — Mr. Packard, who had been below, for a moment, was now coming aft, from the forecastle, with a volume in his hand; and advancing to Van Scrompfen, "This 's the boy's book," said he. — The old Dutchman put on his spectacles; and opening the title-page, "Vy,"

ne exclaimed, "it ish de pest pook, in de voorld."—Mr. Packard requested to know the object of the gentleman's inquiries; and was frankly told, that the boy came highly recommended from an old friend in New England, and that he desired to ascertain how far the recommendation would be confirmed by the captain of the ship. "Well, then, sir," said Mr. Packard, "if that is your object, the lad shall have justice from me:—He is one of the best lads I ever knew. Captain Allen, who is a first-rate seaman, of the old sort, would like the boy better, if he could get him to curse and swear a little, and take his grog. The boy is not as strong, as some boys. He was very sea-sick, for the first ten days; and the captain thought he pretended to be sicker than he was, and made him scrape the deck, and thrashed him about rather roughly. He bore it as well as he could. He cried, but did not utter a word of complaint. I took the liberty to tell Captain Allen, that I thought the boy did his best; and he then told him to turn in. The next day, when he was on deck, the captain seemed to feel, that he had not made allowances enough for his youth and inexperience; and, calling him aft, asked him how he felt, and offered him the remainder of his grog in the tumbler; the boy thanked him for his kindness, but said he had rather not take it. This the captain mistook for obstinacy; and, calling him a sulky puppy, he threw the liquor in his face, and ordered him forward. He has never liked the boy since.—I asked the lad, afterward, why he refused the captain's grog; and he told me he had signed the pledge of the temperance society. This made me feel more kindly to him, for I am a cold-water man myself. I know nothing against the boy, unless it is a sin in him to drink no spirit, say his prayers, and do his duty."—"Very goot," said the Holland merchant; and, giving Mr. Packard a hearty shake of the hand, he made his way directly back to the counting-room, with such sentiments towards Fritz Hazell, as were exhibited in that change of manner, to which we have already referred.

Days, weeks, months, and years had passed, and were passing away, and Fritz Hazell had not yet compassed the object of his wishes; it was still unattained. He seldom laid down in his hammock without saying to himself, "When shall I realize the expectation of my best earthly friend, and be justified in presenting myself before him again? When shall I be even the second or third mate of a ship of four hundred tons?" Many letters were despatched to his friend and patron; and, not unfrequently, he received replies from Still-Valley, assuring him of the old gentleman's continued interest, and of the great pleasure he enjoyed in obtaining the most favorable accounts of him, from Van Scrompfen, Brothers, and Company.

The old captain concluded almost every letter with "an old man's voord, vat has sailed almost to de land's end in dish life, dat de great pook ish de pest power-anchor in dish here voorld and in de toder."

Not only his elders, but his superiors, had, upon several occasions, cheerfully received instruction, in the science of navigation, from Fritz Hazell. Nothing but his youth presented any obstacle to his advancement.

On the 9th of April, 18—, as the Antwerp, an Indiaman of twelve hundred tons, was within four days' sail of Canton, with something more than a topsail breeze, the shout of "A man overboard!" stirred the drowsiest spirit into vigorous action. As soon as possible, but with the greatest difficulty, the ship was hove to. Before a boat could be gotten out, she had run nearly two miles from the poor fellow. Every exertion was made for his preservation, but in vain. — He, who, a moment before, was in the midst of life, was in death. — The old ship gave her foresail once more to the wind; the boatswain's song was at an end; and a natural solemnity prevailed. All hands having been piped upon deck, the missing man was discovered to be Erick Pederson, third mate of the ship. — The next morning, the captain sent for Fritz Hazell to come aft. — "What is your age?" said Captain De Witt. — "Seventeen, last July, sir," was the reply. — "Rather young, to be sure," said the captain; "you are third mate of the Antwerp, Mr. Hazell; please to go to to your duty, sir." — Fritz colored to the very top of his forehead, made his bow, and obeyed. It may suffice to say, that, in his department, nothing was done, but in due time and proper order. He gave entire satisfaction to old Captain De Witt, who was notoriously difficult to please; and his continuance in office, on the return-voyage, was sufficient evidence, that his appointment had as much to do with his merits, as with the necessity of the case.

The faithful discharge of his duty, demanded no ordinary sacrifice of personal comfort. Fritz Hazell was naturally of an anxious temperament, painfully scrupulous in the execution of his trust; and, though free from all bodily disease, he had not that measure of strength, and that power of enduring fatigue, which are indispensable to every child of the ocean. His return-voyage, in the Antwerp, from Canton to Amsterdam, and that, which he shortly after made from Amsterdam to New York, were the last, which he ever performed.

During his passage to Canton, in the Antwerp, an inciden occurred, of sufficient interest to be incorporated with this brief history of Fritz Hazell's career. There was, on board the Antwerp

a sailor, whose name was James or Thomas Rodney, and I have forgotten which: he shipped, as a first-rate seaman, and he certainly deserved the name. He was even a good navigator, and had been first mate of two or three ships; but he had been driven back upon the forecastle, by that power, which has overthrown its millions — the power of strong drink. Free-drinking and free-thinking are frequently fellow-travellers, upon the railroad to ruin. Rodney was an intemperate man, and a miserable infidel. Solitude has been said to lose a portion of its interest, unless we have one pleasant companion, at least, with whom we can discourse upon its charms. The same thing may be affirmed of infidelity. The pious and devout believer is happy, in his own silent convictions. The infidel and the atheist are not happy in theirs. They derive no pleasure from their thoughts, but only from giving them utterance. Rodney was a man of good natural powers; he was not an idiot, and therefore he was not an atheist; but his mind was untaught and untutored. He was an infidel; and, in conformity with the principle we have indicated, he was constantly exhibiting his frail and fantastical conceptions, or uttering ludicrous and irreverent quotations from Scripture. He very soon conceived a dislike of Fritz Hazell; for, though he was the youngest of the ship's company, Rodney found it impossible to excite a smile upon Hazell's features; while the majority of the sailors were roaring with laughter, at his jeers, upon the subject of the Christian religion. Rodney nevertheless had a high respect for nautical knowledge; and Fritz rose in his esteem, by setting him right, in a good-natured way, when he had fallen into an error, while making some observations, respecting the azimuth compass. From that moment, Rodney was less disposed to trouble him with his infidel doctrines; and, while throwing out his taunts, in the hearing of others, he was less inclined to continue them, whenever "that boy," as he used to call Hazell, for the first month of the voyage, became one of the group upon the forecastle. Fritz Hazell was notoriously a religious young man. After the regular services of the ship, on the Sabbath day, he was in the habit of resorting to the "pest pook in de voorld," as Van Scrompfen called it. He was a good reader, and generally collected a little auditory of eight or ten of the ship's company. "Give us another chapter, Hazell," was not an uncommon exclamation, from some honest tar, when the book was about to be closed for the night.

It has been remarked, by a keen observer of the human heart, that we are often more apt to indulge our hatred, towards those whom *we* have injured, than towards those who have injured *us*. We very naturally dislike the continued exhibition, before our eyes,

of one, who eternally revives the recollection of our own injustice. We are irritated by his very presence, and even by the sound of his name; and our unconsecrated feelings are apt to break forth, in the form of additional injury and insult. Rodney, who had taken a dislike to Hazell, for the reason we have stated, had given vent to his displeasure, from day to day, with an increasing severity of manner, for the first month of the passage; the very consciousness of the groundless character of his aversion, towards this younger brother, in itself supplied an abundant source of irritation. Upon one occasion, the boatswain remarked, that he believed the devil had got into the fore topsail, for it had set illy ever since the ship sailed. — "Perhaps," said Rodney, putting a quid of tobacco into his mouth, and looking sarcastically at Hazell, "perhaps somebody can give us a lift with a spare prayer or two, to shake the old gentleman out." — All eyes were turned upon the young sailor, who had been already the patient subject of several similar jeers, through the day. At that moment, Rodney, who was splicing a rope, lost his jack-knife overboard, and uttered an exclamation, which we do not think proper to repeat; observing, with an air of vexation, that he had always been an unlucky dog from his birth. — "Mr. Rodney," said Fritz Hazell, with an expression, in which manliness and perfect good-nature were happily blended, "here is a knife; I have another in my chest; and, if you will accept this, it is at your service." — "Thank you," said Rodney, as he accepted the peace-offering of an innocent offender. Rodney finished the splice in silence; and, when it was done, he handed back the knife; but Fritz requested him to keep it, with such an air of sincerity and hearty good-will, that he put it in his pocket. It was upon the same day that Fritz gained yet further upon Rodney's confidence, by giving him that evidence of his knowledge upon a nautical point, to which we have adverted.

That very evening, Rodney approached the young sailor, as he was standing alone upon the forecastle; and, after a short pause, accosted him, as follows: — "Hazell, if I 'm a little free, now and then, with my red rag, I hope you won't think I 've a bad heart. Rodney was always an unlucky dog from his birth; but his bark is a good deal worse than his bite. If I 've hurt your feelings, aboard the Antwerp, my young friend, I 'm sorry for it." — "Mr. Rodney," said Fritz, giving him his hand, "it 's very kind in you to say this; I own, I have been pained, whenever you have spoken lightly of a religion, which I consider sacred; and which I should respect the less, if it did not teach me to forget and forgive." — "Ah, Hazell," exclaimed Rodney, "I don't know that you 'll credit it, after all you

have heard me say, at different times; but I 've often declared, and I say so now, I would give a cargo of doubloons, if I had them, to believe, as you and some other folks believe; and to be as happy as you and they appear to be."—"I am rejoiced to hear you say this, Mr. Rodney," said Hazell; "we are almost strangers, but I can not help feeling a decided interest in your welfare. You surely believe there is a God?"—"I do," Rodney replied.—"And do you not believe in the doctrines of the revelation?" inquired Hazell. "I wish I could," said the other.—"You believe," rejoined Hazell, "that God is an object of worship and of prayer?"—"Yes, I do," answered Rodney, with evident embarrassment; "but how hard it is to pray!"—"Do try, Mr. Rodney," said Fritz, taking him eagerly by the hand; "excuse the earnestness of one so much younger than yourself. God is more than willing to hear you. When we get into our hammocks, to-night, let us both pray, that he will forgive our sins, and that he will help your unbelief."—Rodney was evidently affected by the interest, which Hazell obviously felt on his account.—He hastily brushed the tear from his eye, when the boatswain's whistle called them to their respective duties, and put an end to their extraordinary interview.

The following day, Rodney was so much more grave, in his deportment, than usual, that his messmates, who missed their daily allowance of merriment, began to run him upon his remarkable solemnity. That very night, Rodney and Hazell were destined, in the routine of duty, to be on deck together, for the morning, or, as the landsmen would call it, the midnight watch. It was a splendid night; and, under the light of the broad, midway moon, the Antwerp, like a vast leviathan, seemed to be taking her pastime, in the great wilderness of waves. She was sweeping forward, at the rate of ten knots an hour; and the silence of midnight was interrupted only by the roar of the parting waters.—"Hazell," said Rodney, as soon as they were alone, "I am a sad dog. I did try; but it is easier to hand, reef and steer, of a stormy night, than to say one's prayers."—"I prayed for you," said Hazell, "from the bottom of my heart, that you might be a happier man, and be brought to believe the cheering truths of the gospel."—"But how can any man believe what he does not know?" exclaimed Rodney, with great earnestness of manner.—"Do you not believe that there is such a place as London?" said Hazell.—"To be sure," was the reply; "for I have seen it with my own eyes."—"Have you ever seen Pekin?" Hazell inquired.—"I never have," answered Rodney.—"But you believe there is such a place?"—"To be sure," was the reply.—"Now, Mr. Rodney," said Fritz, in a quiet and

modest way, "in this very instance, you must perceive, that you firmly and fully *believe* that which you cannot *know*. Faith and knowledge are very different things. The Bible itself teaches us, that faith is 'the evidence of things not seen.' You and I, Mr. Rodney, went to sea, long before we had studied navigation. On our first voyages, we surely *believed*, that we were on the way to our ports of destination. But, when we were out of sight of land, we were entirely ignorant what course to steer; — we knew not how to take an observation; — yet we *believed* we were going right, though we *knew* nothing about it. We put our faith, our entire confidence in the captain of the ship; but we refuse to go an inch with the Almighty, without a sign. Suppose, Mr. Rodney, that every man, aboard the Antwerp, who is as ignorant, as we both were once, should go aft to Captain De Witt, to-morrow, and tell him, that he did not *believe* he was going to Canton, because he did not *know* it! What would he think of *them?* And what must God think of *us?* How humble must be our notions of *Him*, the Supreme Being, if we suppose his ways to be so much upon a level with our own, that we can *understand* them all!" — A long pause ensued. — "Hazell," said Rodney, "for your years, you are an excellent seaman; but I 'll tell you what, you 'd make a better minister. Now, I confess, I never thought so much upon the subject before, in my whole life. I never read the Bible, with any attention. My father was a good man, and not only read his Bible, but gave his substance to the poor, and to missionaries; and left his children little or nothing. His friends used to tell him, that he ought to be more attentive to his property; but the old gentleman always quoted a text of Scripture, and it is almost the only one than I can remember, — '*Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.*' For myself, I have never cared for money. I have given away my wages to those, who seemed to need them more than I; and here I am, a poor, unlucky dog, as I always have been." — "Mr. Rodney," said Fritz, "I have a Bible at your service; and, if you will give me leave, I will mark such chapters, as I think will be useful to a person, feeling as you do, towards God and the world." — Rodney acquiesced in the proposal. — After pacing the deck together, for some time, in perfect silence, "Mr. Rodney," said Hazell, "I think you will not be offended with me for saying, that I believe the Bible to be the word of God not more surely, than I believe, that you would be a happier man, and likely sooner to become a religious one, if you would leave off spirit." — Rodney made no reply, for several seconds. At length, he exclaimed, clasping his hands together, "Hazell, it has been my curse for nearly twenty

years. I know it well. I have been trying, for twelve years, to lessen the quantity, but I have never been able to succeed. If it had not been for this bewitching and bewildering poison, instead of being here upon the forecastle, I should now be sleeping in my cabin, the captain of an Indiaman."—This he uttered with the deepest emotion.—"Put your trust in God's goodness and mercy, Mr. Rodney," said Fritz Hazell, with great earnestness "read his promises with a willing heart; try to believe, and pray, that you may be enabled to believe; lay the burthen of your sins, at the foot of the cross; and, first of all, give up that habit, I entreat you, which is at war with all vital religion—the habit of drinking. You say you have been trying twelve years, in vain, to lessen your daily allowance. If the ship had sprung a leak, and there were six feet of water in the hold, would you pump out three, and let her fill again, or pump her dry, and stop the leak once for all, Mr. Rodney? If an enemy of superior force were bearing down, while you were at anchor, would you cut your cable a little, or cut it off? Depend upon it, Mr. Rodney, there is no security, but in the whole armor of a cold-water man. He, who leaves himself the liberty of taking a little, now and then, leaves the nest egg of destruction."—This conversation had left a deep impression on the mind of Rodney. His heart was naturally generous and frank; and he took the earliest occasion, the following day, to do abundant justice to the character of Fritz, and to express his regret for having said anything to his disparagement. Fritz, on his part, was not backward, in performing his promise of the preceding evening; and it soon became a source, though of daily diminishing, surprise to the ship's company, to see Rodney, the scoffer, spending a part of his leisure, day after day, sitting between decks upon his chest, and perusing the volume of eternal life.

It would be a heavy tax upon the reader's patience, to lay before him a minute account of the many interesting conferences, between Rodney and Hazell, which led, under the blessing of Heaven, to the entire reformation of an unhappy man. Hazell had drawn up an agreement, in the earlier part of the voyage, by which nineteen of the ship's company pledged themselves to abstain entirely from ardent spirit. It was with a light heart, and a quick step, that he went aft to inform the captain's clerk, that Rodney requested him to take notice, that he would draw his grog no longer from that date.

Ten years have gone by, since the Antwerp crossed the ocean for Canton; and the character of Captain Rodney, for that is his present title, has become thoroughly established, as a devout and penitent Christian and an uncompromising cold-water man

About a week before the ship's arrival in Canton, when Fritz Hazell, upon a Sabbath evening, had finished reading two or three chapters in the Bible, to a far more numerous group, than had gathered round him, upon such occasions, at the beginning of the voyage, a conversation arose, among the crew, upon the evils of intemperance. Several related such examples of crime and misery, as had come to their knowledge; making together an awful aggregate of human wretchedness and depravity, by sea and land. "My friends," said Rodney, after listening to the tales of others, "I have been an eye-witness to the fatal effects of intemperance, myself. I was born in New England, and have some connections there still. About ten years ago, I was travelling on foot, through a town in Massachusetts, and hearing a cry of murder, I hurried to the spot. The sound came from a small dwelling. Receiving no answer at the door, it was burst open, and I saw, upon the floor, a man, weltering in his blood, and his wife with her throat cut from ear to ear, lying at his side. They had been drinking, and the man was not quite dead, though he died, while I was there."—"Mr. Rodney," said Fritz Hazell, with evident agitation, "what was the name of that town?"—"I really cannot remember; I was never in it before," he replied.—"Did any one go with you, to the house of these unhappy people?"—"Yes," replied Rodney, "there was an old man, a foreigner, I think, who went with me."—"Was there a child in the house?"—"There was a little boy; and I never shall forget his look of terror, when he clung to the old man, and begged him not to let his father kill him."—"Did you not give some money to that old man, for the boy's use?"—"I now recollect I did: I gave him a two-dollar bill; and I remember it more perfectly, because it was the last farthing I had. I had been up the country, to see my friends, before I went to sea again. But how could you know all these particulars?"—Fritz sat, for a few seconds, with his hands before his features.—The surrounding group looked on, in silent astonishment.—At length he uncovered his face, which was bathed in tears, and exclaimed, "How mysterious and how wise are the dealings of God!—I am that orphan boy.—That excellent old man, to whom you gave your bounty, laid it out in the purchase of this book; and wrote, as you here see, '*The gift of an unknown friend.*' In this very book, you have learned, I trust, a lesson of eternal wisdom." Fritz opened the volume to the eleventh chapter of Ecclesiastes, and pointed to the first verse. Rodney read the passage aloud:—"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS, FOR THOU SHALT FIND IT AFTER MANY DAYS."—"How little you thought," said Fritz Hazell, "when you bestowed your two dollars

upon an orphan boy, that you were purchasing the bread of eterna. life!" — The effect produced by this explanation was of the most solemn and impressive character. — There was not a dry eye upon the forecastle.

When it was intimated to Fritz, that he would be retained in the capacity of third mate, for the homeward voyage, he went to Captain De Witt, and earnestly recommended Rodney, as better qualified; but the captain would not change his arrangement.

After an unusually short and prosperous passage, the Antwerp arrived in safety at Amsterdam; and Fritz had the pleasure of receiving letters from old Captain Hazell; in which he stated, among other matters, that his health was not quite as good, as it used to be; and expressed an earnest desire of seeing Fritz once more at home. This wish, entirely corresponding with the views and feelings of the young sailor; upon the recommendation of Captain De Witt, he readily obtained the situation of first mate of the brig Thetis, bound to Philadelphia. Before his departure, he represented the case of poor Rodney so strongly to Captain De Witt, and even to Van Scrompfen himself, that both of them expressed their willingness to advance his interest, should he be able to keep his resolution. Rodney proved faithful to his pledge; and De Witt and Van Scrompfen were not unmindful of their promise.

In summing up the account to the period of Fritz Hazell's final departure from Amsterdam, it must be confessed, there was an item, of painful interest, not to be overlooked. The fatigue of a sea-life, and the weight of that responsibility, which fell, in the present instance, upon an anxious spirit, were obviously impairing his health. Van Scrompfen shook his head, when Captain De Witt was commending the young man's behavior; and observed, "De shword ish too sharp for de shcappord. I pe feared de sea-life vill never do."

Van Scrompfen was perfectly right. Upon the arrival of the Thetis in Philadelphia, after a boisterous passage, Fritz Hazell quitted her, in a feeble state of health. He now took his passage for New England, by land; and, before his journey was half finished, he had become already sensible of an obvious improvement in his spirits. A relief from his late care and responsibility, and the prospect of revisiting the scenes of his youth, and his old friend and protector, were productive of the happiest effects.

The stage-coach, at length, ascended the Holden Hills; and, after an absence of nearly six years, Fritz Hazell beheld the smoke, ascending from the house-tops of his native valley, with an emotion, easily understood, by those, who have caught the first view of the village

spire, after an absence of years; and utterly unintelligible to those, who have not. The vehicle rolled so rapidly along, that it had passed a few rods beyond the dwelling of old Hazell, before the driver had stopped his horses. Fritz was out, in an instant; and, leaving his sea-chest by the road-side, he turned back to the cottage. — The window-shutters were closed. — He tried the door; — it was fastened; and, raising his eyes, he read, upon a small card, "*This house to be let; inquire of Mrs. Sukey McFlaggon, Administratrix, or Christopher Grippit, her attorney.*" — The tale was summarily told. — His old patron was dead. — He returned to the place, where his chest had been deposited. He sat down upon it; and, for a moment, applied his handkerchief to his eyes. — "Poor old man!" said he, "perhaps he died alone; I wish I could have been with him!"

Attracted by the unusual circumstance of a passenger and his luggage, left at the road-side, and especially by his unsuccessful attempts to get admittance at the empty cottage; a tall old man, with his sleeves rolled up, and a leathern apron about his waist, came forth from a shoe-maker's shop; and, after observing the stranger for an instant, stepped over towards him. — It was old Enoch Foster, the shoe-maker. Fritz recollected him immediately. — "You don't remember me," said the young sailor, extending his hand. — "Yes, I do, now that you speak," said old Enoch, shaking him heartily by the hand; "I had a thought it must be you, when I saw you go to the house. The old gentleman has gone. He talked a great deal about you, in his last sickness. Whenever he got one of your letters, he used to come over and read it to us, with a great deal of pleasure. Come, let me help you to take your chest over to our house. My wife will be rejoiced to see you." Fritz accepted the offer; and, as they were entering the door, "Nabby," cried the old man, "come down; here is Fritz Hazell, just come from sea!" — "You don't say so!" replied a quick, business-like voice from above; and, almost immediately after, a round button of a body came dumpling into the room; and, seizing the young sailor by the hand, "Why, Fritz Hazell!" said she; "why how you have altered! — You have lost your good old friend. Ah, Fritz! there have been strange doings in the valley, since you went away." — "When did Captain Hazell die, and of what distemper?" inquired Fritz. — "A little less than two months ago," said Mrs. Foster. "He died of lung fever. You know how much he always disliked Sukey McFlaggon, his niece; who, certainly, besides marrying McFlaggon, did all in her power to displease the old gentleman: well, only think of it, she is heir of all his property. They say he

has left a very pretty estate here, beside money in Holland. Lawyer Grippit says it is no such thing, and that the old man left very little. But you know, I dare say · how was it?" — Fritz replied, that he knew nothing of the amount, but that he had heard the captain had money at interest, with Van Scrompfen, Brothers, and Company, of Amsterdam. — "Lawyer Grippit and Sukey McFlaggon," said the shoe-maker's wife, "are going to be married." — "McFlaggon is dead, then?" said Hazell. — "Oh yes," said old Enoch, "I wonder you did n't hear of it. He has been dead these three years. He became a sot; and Tim Smith, — you remember Tim? — he is now in the State's Prison, for manslaughter: — Tim killed him in a row." — "She is full eleven years older than Lawyer Grippit," said Mrs. Foster, "and everybody sees, that he 's after old Captain Hazell's property. Everybody is talking about it, and strange stories are told. There is old Mrs. Spook, the deacon's widow: she says she is sure, that her husband told her, one evening, when he came home later than usual, that he had been with Captain Hazell, who had been executing a will; and that Squire Grippit and Dr. Manna witnessed it with himself. But Lawyer Grippit frightened the old lady shamefully, and threatened to get the Grand Jury to sit upon her." — "No, no, wife," said her husband, "to indict her, you mean." — "Well, well, so it was," rejoined Mrs Foster; "besides, the old lady was none of the wisest. However the deacon is dead, and Doctor Manna is dead; and if there 's any secret about it, it 's all locked up, in the squire's bosom; but 't will all be known in the great day." — "It 's a strange business," said the old shoe-maker, "and it 's very hard to get at the truth. I hear a great many rumors, for the matter is talked over by everybody; and I take care to say as little about it as possible." — Fritz listened attentively to the remarks of old Enoch and his wife, and in perfect silence, till he found himself alone with the husband. He then said to him, "Mr. Foster, I have always had a respect for you, and I am sure you are a prudent man. I will therefore state to you, in confidence, what I know of this matter, myself; and I shall probably have to ask your counsel and assistance. When Captain Hazell was dangerously sick, in the summer of 18—, about seven years ago, I know he executed a will, or rather two copies. Mr. Grippit told him one was enough; but he would have it his own way; and said to the lawyer, that one might be lost or mislaid. It was in the evening; I was in bed, in the same room; and, I suppose, they thought I was asleep. I heard the lawyer, Squire Grippit, ask the captain if he declared that paper to be his last will, and he said he did. I saw him sign it. I never knew the contents of it; but I saw

the old deacon, Doctor Manna, and the squire, write their names, as witnesses, to both papers. One the captain desired Mr. Grippit to keep; and what he did with the other I never knew, till the evening before I sailed. That evening the captain said to me, that he had made his will, and put it away in a place, which he would show me, that it might be found, at his death. Of course, I cannot say, that it is there now; but, if I could gain admittance to the house, I could go directly to the spot." — "The key is left with me," said Mr. Foster, "for the convenience of showing the house. What an awful sinner Lawyer Grippit must be!" he exclaimed, as he untied his apron and put on his coat and hat. — "We shall want a light," said Fritz Hazell. — They proceeded to the old cottage. As they entered, Fritz paused, to take a glance at the little room. The old Dutch clock stood in the corner; it had run down, like its venerable master, and was now motionless and still. — Enoch Foster locked the door on the inside, and they descended to the cellar; and, removing about ten inches of earth from the northerly corner, they struck upon a hard substance; — "Here is the iron chest," said Fritz. After considerable difficulty, he found the spring. Upon lifting the lid, they beheld a mass of gold and silver coin, which would have delighted the eyes of Christopher Grippit and Sukey McFlaggon. Fritz took up a sealed package, and held it to the light. Old Enoch read over his shoulder; "*The last will and testament of Peter Hazell.*" — "Lord have mercy upon us," exclaimed the old man; "what a sinful world we live in!" — They now held a short conversation. It was resolved to shut down the chest and replace the earth; and then, without any delay, to post off to the Judge of Probate, present the sealed package, and relate their perfectly intelligible story.

It is high time to bring the history of Fritz Hazell to a close. — The hymeneal hopes of Sukey McFlaggon, and her day dreams of riches, were grievously disappointed. The judge, having opened the will, and perceiving the well-known signature of Lawyer Grippit, as a subscribing witness, was greatly shocked and surprised. He could account for Mr. Grippit's constant averment, that he had never heard, that old Hazell had ever made his will, only upon a presumption of a deep-laid scheme of fraud. Such was the fact. Grippit knew that he was the only surviving witness; one copy of the will had been in his possession, which he destroyed; the widow McFlaggon was sole heir at law; and as the other copy was not forthcoming, after waiting a month, he presumed it to be lost, or among the papers of the deceased. He then boldly proposed to Mrs. McFlaggon to claim administration of old Hazell's estate, and to

become the lady of Christopher Grippit. Thus, as her attorney, he had free access to the papers of the defunct; and, not finding the other copy, after diligent search, he flattered himself, that it was lost or destroyed.

The report, that old Peter Hazell's will was found, and that Fritz had come home from sea, flew with the speed of the wind, from one end of Still-Valley to the other. Grippit was summoned, as a subscribing witness, to prove the will: but he had passed beyond the reach of an earthly subpœna. The crime, which he had committed, no man better understood, in its effects upon the perpetrator, and he resorted to suicide to avoid them.

After some trifling legacies, and fifty pounds to Sukey McFlaggon, Captain Hazell left his whole estate "to Patrick McFilligan, commonly called Fritz Hazell."

Fritz was now about eighteen years of age. He was convinced that he was not sufficiently robust to endure the fatigues of a seafaring life. The means of gratifying his love of study were now entirely at his command. He prepared for college, and entered at the age of twenty. We have seen already, that the inclinations and the whole temperament of this young man were grave and reflective. He took orders, when he was nearly six and twenty; and, at the present time, supplies to serious Christians, a stronger aliment, than the congregation of Parson Syllabub could have digested, some twelve years ago.

About a year since, he had a visit from his old friend Captain Rodney; and as they walked home together from church, "I told you long ago," said Rodney, "though you were an excellent seaman, that you would make a better minister, and I find my words have proved true." In the afternoon of that day, he complied with the request of Captain Rodney, and preached an old sermon, written with a particular reference to some of those incidents which gave so great an interest to their voyage in the Antwerp; and it was with a feeling of deep sensibility, that these old friends turned their eyes upon each other, when Parson Hazell pronounced the memorable text, "CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS, FOR THOU SHALT FIND T AFTER MANY DAYS."

WHAT A CURSE!

OR,

JOHNNY HODGES, THE BLACKSMITH.

Can nothing be *done* to put an end to the evils of intemperance? Such, at the present day, is a very common interrogatory; not from those alone, at the heart of whose domestic happiness this canker-worm is already at work; not from those alone, who have lived in unpardonable ignorance of all, that has been so happily accomplished; but from the most enlightened friends of temperance, who keep the run and the record of its way; who study this deeply-interesting subject, as they study a science; and who, at the same time, are not so blindly in love with a favorite scheme of consummation, as to forget that no remedy for moral evil can be effectual, which is calculated to produce a greater mischief in one direction, than it proposes to remove in another.

Can nothing be *done*, say they, to remove these evils of intemperance?—Have those eight thousand societies, which are said to exist in the United States, *done* nothing? Undoubtedly they have exerted a benign and blessed influence, upon the hearts of many thousands, who have been persuaded to subscribe the pledge;—still further, they have operated most happily upon many more, who, for some reason or other, have withheld their hands from the pledge, but who have become respectable temperance men, in word and in deed.—And has not something been *done?—Nothing* for me, and for *mine*, says the poor widow. I have but one son; he will *not* subscribe the pledge; and he *will* drink ardent spirit; and the rum-seller will sell it; and he says it is lawful, and that therefore it is right. My son is a drunkard. I brought him into life; I nursed him and reared him with care; I have watched over him in sickness; I have pinched and spared, that he might be better clothed and better fed than myself; and I am now the heart-broken mother of a thankless child. Societies have undoubtedly been useful to *the world;* but they have *done* nothing for *me*. Cannot something be *done* to save the last hope of a poor widow?

And has nothing been *done*, by that multiplying engine, which, for years, has been employed in scattering, over the surface of the earth, journals and magazines, tracts and tales; and irrigating the moral world, as it were, with refreshing and invigorating showers?—It may be so, says the miserable, broken spirited wife; but I am sure it has *done* nothing for *me*. I am a drunkard's wife; such, for years of bitterness, I have lived; such, I doubt not, I shall die. I gave to a faithless promiser a devoted heart, and my humble store of worldly goods; he has broken the one and wasted the other. The press may send forth its legion of messengers; but he will not read one of them all; and, should he find one in my hands, he would hurl it into the fire, as he has done before. My children are beggars; my spirit is gone; and, as I rock my child in its cradle, by the fading embers of a midnight fire, waiting for the return of a drunken tyrant, I say within my wretched heart, in the language of Job, I would not live always! Cannot something be *done* to stay this desolating plague?

And has not something been *done* by thousands of lectures and addresses, gratuitously delivered, and, of course, open to all?—Beyond all doubt, says the agonized father; but they have no power over my domestic affliction. My son is a drunkard. He will not go and listen to such things. I fear nothing will be *done*. We may lecture, and write, and associate; but nothing will be *done* to reach a case of misery like mine. I had once some hope, that the legislature would afford relief. But, what is a legislature? I have taken some pains to analyze the mass, and examine its elements. We are a government of *the people*. If a majority of *the people* are for Juggernaut, and the idol's temples are in danger from legislative interference, the majority of *the people* will take care, that a majority of the legislature shall be the friends and worshippers of Juggernaut. Can a rum-selling legislator be expected to legislate against rum! Contemplate the tavern-keepers, retailers, grocers, distillers, and importers in a legislature; add to this list that indifferent and movable body, so easily won over to either side; swell the catalogue, by the addition of every temperate drinker; and, last of all, annex the names of the *base unknown*, those fourteen shameless men, who voted for a notorious infidel, as the chaplain of the House of Representatives, in this ancient Commonwealth; look, for a moment, at the aggregate, and then repeat the interrogatory;—Will anything be *done* to put an end to the evils of intemperance?—The only profitable reply to this inquiry must come, in God's good time, from a legislative majority of *cold-water men*.

"The doctor is a kind man," said Johnny Hodges, addressing a person of respectable appearance, who was in the act of returning to his pocket-book a physician's bill, which the blacksmith did not find it convenient to pay. "The doctor is a kind man, a very kind man, and has earned his money, I dare say, and I don't begrudge him a shilling of it all: but, for all that, I have not the means of

paying his bill, nor any part of it, just now." —"Well, well," said the collector, "I shall be this way before long, and will call on you again."

Johnny Hodges thanked him for the indulgence, and proceeded with his work; but the hammer swung heavily upon the anvil, and many a long sigh escaped, before the job in hand was fairly turned off.

Three or four times already, the collector had paid a visit at the blacksmith's shop, who was always ready to admit the justice of the claim, and that the doctor had been very kind and attentive, and had well earned his money; but Johnny was always behindhand; and, though full of professions of gratitude to the good doctor, yet the doctor's bill seemed not very likely to be paid. Familiarity, saith the proverb, breeds contempt. This old saw is not apt to work more roughly, in any relation of life, than between the creditor, or the creditor's agent, and the non-performing debtor. The pursuing party is apt to become importunate, and the pursued to grow gradually callous and indifferent. Upon the present occasion, however, the collector, who was a benevolent man, was extremely patient and forbearing. He had sufficient penetration to perceive, that poor Johnny, for some cause or other, was always exceedingly mortified and pained, by these repeated applications. It did not, however, escape the suspicion of the collector, that there might be a certain, secret cause, for Johnny's inability to pay the doctor's bill. Intemperance is exhibited, in a great variety of modifications. While some individuals are speedily roused into violent and disorderly action, or hushed to slumber, and reduced to the condition of a helpless and harmless mass; others, provided by nature with heads of iron and leathern skins, are equally intemperate, yet scarcely, for many years, present before the world the slightest personal indication of their habitual indulgence.

Johnny Hodges was an excellent workman, and he had abundance of work. It was not easy to account for such an appropriation of his earnings, as would leave him not enough for the payment of the doctor's bill; upon any other supposition, than that of a wasteful and sinful employment of them, for the purchase of strong drink. Johnny's countenance, to be sure, was exceedingly pale and sallow; but the pale-faced tippler is, by no means, an uncommon spectacle. On the other hand, Johnny was very industrious, constantly in his shop in working hours, and always busily employed.

After an interval of several weeks, the collector called again, and put the customary question, "Well, Mr. Hodges, can you pay the doctor's bill?" Perhaps there was something unusually hurried or

importunate, or Johnny so thought, in the manner of making the inquiry. Johnny was engaged in turning a shoe, and he hammered it entirely out of shape. He laid down his hammer and tongs, and, for a few seconds, rested his cheek upon his hand. — "I don't know how I can pay the doctor's bill," said Johnny Hodges. "I've nothing here in the shop, but my tools and a very little stock; and I've nothing at home, but the remainder of our scanty furniture. I know the doctor's bill ought to be paid, and if he will take it, he shall be welcome to our cow, though I have five little children who live upon the milk." — "No, no, Hodges," said the collector, "you are much mistaken, if you suppose the doctor, who is a Christian and a kind-hearted man, would take your cow, or oppress you at all, for the amount of his bill. But how is it that you, who have always so much work, have never any money?" — "Ah, sir," said Johnny Hodges, while he wiped the perspiration from his face, for he was a hard-working man; "Ah, sir," said he, "what a curse it is! — can nothing be done to put a stop to this intemperance? I hear a great deal of the efforts, that are making; but still the rum business goes on. If it were not for the temptations to take strong drink, I should do well enough; and the good doctor should not have sent twice for the amount of his bill. Very few of those, who write and talk so much of intemperance, know anything of our trials and troubles." — "I confess," said the collector, "that I have had my suspicions and fears before. — Why do you not resolve, that you will never touch another drop? Go, Hodges, like a man, and put your name to the pledge; and pray God to enable you to keep it faithfully." — "Why, as to that, sir," said the blacksmith, "the pledge will do me no good; the difficulty doesn't lie there. — What a curse! — Is there no prospect of putting an end to intemperance?" — "To be sure there is," replied the collector. "If people will sign the pledge, and keep it too, there is no difficulty." — "But, suppose they will not sign the pledge," rejoined Johnny Hodges, "still, if rum were not so common as it is, and so easily obtained, the temptation would be taken away." — "That is all very true, but it is every man's duty to do something for himself," replied the collector. "I advise you to sign the pledge, as soon as possible." — "Why, sir," said the blacksmith, "the difficulty doesn't lie there, as I told you; I signed the pledge long ago, and I have kept it well. I never was given to taking spirit in my life. My labor at the forge is pretty hard work, yet I take nothing stronger, for drink, than cold water." — "I am sorry, that I misunderstood you," replied the collector. "But, since you do not take spirit, and your children, as you have led me

to suppose, are of tender years; why are you so anxious for the suppression of intemperance?"—"Because," said poor Johnny Hodges, after a pause, and with evident emotion, "to tell you the plain truth, it has made my home a hell, my wife a drunkard, and my children beggars! Poor things," said he, as he brushed away the tears, "they have no mother any more. The old cow, that I offered you, just now, for the doctor's debt,—and I believe it would have broken their hearts to have parted with old Brindle,—is more of a mother to them now, than the woman who brought them into this world of trouble. I have little to feed old Brindle with; and the children are running here and there, for a little swill and such matters, to keep her alive. Even the smallest of these poor things will pick up a bunch of hay or a few scattered corn-stalks, and fetch it to her, and look on with delight, to see her enjoy it. I have seen them all together, when their natural mother, in a drunken spree, has driven them out of doors, flying for refuge to the old cow, and lying beside her in the shed.—What a curse it is!

"What will become of them and of me," continued this broken hearted man, "I cannot tell. I sometimes fear, that I shall lose my reason, and be placed in the mad-house. Such is the thirst of this wretched woman for rum, that she has repeatedly taken my tools, and carried them five or six miles, and pawned or sold them for liquor. The day before yesterday, I carried home a joint of meat, for dinner. When I went home, tired and hungry, at the dinner hour, I found her drunk and asleep upon the floor. She had sold the joint of meat, and spent the money in rum. It's grievous to tell such matters to a stranger, but I can't bear that you or the good doctor should think me ungrateful any longer. I never shall forget the doctor's kindness to me, two years ago, when I had my dreadful fever; and, if ever I can get so much money together, he shall certainly be paid. That fever was brought on, partly by hard work, but the main spring of the matter was in the mind. My wife was then getting very bad, and when she was in liquor, her language was both indecent and profane; though, when we were married, there was n't a more modest girl in the parish. Just before my fever came on, in one of her fits of intemperance, she strolled away, and was gone three days and three nights; and, to this hour, I have never known where she was, all that time. It almost broke my heart. The doctor always said there was something upon my mind; but I never told him, nor any one else, the cause of my trouble till now. What a curse!—Don't you think, sir, that something can be done to put an end to this terrible curse of intemperance?"—"Your case is a very hard one," said the collector, after

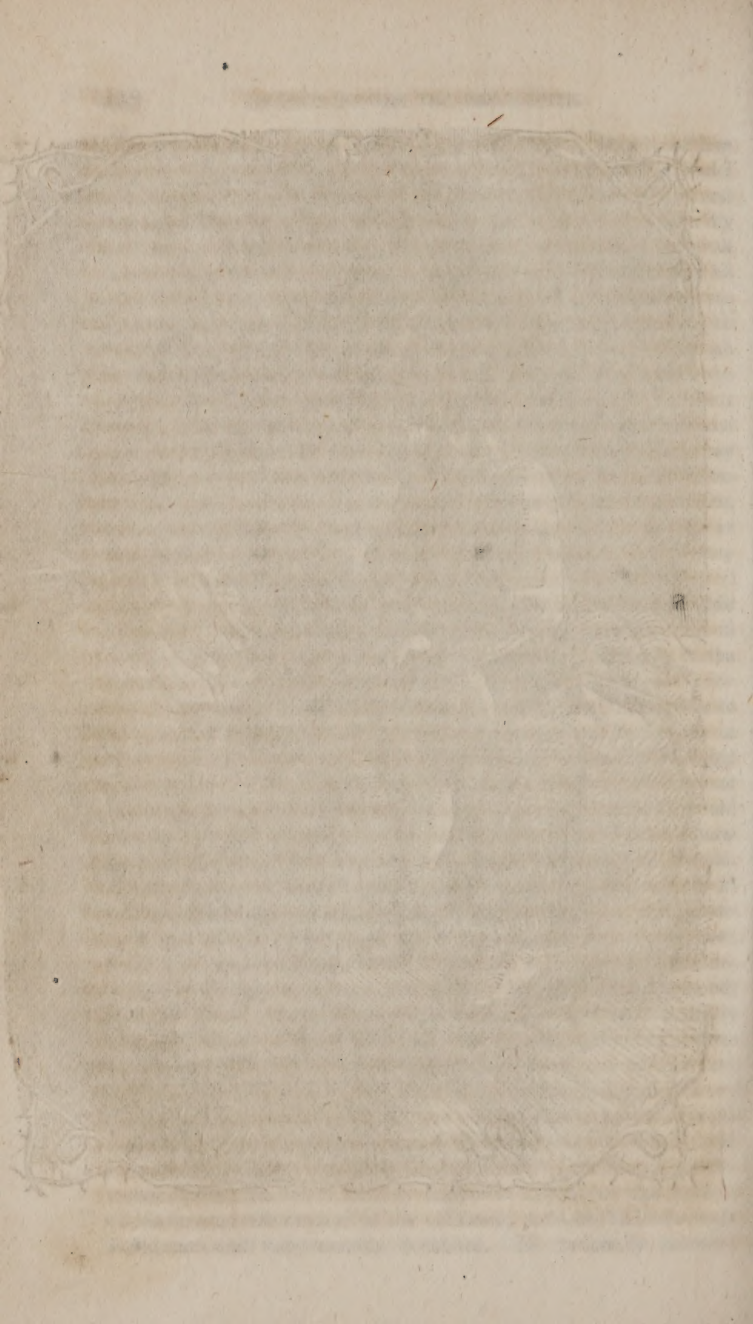
a solemn pause, "and I wish I could point out a remedy. You need give yourself no uneasiness about the doctor's bill, for I am sure he will think no more of it, when I have told him your story. If I would not give you too much pain, and take up too much of your time, I should like to be informed, a little more particularly, of the commencement and progress of this habit in your wife, which seems to have destroyed your domestic happiness."—Johnny Hodges wiped his brow, and sat down upon a bench in his shop, and the collector took a seat by his side.

"Eight years ago," said Johnny Hodges, "come the first day of next month, I was married. Polly Wilson, that was her maiden name, was twenty-three, and I was four years older. I certainly thought it the best day's work I ever did, and I continued of that mind, for about five years. Since then Heaven knows I have had reason to think otherwise; for, ever since, trouble has been about my path, and about my bed. About three years ago, my wife took to drink. I cannot tell how it happened; but she always said, herself, that the first drop of gin she ever drank, was upon a washing day, when an old Scotch woman persuaded her, that it would keep the cold off her stomach. From that time, the habit grew upon her very fast. She has told me an hundred times, in her sober moments, that she would give the world to leave it off, but that she could not, for the life of her. So strong has been her desire to get liquor, that nothing was safe from her grasp. She has sold her children's Sabbath clothes, and my own, for rum. After I had gotten well of my fever, I worked hard; and, at one time, had laid by nearly enough, as I supposed, to pay the doctor's bill. One day, I had received a dollar for work, and went to my drawer, to add it to the rest; and—all was gone! The drawer had been forced open. She knew that I had been saving the money to pay the doctor, and the apothecary, for their services, during my fever; she knew that my sickness had been produced by sleepless nights and a broken heart, on her account; yet she could not resist the temptation. She affirmed, in the most solemn manner, that she knew nothing about it; but two of the little children, in answer to my inquiry, told me, that they had seen mammy break open the drawer, and take out the money; and that she went directly over to the grocery, and in about half an hour, after she returned, went to sleep so soundly in her chair, that they could not wake her up, to get them a little supper. At that time, I went to Mr. Calvin Leech, the grocer, and told him, that I wondered, as he was a church member, how he could have the heart to ruin the peace of my family. He was very harsh, and told me, that every man must take care of his own wife, and that it was not his business to look

after mine. I began to think, with Job, that I would not live always. Strange fancies came into my head about that time, and I tried hard to think of some escape from such a world of sin and sorrow; but a kind and merciful God would not let me take my own wild way. I read my Bible; and the poor children kept all the while in my way, smiling sweetly in my face, and driving all evil thoughts from my mind. My oldest boy was then about seven. "Don't take on so, daddy," the little fellow used to say, when he found me shedding tears, "don't cry, daddy; I shall be big enough to blow the bellows next year." I have tried to keep up, for the sake of these poor children; and few would be better, for their years, if their mother did not teach some of them to curse and swear. They have the same bright look and gentle temper that my wife had, when we were married. There never was a milder temper than Polly's, before this curse fell upon the poor creature. Oh, sir, it is nothing but rum, that has ruined our hopes of happiness in this world. How strange it is, that nothing can be *done* to stay such a dreadful plague!"

The collector shook the poor blacksmith by the hand, and bade him keep up his spirits, as well as he could, and put his trust in God's providence. Promising to make him a friendly call, in the course of a few days, he took his leave.

This interview, with the blacksmith, had caused his visitor to contemplate the subject of the temperance reform, somewhat in a novel point of view. The importunate and frequently repeated interrogatory of Johnny Hodges, "*Cannot something be* DONE *to put an end to the evils of intemperance?*" to most individuals, would appear to savor of gross ignorance, in the inquirer, as to those amazing efforts, which have already been made, at home and abroad. But it must not be forgotten, that poor Hodges was no *theorizer* in that department of domestic wretchedness, which arises from intemperance. He was well aware, that a prodigious effort had been made, for the purification of the world, by voluntary associations, adopting the pledge of total abstinence. He perfectly understood, that all those, who had subscribed such a pledge, and faithfully adhered to it, were safe from the effects of intemperance, in their own persons. Yet this poor fellow cried aloud, out of the very depths of his real misery, "*Cannot something be* DONE *to put an end to the evils of intemperance?*" His own bitter experience had taught him, that there was one person who could never be prevailed upon to sign the pledge; one, upon whose faithful execution of her domestic duties, his whole earthly happiness depended; the partner of his bosom; the mother of his children; and she had become a loathsome and ungovernable drunkard. He rationally inferred,



indeed he well knew the fact, from his own observation upon the surrounding neighborhood, that such an occurrence was not of an uncommon character. Intemperate husbands, intemperate wives, and intemperate children were all around him. Johnny Hodges was a man of good common sense. He reasoned forward to the future from the past. He entertained no doubt, that, notwithstanding the most energetic, voluntary efforts of all the societies upon the face of the earth, drunkenness would certainly continue, in a greater or less degree, so long as the means of drunkenness were suffered to remain. The process of reasoning in Johnny's mind may be very easily described. So long, thought he, as rum-selling continues to be sanctioned by law, and grog-shops are legalized, at every corner; so long as even deacons and church members distil rum, and sell it, reducing the temperate drinker's noble to the drunkard's nine-pence, and that nine-pence to nothing and a jail; winning away the bread from the miserable tippler's children; and causing the husband and wife to hate and abhor the very presence of each other; so long a very considerable number of persons, who will not sign the pledge, will be annually converted from temperate men and women, into drunken vagabonds and paupers. The question is therefore reduced to this; Can no effectual measures be provided by law, to prevent a cold, calculating, mercenary body of men from trafficking any longer, in broken hopes, broken hearts, and broken constitutions; and to restrain, at least, deacons and church members, who pray to the Lord to lead them not into temptation, from laying snares, along the highways and hedges of the land, to entrap the feet of their fellow-creatures, and tempt their weaker brethren to their ruin?

A month or more had passed away, before the collector's business brought him again into the neighborhood of the blacksmith's shop. Johnny Hodges was at work as usual. He appeared dejected and care-worn. His visitor shook him by the hand, and told him, that the doctor said he should consider him, as old Boerhaave used to say, one of his best patients, for God would be his paymaster. "Never think of the debt any more, Johnny," said the collector. "The doctor has sent you his bill, receipted; and he bade me tell you, that if a little money would help you in your trouble, you should be heartily welcome to it."* "Indeed," said the blacksmith, "the

* I have learned, since the preparation of this tale, from the collector himself, that Hodges expressed the liveliest gratitude, for the doctor's kindness, in relinquishing his claim for professional services; but that he persisted in refusing to receive a five-dollar note, which accompanied the receipted bill; —"God will reward the doctor for all his kindness," said the poor fellow "but I cannot take the money."

doctor is a kind friend; but I suppose nothing can be done to put an end to this curse?" — "I fear there will not be, at present," said the collector: "rum is the idol of the people. The friends of temperance have petitioned the legislature to pull this old idol down. Now there are, in that very body, a great many members, who love the idol dearly; there are many, who are sent thither expressly to keep the idol up. So you see, that petitioning the legislature, such as it now is, to abolish the traffic in rum, is like petitioning the priests of Baal to pull down their false god. But you look pale and sad: has any new trouble come upon you, or do you find the old one more grievous to bear?" — "Ah, sir," said this man of many woes, "we have had trouble enough, new and old, since you were here last. Intemperance must be a selfish vice, I am sure. About a fortnight ago, my wife contrived, while I was gone to the city to procure a few bars of iron, to sell our old cow to a drover; and this woman, once so kind-hearted and thoughtful of her children, would see them starve, rather than deprive herself of the means of intoxication. She has been in liquor every day since. But all this is nothing compared with our other late trial. Last Monday night, I was obliged to be from home, till a very late hour. I had a promise from a neighbor to sit up at my house, till my return, to look after the children, and prevent the house from being set on fire. But the promise was forgotten. When I returned, about eleven o'clock, all was quiet. I struck a light, and, finding my wife was in bed, and sound asleep, I looked round for the children. The four older children I readily found, but little Peter, our infant, about thirteen months old, I could find nowhere. After a careful search, I shook my wife by the shoulder, to wake her up, that I might learn, if possible, what had become of the child. After some time, though evidently under the influence of liquor, I awakened this wretched woman, and made her understand me. She then made a sign, that it was in the bed. I proceeded to examine, and found the poor suffering babe beneath her. She had pressed the life out of its little body. — It was quite dead. — It was but yesterday, that I put it into the ground. If you can credit it, this miserable mother was so intoxicated, that she could not follow it to the grave. What can a poor man do, with such a burthen as this? The owner of the little tenement, in which I have lived, has given me notice to quit, because he says, and reasonably enough too, that the chance of my wife's setting it on fire is growing greater every day. However, I feel that within me, that promises a release before long, from all this insufferable misery. But what will become of my poor children!" — Johnny sat down upon a bench, and burst into tears. His visitor,

as we have said, was a kind-hearted man. — "Suppose I should get some discreet person to talk with your wife," said he. — Johnny raised his eyes and his hands, at the same moment. "Talk with her!" he replied, "you may as well talk with a whirlwind; the abuse, which she poured on me, this morning, for proposing to bring our good minister to talk with her, would have made your hair stand on end. No, I am heart-broken, and undone, for this world. I have no hope, save in a better, through the mercies of God." — The visitor took the poor man by the hand, and silently departed. He uttered not a word; he was satisfied that nothing could be said to abate the domestic misery of poor Johnny Hodges in the present world; and there was something in his last words, and in the tone in which they were uttered, which assured the visitor, that Johnny's unshaken confidence in the promises of God would not be disappointed in another.

How entirely inadequate is the most finished delineation, to set forth, in true relief, the actual sum total of such misery as this! How little conception have all those painted male and female butterflies and moths, who stream along our public walks of a sunny morning, or flutter away their lives in our fashionable saloons; — how little conception have they of the real pressure of such practical wretchedness as this! To the interrogatory of poor Johnny Hodges, "*Can nothing be* DONE *to put an end to the evils of intemperance?*" what answer, here and hereafter, do those individuals propose to offer, who not only withhold their names from the temperance pledge, but who light up their castles; and call together the giddy and the gay of both sexes; and devote one apartment of their palaces, in the present condition of public sentiment, chastened and purified, as it is, to the *whiskey punch bowl!*

The summer had passed, and the harvest was over. About four months after the last interview, I heard, for the first time, the story of poor Johnny Hodges. Taking upon my tablets a particular direction to his house and shop, I put on my surtout, and set forth, upon a clear, cold November morning, to pay the poor fellow a visit. It was not three miles from the city to his dwelling. By the special direction, which I had received, I readily identified the shop. The doors were closed, — for it was a sharp, frosty morning. I wished to see the poor fellow at his forge, before I disclosed the object of my visit. I opened the door. He was not there. The bellows were still. — The last spark had gone out in the forge. — The hammer and tongs were thrown together. — Johnny's apron was lying carelessly upon the bench. — And the iron, upon which he had been working, lay cold upon the anvil. — I turned towards the little

dwelling. That also had been abandoned. A short conversation with an elderly man, who proved to be a neighbor, soon put my doubts and uncertainties at rest. The conclusion of this painful little history may be told, in a very few words. The wife, who, it appears, notwithstanding her gross intemperance, retained no inconsiderable portion of personal comeliness, when not absolutely drunk; had run off, in company with a common soldier, abandoning her husband and children about three months before. Five days only before my visit, poor Johnny Hodges, having died of a broken heart, was committed to that peaceful grave, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest. On the same day, four little children were received, after the funeral, as inmates of the poor-house.

"I have known them well, all their life-long," said the old man, from whom I obtained the information. "The first four or five years of their married life, there was not a likelier, nor a thriftier, nor a happier couple, in the village. Hodges was at his forge early and late; and his wife was a pattern of neatness and industry. But the poor woman was just as much poisoned with rum, as ever a man was with arsenic. It changed her nature, until, at last, it rendered her a perfect nuisance. Everybody speaks a kind word of poor Hodges; and everybody says that his wife killed him, and brought his children to the poor-house. This is a terrible curse to be sure. Pray, sir, '*can't something be done to put an end to the evils of intemperance?*'" — Such, thought I, was the inquiry of poor Johnny Hodges. How long can the intelligent legislatures of our country conscientiously permit this inquiry to pass, without a satisfactory reply? How many more wives shall be made the enemies of their own household; how many more children shall be made orphans; how many more temperate men shall be converted into drunken paupers; before the power of the law shall be exerted, to stay the plague! In the present condition of the world, while the legislature throws its fostering arm around this cruel occupation, how many there are, who will have abundant cause to exclaim, like poor Johnny Hodges, from the bottom of their souls, — WHAT A CURSE! — How many shall take as fair a departure for the voyage of life, and make shipwreck of all their earthly hopes, in a similar manner! How many hearts, not guilty of presumptuous sins, but grateful for Heaven's blessings in some humble sphere, shall be turned, by such misery as this, into broken cisterns, which can hold no earthly joy! How many husbands of drunken wives; how many wives of drunken husbands; how many miserable children, flying in terror from the walking corpses of inebriated parents, shall cry aloud, like poor Johnny Hodges, in the language of despair, WHAT A CURSE!

A WORD IN SEASON,

OR

THE SAILOR'S WIDOW.

A gentle pressure upon a delicate spring will sometimes open the way, and remove an obstruction, which all other means have been applied in vain to overcome. The powers of eloquence, the force of reason, the precepts of religion have been brought, ineffectually, to bear upon the head and heart, for many successive years; yet a single suggestion, from an unexpected quarter, in some fortunate moment, has, at last, fixed itself upon the mind with irresistible power, and sunk into the heart, and subdued the affections, and been the immediate means, under the blessing of God, of turning the sinner from his ways.

There are examples of moderate and immoderate drinkers, who have turned a deaf ear to the admonitions of the wise, and to the earnest exhortations of their friends; they have continued, imperceptibly to themselves, but manifestly to all beside, to approach nearer and nearer to the fatal precipice from day to day. To all human observation, their destruction has appeared to be inevitable. But it was not so written in the volume of God's holy will. The tears of a disappointed and heartless wife, or a word in season, even from the lips of a child, have, occasionally, recalled the wanderer from his ruinous career.

The little narrative, which follows, is an illustration of these remarks from real life.

The face of a beautiful child is an object of peculiar attraction, when smiles and tears are striving for the mastery there. Mr. Selden's attention was so completely arrested by this very condition of things, exhibited on the countenance of little Arthur, a boy about seven years of age, that he put down the decanter, which he held in his hand, and, for a moment, contemplated the features of this uncommonly interesting child, with an expression of delight and surprise. The consciousness, that he had attracted the observation of his father, prompted that smile, which beamed upon the boy's features, when he encountered the inquiring glance of an affectionate parent; but the conflict was not yet over; the sunbeam had not yet dried up the shower. — "What is the matter with Arthur?" said Mr. Selden to his amiable wife, who sat, with her Bible in her hand, waiting for the first stroke of the village bell. It was Sabbath day, and she was about to proceed with her children to the house of God. Mr. Selden had ordered his horse and gig, and proposed to pass the morning in visiting his greenhouse, in a neighboring village. "What is the matter with Arthur?" said he, repeating the question, as he again raised the brandy-bottle from the sideboard. "I really cannot imagine, my dear," replied Mrs. Selden: "go to papa, my child," continued she, "and tell him what is the matter." The little fellow walked reluctantly toward his father. "Come

tell me what makes you weep so, my son," said his father, patting him gently upon the head. — "Why, dear papa, I was thinking," said the child, in a trembling voice, "I was thinking how we should all cry, if you should die, dear papa, like poor Jemmy." — "And pray, who was poor Jemmy?" inquired Mr. Selden. — "He was a drunkard, dear papa," replied little Arthur, as he continued to weep by his father's knee. — "I should really like to know," said Mr. Selden, evidently with excited temper, and turning a glance of angry suspicion upon his wife, as he put down the brandy bottle, with some violence, upon the table; "I should like to know who has been giving this child his first lesson in impudence." — If the child's remark had been altogether inapplicable to the parent's condition, it would have excited no unpleasant sensation in the mind of Mr Selden. It was manifestly otherwise. This gentleman's habits had been, for some time, a source of disquietude to several of his friends. Upon the present occasion, little Arthur had most innocently unveiled the picture, and presented it, in full view, before his father's face. The words of truth and soberness occasionally drop from the lips of these little ones, with irresistible power. The seeds of common sense, cast into the natural soil, will often spring up and bear fruit, before we are prepared to expect the harvest. Tears came into the eyes of Mrs. Selden; — it was impossible for an affectionate wife to contemplate, even in imagination, the painful perspective of such a picture, without sorrow. — "I know nothing of poor Jemmy's story, my dear," said she; "I have never heard of it before, and I have not the slightest idea that any person has instructed the child to say anything offensive to your feelings."

"Arthur, my son," said Mr. Selden, evidently struggling to suppress more than one emotion of his soul, "who is poor Jemmy, and who told you the story, my dear? Let me know all about it." — "Oh no, dear papa," said the child, as he wiped the tears from his eyes; "it is too long a story to tell you now, for the bell begins to ring. But Jemmy was the son of Mary Morrison, the washerwoman. Mary told it, last washing day, to sister Nancy, and I stood by and heard it all. It will make you cry, father, I know it will. Old Robert, the coachman, heard it, and he cried a great deal; though he pretended to be whistling and cleaning his harness; and he was angry with me because I peeped under his hat." — "Well, well," said his sister, a very pretty girl of sixteen, who had just come into the room, to go with her mother to church, and who had caught the last words; "well, well, master Arthur, I wonder who dreamed of Jemmy Morrison, last night, and cried about him in the morning!" — "And what if I did, sister Nancy?" said

Arthur: "when poor Mary told us the story, you cried as much as she did: and, mother, Nancy has written half a sheet of poetry, about poor Jemmy Morrison, and wet the paper so with her tears, that she could not write any more."—"Come, my children," said Mrs. Selden, "let us go.—My dear," continued she, turning to her husband, "I suppose you will return from your ride before dinner."—"I shall not ride this morning," he replied; and, calling old Robert, he directed him to put up his horse. "I will walk to church with you, Susan," said Mr. Selden to his wife.—"Will you, my dear husband?" she replied: "I am truly rejoiced to hear you say so."—"Only think of it," whispered little Arthur to his sister, in the entry, "father is going to meeting!"

Little Arthur was delighted to hold his father's hand, and walk by his side. For more than two years, the members of this little family had not enjoyed the happiness of walking to God's house, in company together. The sermon was one of the Reverend Mr. ——'s most admirable appeals to the consciences of impenitent men. Nothing occurred to lessen the edifying solemnity of the Sabbath, excepting the officious efforts of little Arthur to find the hymn for his father, whom he considered, in some degree, as a stranger, at the head of his own pew.

"You cannot tell, my dear husband," said Mrs. Selden, as they returned from church, "how very happy you have made me, by going with me, this morning, to the house of God, instead of passing it in your greenhouse. Look, my dear, at those little ones," continued this affectionate wife; "what are all the plants upon the earth, from the cedar to the hyssop;—what are they to us, compared with these! Can we, consistently and rationally, devote our moments, few and fleeting as they are,—and, especially, can we devote the better part of God's holy day to the care and cultivation of perishable shrubs, while we have these precious shoots immediately before us, which it is our peculiar duty so to nurture, that they may be ready, in that hour, when God shall transplant them into paradise!"—These were words in season. Though he replied not, the mind of Mr. Selden had evidently been solemnized. They were not the only words in season, which had sunk, that day, and settled in the softened heart.

At the dinner hour, the brandy bottle was placed upon the table, as usual; but its contents remained untasted and untouched.—"O, mother," cried little Arthur, when his father had left the room, "I am so glad, papa has not taken any brandy to-day! I wish he could hear Mary Morrison tell about her poor Jemmy; I am sure father would never take any more."

In the afternoon, Mr. Selden again accompanied his family to the house of God. Though unusually silent through the day, his countenance betokened a subdued and anxious spirit within. "Should my husband," thought Mrs. Selden, "from this day, renounce a habit, which has filled us with sorrow and apprehension, can we doubt that a kind and all-merciful God has put a *word in season* into the mouth of our little boy; and made him the unconscious minister of incalculable good to us all!"

The tea service had scarcely been removed, when little Arthur came running up stairs from the kitchen, to announce that Mary Morrison was below. It was the habit of this poor woman to stop in, of a Sabbath evening, and pass half an hour with Mr. Selden's domestics. "Oh, dear father," said little Arthur, "do let Mary Morrison come up and tell the story of poor Jemmy."—"Perhaps, my child," said Mrs. Selden, "your papa may not wish to hear it, and possibly it may embarrass poor Mary."—"Let her come up, my dear, if she will," said Mr. Selden: "we are quite alone, and I have heard so much of this famous story, that I should like to hear the story itself."—Long before the last words had been uttered, Arthur, without waiting for any other commission, had rushed into the kitchen, and begun to negotiate with Mary Morrison for the story of Jemmy. But his success was not equal to his zeal. This tale of sorrow could not be told, by poor Mary, without levying a tax upon the heart. Though she had worked, for several years, in the Selden family, little had been known of her private history, saving that she was very industrious, very honest, and very poor. During the preceding week, some casual association had renewed the recollection of her sorrows; and, for the first time, she had freely and feelingly related the story, which had made such a forcible impression on the minds of Mr. Selden's children.—"You must not expect a famous story, dear father," said Nancy, "even if Mary Morrison can be prevailed on to tell it."—"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Selden, "I do not know that we can do better than listen to this tale of real misery; go down and induce the poor woman to come up."—In a short time the children returned with Mary Morrison. Mr. Selden bade her sit down, as she would be weary before she had finished her story; and little Arthur's services were not wanting, in furnishing a chair. But some time elapsed, before she could overcome her scruples and accept the proffered kindness. Mary Morrison was apparently about five-and-forty years of age. She had evidently been very pretty in her youth. Care had done more than time in rendering her less so; and her hair had become prematurely gray. She was tidily dressed, in her Sabbath apparel.

"Mary," said Mrs. Selden, with great kindness of manner, "Mr. Selden and myself do not wish to cause you unnecessary pain, but we have heard from our children such an interesting account of the loss of your son James, that we are very desirous of hearing the story from yourself; and we should be glad to hear some account of your husband also."

"Why, ma'am," said Mary Morrison, "I will tell you and Mr Selden the story, as I told it to Miss Nancy, the other day. My chief misfortune was the death of my poor Jemmy. I thought, when his father was lost, there could be no trouble, in this world, greater than that; but, when I came to part with Jemmy, I was forced to grieve not only for the poor boy's death, but for the manner of it too. It well nigh broke my heart, but God has bound it up; so that I am comforted in the hope of meeting my dear husband, in a better world; and as for Jemmy, it will be known, that the poor lad was not lost through any neglect of mine.

"My father and mother were very poor. They were industrious, and yet I do not think they were thrifty. Both my parents were in the habit of taking spirit, in the old-fashioned way. A great deal of all the little money they had went for rum, and a great deal of time was wasted in drinking it. Yet I am sure I never saw either of them '*the worse for liquor*;' and, in this respect, I have learned to know that they were very lucky. Whether it was owing to my father's habit of drinking or not, I cannot say, but he was confined with rheumatism, for the last four years of his life; and died so poor, that my mother and her three children went to the poor-house. I was the oldest, and was bound out to a family, that afterwards moved into the city. When I was sixteen, I became acquainted with George Morrison. The lady, with whom I lived, seeing that George and myself were attached to each other, very kindly, but without my knowledge, made inquiries respecting him. 'Mary,' said she one day to me, 'are you going to be married to George?' I told her I thought of it. 'Well,' said she, 'you can't do better. I have taken pains to inquire, and I hear he is an honest, worthy young man.' We were married, when I was eighteen, and he was twenty-five; and, as far as I can judge, there was about as much happiness, in the four years of our marriage, as many others are permitted to see, in the course of a long life. When my heart rebels, and my tears begin to flow, I try to see God's justice and mercy in this way. And, if poor George had lived to witness the fate of our only child, it would surely have broken his heart; for there was nothing, which he more thoroughly detested, than intemperance. He often told me, if he should be taken away, before

Jemmy grew up, and if the lad should be inclined to the sea, to warn him to avoid, in every port, a drunken, sailor landlord, as he would shun the gates of hell and the chambers of death. These were the last words, that poor George ever said to me, the hour that he left me, to go his last voyage." — Poor Mary put her handkerchief to her eyes; and little Arthur got off his father's knee, and took his position by her side.

"At that time," continued she, "Jemmy was about two years and a half old; and he was a great comfort to me then. Many a stormy night I have rocked the child in his cradle, and sent up my poor prayers to the mariner's God, for my sailor boy. — My husband was to be gone about eighteen months. Ten of them had worn wearily away, and I had received no information, excepting hat the ship had arrived out, and that all hands were well. About a month from that time, old Bob Lazell brought me a letter from George, and lightened my heart of its anxious burthen. He was well and happy; and, in the course of six or eight weeks, the ship was to sail, on the return voyage. In the wildness of my joy, I read the letter to little Jemmy, who had not yet learnt his letters. — Seventeen months had gone by. — Early one Sabbath morning, a neighbor came in to inform me, that my husband had returned, and that the Ajax was standing up the harbor. I left my little boy in charge of this kind friend, and ran to borrow a spy-glass; — it was so; my husband had informed me before of the ship's signals; and I distinguished the white ball in the blue flag at the fore. I ran hastily home and put on my cloak and bonnet; for, though they laughed at me a little for my eagerness, I was not ashamed, after such a separation, to meet my dear husband, half way at least. I soon saw the boat pulling for the wharf. It contained but half a dozen of the crew. I thought I saw my husband; — but I was mistaken; — I could not see clearly, for my eyes were so filled with tears of joy. In a few minutes, they came upon the wharf. The first man was our neighbor, John Weston. I shook hands with him; — he seemed desirous of avoiding me. — 'How is George?' said I. — His lip quivered; — he could not reply. — 'Oh, my God!' I exclaimed, and my next conscious moment was upon my bed, with a few kind friends around me.

"I soon learned that my poor George had been washed overboard in a gale, and was lost. Grievous as it was to learn these bitter tidings, I can now say, from the bottom of a broken heart, that it is happiness to think of a dear husband, who died in the discharge of his duty and lies beside some coral rock, with the sea-weed for his winding sheet; while it is misery to turn my thoughts upon my poor Jemmy, who lies in the drunkard's grave.

"The neighbors were very kind to me; and, when John Weston brought my poor George's sea-chest from the ship, he cried over it, like a child. They were always great cronies, from their cradles; and John's wife and myself were frequently together, solacing our lonely hours, by talking of our kind husbands. She opened the chest for me;—I had not the heart for it;—and, when she took out the toys and keepsakes, which my husband was bringing home for Jemmy and me, she wept over them, almost as freely as I did myself.

"In addition to this great affliction, I had, from that time, a large share of bodily sickness. My little boy, in his youth, was a real blessing; and, as he grew up, there never was a more kind-hearted or dutiful child.—My father, poor and humble as his condition was, had always been fond of reading. He had once been a teacher in the village school; and he had taken great pains to instruct me, in reading, writing, and ciphering. This was of great use to me, as it enabled me to teach little Jemmy, at least as much of these things as I knew myself. He took readily to his learning. When he was eight years old, I sent him to the town school. His spirits were very great, and his temper was affectionate and confiding. I soon perceived that he was in danger, from the example of bad boys. At ten, I bound him out, as an apprentice, to a block and pump maker, a Mr. Stetson. He was an excellent man, but Jemmy thought he was too strict, in his religious notions; and I thought so too, at that time; though it is likely enough I was wrong. Mr. Stetson complained, and sometimes severely, as I thought at the time, if Jemmy was ever absent from church or family prayers. At seventeen he became entirely dissatisfied, and bent upon going to sea. Against this I struggled, with all my might, for a long time. Finally, however, though he had promised not to go without my permission, yet as it was plain, that his heart was deeply engaged in the plan; and as he was constantly telling me of one and another young man, who had gone to sea, and were making their way in the world, I gave my consent, though with many tears. My poor boy obtained such a voyage as gave me reason to expect his return in about a year. Mr. Stetson did not object to the proposal: he told me, that he thought James was an amiable and capable young man; but, as he disliked his business, it might, perhaps, be as well for him to change it for some other. I have no doubt, that he gave my poor boy excellent advice, the night before he sailed; but James never liked Mr. Stetson, and, when I asked him what his old master had said to him, he only replied, that he had preached him a long sermon.

"I fitted him for sea in the best manner I could; and put every

little thing, that I thought would be useful to him, in the sea-chest, that had been his poor father's."

"Mary," said Mrs. Selden, "did you put a Bible into it?" — Mary Morrison sobbed bitterly. — "No, ma'am," said she, "and I have thought of it since, a thousand times. Not more than an hour after the ship had sailed, Mr. Stetson came over to our house, with a Bible in his hand, and told me that he had given it to James, the night before, but that he had forgotten to take it away. James was always honorable, and would not have done a mean action for his right hand, I am sure; but I am afraid he did not read his Bible, so much as some other boys." — "Well, Mary," said Mrs. Selden, "I did not mean to interrupt you in your story."

"I hope," continued the poor woman, "that God will forgive me, if I omitted to instruct poor Jemmy, in those great truths, and to rely upon those holy promises, which have since comforted my poor heart, in many a sorrowful hour. My own parents, though they were generally kind to all their children, were not strict at all, in relation to the observance of the Sabbath. The Bible was seldom read in our family; and the first time that I ever listened to family prayer, was in the house of good old Madam Burwell, to whom I was bound out by the overseers. During my stay with her, the Scriptures were read, morning and evening. My husband was not much given to such things; and I was so happy in my marriage, that I fear I did not think, as deeply and as gratefully as I ought, that it was the Lord, who *gave*, until I was taught to know, in my days and nights of bitterness, that it was the Lord, who *taketh away*. I had brought up my boy to be strictly honest in his dealings, to spurn a mean action, to bear his misfortunes like a man, to be strictly moral in all his conduct, and, especially, to avoid everything that might lead him into intemperate habits. — After the last of my great misfortunes, my old mistress, Madam Burwell, who, shortly after my marriage, had moved back into her native village, came down on purpose to see me. She remained a week in the city, and came daily to visit me. She taught me once more to open my Bible; and she prayed with me, till my heart was greatly relieved. 'Poor child,' the good old lady used to say, 'one tells you that time will bring relief, and another bids you bear your calamities with fortitude, and a third advises you to go into the world, and forget them there. Miserable comforters are they all. The help of man is a poor broken reed: there is no help but this one,' said the old lady, holding the Bible before me. '*I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.*' Upon the second visit that this excellent old lady made to my hum-

ble dwelling, after I had buried my poor Jemmy, she found me trying to read my Bible; but probably my countenance was full of anxiety, and showed her the inward workings of a restless soul. 'Poor child,' said she again, 'your spirit is fluttering about, like the weary dove over the yet unsettled waters; let me find a resting-place for you,' said she, as she took the book into her own hands. She turned over the leaves, like any minister, and read to me for an hour or more. It seemed as though God had softened the furrows of my hard heart, to receive the seed. From that hour, my burthen has been greatly lightened. 'Go daily to this well,' said my kind friend, 'for the waters of comfort. Bethesda's well is never dry.' From that time, I have never ceased to read my Bible, and I rejoice that my Redeemer liveth. How I wish," said Mary Morrison, as she sobbed aloud, "that I had led my poor Jemmy to the same fountain, when he was young!"

"Don't cry any more, Mary," said little Arthur, as he kissed her hand. — "I am afraid, that we have caused you too much pain already, my poor woman," said Mr. Selden, upon whom the story had evidently produced a deep impression. — "God is just, though he is merciful, sir," replied Mary Morrison, "and we none of us suffer more than we deserve. Perhaps I have trespassed on your patience." — "Oh no, Mary," said Arthur, "it makes me cry, but I should like to hear it again, I am sure I should."

"My boy," continued Mary, "instead of one, had been gone full three years, during which I received only two letters; though he told me, upon his final return, that he had written several, which never came to hand. In the first, which I received about seven months after his departure, he sent me an order on the owners, for a portion of his wages. About three years after he went to sea, I heard a report, that he had left the merchant service, and shipped on board a British man-of-war. This news gave me a great deal of sorrow. John Weston, who, during this period, had been several voyages to different parts of the world, had never met my son, though, after careful inquiry, he occasionally heard of him in different ports. Five years and two months had passed away, and I thought I should never see Jemmy again. But the neighbors kept up my spirits, and made me hope that he might yet return, and be a comfort to me for the rest of my days. — One day, as I sat knitting alone, the door opened, and who should come in but Jemmy himself! At the first glance, I did not know him; but the moment he spoke, I knew him by his voice. He had let his hair and whiskers grow very long; but I should have known him for all that. 'Dear Jemmy,' said I, as I threw my arms about his neck, 'what has been the

matter with you?'—He could scarcely reply;—even then, though it was early in the day, he was under the influence of liquor. His breath was strong of brandy.—I looked upon the face of my poor lad, and I saw how it was. He was then only two-and-twenty, and he seemed forty years, at least. I was greatly shocked, as you may suppose, to find, in one, who, as I thought, would have proved the staff of my old age, such a poor, broken reed. It would have soothed my spirits, to have thought that his intoxication was accidental, or that it had been produced by a little excess, upon his first arrival; but everything about this poor misguided boy told too plainly the story of his evil habit. There was never a clearer skin, when he went away; it was my delight to look upon his ruddy cheek. His color was all gone, and there was a sickly paleness in its stead. He had the stoop of an old man; and the bright eye of my poor boy, that used to look upon me so fondly, was dreadfully bloodshot and sunken.—It was an awful change. Bad as it was, I still felt that the poor lad was my own child. He was too much under the influence of liquor, to give any clear answers to my inquiries. I helped him on to the bed. 'My dear boy,' said I, 'I will make you a dish of tea, and may be you'll feel better.'—'No, mother,' he replied, in a broken voice, 'give me a little rum.'—'Oh my God,' I exclaimed, 'have I been waiting five wearisome years, and only for this!'—This impatient exclamation, which I uttered aloud, seemed to rouse him from his lethargy. He raised himself half way upon his bed.—'Mother,' he exclaimed, in the same hollow and feeble tone, 'don't fret about it now. It can't be helped. I'm a poor dog. I've just come home to die; and you may speak for the coffin as soon as you're a mind to.'—I sat down, and buried my face in my hands, and wept, for half an hour, in perfect silence. When I raised my eyes he was sound asleep. The next day he was seized with a raging fever. The doctor said he had caught a violent cold, but that intemperance had ruined his constitution; and that he had, at that time, evident marks of consumption. He was delirious during the fever, and raved a great deal about drunken landlords, that had cheated him, and broken his poor mother's heart. After the fever left him, he fell into a consumption, which rapidly wasted him away. On the fifty-ninth day after his return, I closed the eyes of my poor Jemmy; and the next day I laid him and all my broken hopes, for this world, in the silent grave. I cut away a single lock of his long dark hair, and of all that I loved so dearly, this alone is left to me now."

Mr. and Mrs. Selden were deeply affected by the story of poor Jemmy. "Oh, dear papa," cried little Arthur, "you won't drink

any more brandy, will you?"—"Hush, my dear," said Mrs. Selden.—"I am not displeased with you, my son," said Mr. Selden "and I have been greatly interested in your story, Mary Morrison. My little boy, who had heard it before, referred to it, this morning, in a manner, which offended me for an instant only; but I trust, by Heaven's blessing, it may profit me for the rest of my life. The suggestion of a child may sometimes prove A WORD IN SEASON. Come hither, Arthur," continued Mr. Selden. "We none of us can tell how much we all owe you, for making us acquainted with the story of poor Jemmy; and I shall not fail to comply with your request to drink no more brandy. To-morrow, you shall go with me, my son, and see your father sign the pledge of the Temperance Society." A smile of happiness lighted up the countenances of his children, while Mrs. Selden could not restrain her tears of joy.—The bell rang for nine; and Mary Morrison took her leave, receiving the kindest assurances of continued regard, from Mr. Selden and his lady.

"Dear papa," said little Arthur, "I have another favor to ask. I wish, before we go to bed, you would let sister Nancy read the verses, that she wrote about Jemmy."—"With all my heart," said Mr. Selden.—Nancy, after a little reluctance, was prevailed on to comply, and produced the following lines; which, at least her fond father and mother agreed, were prettily written and prettily read.

THE SAILOR'S WIDOW.

My heart, ah, how vainly it tries
From the grief, that pursues it, to flee!
By the side of some coral he lies;
His shroud the green weed of the sea!

The last parting words, that he gave,
Are deep in my bosom enshrined;
"'T is for thee that I plough the dark wave,
And the cherub I leave thee behind."

To win the boy's bread and my own,
He toiled o'er the merciless wave;
But I now am a widow alone,
And he lies in a watery grave.

How oft have I rocked thee to sleep,
And wished, pretty babe, but for thee,
I could lay myself down in the deep,
Where thy father lies low, in the sea!

No daylight so bright as thy smile,
No sound like thy voice to my ears.
How oft have I turned from my toil,
And bathed thee with kisses and tears!

Single-handed, I labored for thee,
And I watched thee, by night and by day:
Thy heart was inclined to the sea,
And, in sorrow, I sent thee away.

Like ages the weary months passed;
But my heart would oft cheeringly say,
He shall soothe and support thee at last,
When thy bonny brown hair shall be gray.—

How deceitful our hopes, and how fair!
Poor Jemmy came late from the sea;
Gray then was my bonny brown hair;
But no soother was Jemmy to me.

The riot of fire, in his veins,
Destroyed the poor boy in his bloom:
I shrouded his wretched remains,
And buried my hopes in the tomb.

The poison, which killed him, defies
The power of a mortal to save;
In his locks of bright auburn he lies,
In the wretched inebriate's grave.

This bonny brown lock that I wear,
I cut from his motionless brow;
Such then was my poor Jemmy's hair,
And it 's all, that is left to me now.

How deceitful our hopes, and how fair!
Poor Jemmy came late from the sea;
Gray then was my bonny brown hair;
But no soother was Jemmy to me.

"Well done, Nancy," said her father, as he brushed away the tears from his eyes, "you shall be the poet laureate of one family at least"—After a short pause, Mr. Selden raised his eyes, and beheld on the face of his amiable wife an expression of such perfect happiness, as touched him to the heart. The children had retired. Arthur, however, had previously descended to the kitchen, and whispered the news to old Robert, the coachman. "The Lord be thanked," said this faithful old domestic, who had long been a temperance man; "the Lord be thanked," said he with evident satisfaction; "upon the cold-water plan, what a kind-hearted, even tempered man, my good master will be!"

Susan," said Mr. Selden, as they were about to retire, "this, I trust, will long be remembered as a most interesting, and profitable Sabbath to us all."—"Oh, my dear husband," said this truly excellent lady, "how it fills my heart, to overflowing, with gratitude to God, that I am permitted to hear such words as these from my dearest earthly friend! As good old Mrs. Burwell said to poor Mary Morrison, the spirit is too apt to flutter about, like the weary dove over the yet unsettled waters: let us find it a safe resting-place in the Rock of Ages." "Even so," replied Mr. Selden; and, opening the Bible, he read a portion of the holy volume.

"Pray, master Arthur," said Mr. Selden, the next morning, 'why are you dressed up so trimly to-day, in your bettermost suit?" 'Because, dear papa," he replied, "we are going this morning, you know, to good Deacon Palfrey's, who keeps the temperance book, to sign the pledge."—"We!" said Mr. Selden.—"To be sure, dear papa; and mamma and Nancy are going too. Old Robert, who signed it long ago, says that children sign it, who are only six years old, and I am seven." "Well, well," said his father with a smile, "you have made up a party; and, I trust, it will be a party of pleasure and profit to us all."

The Seldens signed the pledge that day; and thereby took away, most effectually, from their anti-temperance neighbors, that very common and most miserable argument, the example of opulence and fashion.

This family is now one of the most pious and happy in the county. We cannot omit to mention, that, on that very morning, old Robert came into the parlor with a peculiar smile, bringing in a new family Bible. "Mr. Selden told me, ma'am," said he, "to remove the liquor stand from the sideboard, and put the good book in its place."

Not a sparrow falls to the ground, without the notice of that God, whose all-observing eye is over all his works. If praise hath been perfected out of the mouths of babes, let us not marvel, that from the same source may proceed A WORD IN SEASON; which may prove the blessed harbinger of temporal and eternal joy.

SEED TIME AND HARVEST.

In this last number of the second volume of our Temperance Tales, we offer you a short and simple narrative, which produced a very deep and lasting impression upon a group of three or four of us, as it was related, certainly in the most natural and touching manner, by the son of a drunken father. We have added paragraph to paragraph, with a growing conviction of our utter inability to imitate the voice of nature.

As the story is a brief one, it shall not be disfigured by a tedious preface. If, by God's blessing, it shall be the means of dispelling wretchedness from some humble dwelling, — if it shall cause a single drunkard to reform, and bless the Lord, who giveth *Seed Time and Harvest*, we shall never regret that we have bestowed our labors in the field.

It must be nearly midnight, thought I, as I walked rapidly along. I had travelled full fourteen miles. The rain descended in torrents; and, finding ready admittance, at a farmer's barn, I climbed upon a hay-mow, and threw myself down, thoroughly wet, weary, and sleepless. — What an awful visitor it is, thought I, at the poor cottager's fireside! How forcible and true are the words of Holy Writ! If wine be "a mocker," in the castles of the rich, — among the habitations of the poor, "strong drink is raging." — There was I, at the age of sixteen, turning my back upon my birth-place, upon my home, upon a mother and sister, whom I tenderly loved. — As the recollection of all they had endured already, and the anticipation of their future sufferings rushed upon my mind, I had almost resolved to return: but, alas! what could I oppose to the ungovernable fury of an unkind husband and an apostate father! No, thought I, I will fly from that, which I can neither prevent nor endure. I will seek my bread among strangers. By the kind providence of Him, who hath promised to be the Father of the fatherless, and such, in reality, I am, I may win, by honest industry, the means of bringing comfort to her, who bore me, when my father's intemperance and prodigality shall have made havoc of all that remains; and when the last acre of the homestead shall have passed into the rum-seller's hands. My resolution was fixed. Sleep was gathering over my eyelids. I got upon my knees to commit myself to God in prayer. I could scarcely give form to my scattered thoughts; — it seemed, under the condition of high excitement, in which I then was, that my father was before me, enraged at my departure, and demanding who had taught me to pray. It was he himself, who first set me upon my knees, and placed my infant

hands together, and put right words into my mouth, and bade me ask of God to put right thoughts into my heart. How ofter had he led his little household in morning and evening prayer! How often, as we walked to God's house, in company together, had he led the way! How constantly, in our daily labors, had he conducted our thoughts to serious contemplation, by some sensible and devout allusion to those employments, in which we were engaged! Lost and gone, degraded and changed he was; but he had been once a kind father, a tender husband, a generous neighbor, a faithful friend, a pious and a professing Christian.

Rum and ruin, hand in hand, had entered our dwelling together. The peace of our fireside was gone. The rum-seller had laid my poor, misguided father, under the bonds of an unrelenting and fatal appetite; he had won away the little children's bread; and converted our once-happy home into an earthly hell, whose only portal of exit was the silent grave.

It was very evident to me, that we were going to destruction. My father's interest in the welfare of us all was at an end. Debts were accumulating fast. His farm was heavily mortgaged. His habits, long before, had compelled the church to exclude him from the communion; and the severest abuse was the certain consequence, whenever my poor, old mother went singly to the table of her Lord. I could have borne my father's harsh treatment of myself and of my poor sister Rachel; but he returned home, at last, constantly intoxicated; and, when opposed in anything, proceeded to swear, and rave, and break the furniture, and abuse my old mother, who bore it all, with the patience of a saint; — I made up my mind, that I could stand it no longer.

I waited cautiously, for a favorable opportunity, and asked my father's permission to go to sea. He flew into a terrible rage. The next morning he seemed to be in a better frame of mind, and, as I was chopping wood before the door, he asked me, of his own accord, what had induced me to wish to leave home, and go to sea. I hesitated, for some time; but, as he urged me to speak out, and, at the same time, appeared to be much calmer than usual; — "Father," said I, "it kills me to see you and hear you talk and act so badly to poor mother." — He flew into a greater rage than before, and bade me never open my mouth upon the subject again.

Thus matters continued to progress from bad to worse. Love is said not to stand still. This saying is manifestly true in regard to the love of strong drink.

Our domestic misery continued to increase, from week to week. There were intervals, in which, my father was more like himself,

more like the good, kind parent and husband, whose outgoings, in the morning, had been a source of affectionate regret, and whose incomings, at night, had been a subject of joy to the wife of his bosom and the children of his loins. I have seen the faint smile of satisfaction brighten upon my poor mother's pale features, upon such occasions; and I have marked the sigh, half suppressed, which told the secret of an agonized spirit, and which seemed to say, How precious, how brief is this little interval of joy!

It was indeed like the parting sunbeam, the last, lingering light of a summer day, which plays upon the cold grave, where the treasure and the heart are destined to slumber together.

In such an example of domestic wretchedness as ours, the operation of cause and effect was perfectly intelligible. Rum excited into action all that was contentious, in the nature of my parent. A keen perception of his own blameworthiness, notwithstanding the stupefying tendency of the liquor he had drunken, increased the irritability of his temper. A word, look, or gesture, from any member of the household, which indicated the slightest knowledge of his unhappy condition, when he returned, at night, under the influence of strong drink, was surely interpreted into an intentional affront. He would often anticipate reproof; and, as it were, repay it beforehand, by the harshness of his manners.

The habit of drinking, which is invariably the prolific mother of sin and sloth, wretchedness and rags, is sure to be maintained and kept alive, by the beggarly progeny, to which it has given birth. Whenever my unhappy father was dunned for the interest on his mortgage, or any other debt, which, at last, he had no means to pay, he was in the habit, almost mechanically, as soon as the creditor had departed, of turning to the jug of rum, for relief and oblivion.

The gloom and ill-nature, which had hitherto been occasionally interspersed with exhibitions of kindlier feelings to us all, appeared to have become unvarying and fixed. There was less and less, from week to week, of an April sky. All was chill and drear, like November. One evening, my mother and sister had been busily engaged, as usual, in such housewifery, as might best contribute to keep our poor wreck of a domicil together, as long as possible. I had learned to write a fair hand, and was engaged in copying some papers, for our squire, who paid me, by the sheet. It had gotten to be nearly ten o'clock. My mother put on her spectacles, and, opening the Bible, began to read. Rachel and I sat by the fire, listening to the words of truth and soberness. My poor mother had fallen upon a portion of Scripture, which, from its applicability to her own situation and that of her

children, had affected her feelings, and the tears were in her eyes, when the loud tramp upon the door-step announced the return of my father. His whole appearance was unusually ominous of evil. My mother stirred the fire, and I placed him a chair, which he kicked over, and threw himself down upon the bed, and called for supper. Mother told him, in a gentle manner, that there was nothing in the house but some bread. He told her she lied, and swore terribly. She sat silently by the fire; — I looked up in her face: — she wept, but said nothing. "Don't cry so, dear mother," said Rachel. — "Wife," said my father, sitting upon the edge of the bed, "when will you leave off crying?" — "Whenever you leave off drinking, husband," replied my mother in the kindest manner My father sprang up, in a hurricane of wrath, and with a dreadful oath, hurled a chair, at my mother's head. I sprang forward, and received its full force upon my shoulder. Rachel and my mother fled to a neighbor's house, and my father struck me several blows with his feet and fists; and, as I made my escape, I left him dashing the furniture to pieces, with the fury of a madman. — I rushed forth to seek shelter amid the driving storm — from the tempest of a drunken father's wrath. I went, as speedily as possible, to the squire's house, and begged him to take compassion on my poor mother and sister. Having received his promise, that he would go instantly over to our cottage, I took the resolution, which I have already stated.

After I had passed a comfortless night in the farmer's barn, I pushed forward to the city. I had a trifle of change in my pocket; I bought a biscuit of a travelling baker, and I had no relish for any other than the beverage of God's appointment, which was near at hand. When I reached the city, I directed my course to one of the wharves, and found no difficulty, as I was unusually stout for my years, in obtaining a voyage, as a green hand, in a ship bound to China. Three days passed, before the ship sailed. I wrote to my mother and sister, bidding them keep up their spirits, and put their trust, as I did, in the God of the widow and the fatherless, for such, and even worse, was our condition. I asked them to say to father, when he was sober, that, although I scarcely expected to see him again in this world, I freely forgave all his ill-treatment to myself.

I worked hard and strove to please the captain. I soon found that ploughing the sea was a very different affair from ploughing the land. I had a good constitution, and a cheerful temper. I had been taught, at all times, by my dear mother, and by my poor, unhappy father also, till he became intemperate, to put the fullest confidence in the promises of God. When we arrived in China,

though we had shipped out and home, the voyage was broken up, and the ship sold. The captain settled with the crew to their entire satisfaction; and I shall always be grateful for his kindness to me. He got me a voyage to England. I laid out my wages, by his advice. I could not have followed a shrewder counsellor. He was born and bred, so far as regards his land learning, in one of the most thrifty villages in Connecticut. We had a most boisterous voyage from Canton to Liverpool; but, whenever I pulled a rope, I always pulled a little harder for the sake of my old mother and sister Rachel. — I had saved every penny of my wages, that I could lay by, and my little investment in Canton turned out far beyond my expectations. I do not think I was avaricious; but I felt it to be my duty, under existing circumstances, to save my earnings for my honored mother. Nevertheless, I felt myself authorized to indulge in one luxury at least; so, upon my arrival in Liverpool, I went into the first bookstore and bought me a pocket Bible.

Five years had now gone by, in which I had sailed many thousands of miles, and visited various corners of the world. During this period, I had gotten together a larger sum of money, than I ever expected to possess at twenty-one; besides having made several remittances to the squire, for my old mother's use, to whom I wrote upon every convenient opportunity. They all came to hand, as I afterward learned, saving one, in gold, which went to bottom, with poor Tom Johnson, who was lost at sea. If I was fortunate enough to save my hard earnings, just let me say, for the advantage of every brother sailor, that there are four things, which I never did; I never suffered a drop of grog to go down my hatches, blow high or blow low; I never rolled a stinking weed, like a sweet morsel, under my tongue; I never crossed hands with a drunken landlord; and I never bore away from a poor fellow, whose hammock was harder than my own.

My five years' absence from home might have extended to fifty, but for many recollections of my mother and sister, which became more forcible, from day to day. My remembrance of my father was of the most painful character: the very recollection of his tenderness, in the days of my childhood, which often brought tears into my eyes, served only to render the image of a cruel and degraded parent more frightful and revolting.

I had shipped, about this time, on board the Swiftsure, from London to Oporto. One afternoon, two or three of us, a day or two before the ship sailed, had strolled over to the south side of the Thames, to look at the king's dockyards at Deptford. As I was rambling among the docks, I received a smart slap on the shoulder

and, turning suddenly round, whom should I see but old Tom Johnson, an honest fellow as ever broke bread or wore a tarpaulin! He was born in our village; had followed the sea for nearly forty years; and, once in the course of three or four, he contrived to find his way to the old spot, and spend a few days in the valley where he was born. — "Why, Bob," said he, "I 'm heartily glad to see you, my lad; so you 've taken leg bail of the old folks, and turned rover, in good earnest, ey?" — I told him, I hoped he did n't think I 'd left my old mother to shirk for herself, in her old age. — "Not a jot," replied the old sailor; "Squire Seely has told me the whole story, and says he has put the sweat of your brow, more than once or twice either, into the old lady's hand, and made her old weather-beaten heart leap for joy, to hear you was so thoughtful a lad. I saw your mother about a year ago, and your sister Rachel." — I shook old Tom Johnson, by the hand; I could not restrain my feelings, for this was the first news I had received from home, for more than five years. — "Come, Bob," said the old fellow, "don't be for opening your scuppers and making crooked faces; though it blows hard enough now, it may get to be calm weather after all." — "How is my father doing now?" I inquired. — "Why, as to that," answered Tom Johnson, "it 's about a twelvemonth since I was there. I told the old lady I might cross your hawse in some part of the world. She has a rough time of it, my boy. The old man holds on to mischief, like a heavy kedge in a clay bottom. The cold-water folks began, about a year ago, to scatter their seed in the village, in the shape of tracts, and tales, and newspapers. Some of them were thrown at your father's door, and at the door of old Deacon Flint, the distiller. There, as you may suppose, the seed fell in stony places. Your father was in a great rage, and swore he 'd shoot the first person, that left another of their rascally publications before his door. I 'm afraid it will be a long while, my lad, before the temperance folks get the weather gage of the rum-sellers, and rum-drinkers in our village. They have had a miserable seed time, and the Devil and Deacon Flint, I am afraid, will have the best of the harvest."

As Tom Johnson was to sail, in about a week, for the United States, I sent by him a few lines of comfort and a small remittance for my mother. As I have already stated, they never reached the place of their destination. The Oranoke, of which this poor fellow was first mate, foundered at sea, and the whole crew perished.

After our arrival at Oporto, the crew of the Swiftsure were discharged; and, finding a favorable chance, I shipped for Philadelphia, where we arrived, after an extremely short and prosperous passage

—I directed my course, once more, towards my native hamlet. My feelings were of the most painful and perplexing character. In accumulated years, and even in the little property, which I had gathered, I felt conscious of something like a power and influence; which, by God's grace, I hoped to exert for the protection of my mother. Yet, when I recollected the ungovernable violence of my father's temper, under the stimulus of liquor, I almost despaired of success. At any rate, I could behold the face of her, who bore me, and receive her blessing once more before she died.

Having sent my luggage forward, I performed a considerable part of my journey on foot. I had arrived in the village, adjoining our own. I paused, for an instant, to look at the barn, in which, five years before, I had passed a most miserable night. It brough before me, with a painful precision, the melancholy record of the past. Every mile of my lessening way abated something of that confidence, which I had occasionally cherished, of being the instrument, under God, of bringing happiness again into the dwelling of my wretched parents.

I had arrived within two miles of the little river, which forms one of the boundary lines of our village. I was passing a little grocery, or tipplery, and, standing at the door, I recognized the very individual, who formerly kept the grog-shop in our town, and from whom my father had purchased his rum, for many years. Although it was already gray twilight, I knew him immediately; and, however painful to approach a person, in whom I could not fail to behold the destroyer of my father, I could not repress my earnest desire to learn something of my family. I accosted him, and he remembered me at once. His manners were those of a surly and dissatisfied man. In reply to my inquiries, he informed me, that my parents and my sister were alive, and added, with a sneer, that my father had set up for a cold-water man; "but," continued he, with a forced and spiteful laugh, "it will take him all his days, I guess, to put off the old man: they that have gotten the relish of my rum, are not so very apt to change it for cold water."—Upon further inquiry, I ascertained, that there had been a temperance movement in our village; and that the seed, as poor Tom Johnson said, had been scattered there, with an unsparing hand. I also gathered the information from this rum-seller, that the selectmen had refused to approbate any applicant for a license to sell ardent spirit in our village; and that he, himself, had therefore been obliged to quit his old stand, and take the new one, which he now occupied.

I turned from the dram-seller's door and proceeded on my way. It was quite dark; but the road was familiar to my feet. It afforded

me unspeakable pleasure to learn, that my mother and sister were alive and well. But I was exceedingly perplexed, by the rum-seller's statement in relation to my father. Can it be possible, thought I, that he has become a cold-water man? How true is the rum-seller's remark, that few, who have gotten a taste of his rum, are apt to change it for cold water! For more than twelve years, my father had been an intemperate man; and, even if he had abandoned ardent spirit, for a time, how little reliance could be placed upon a drunkard's reformation! Besides, Tom Johnson had expressly stated, that my father had been exceedingly hostile to the temperance movement, from the beginning.

With these and similar reflections, my mind continued to be occupied, until I entered our village. It was about half past nine, when I came within a few rods of the old cottage. A light was still gleaming forth from the window. I drew slowly and silently near to the door. — I thought I heard a voice. I listened attentively. — It was my father's. — My mother appeared not to reply: such was her constant habit, whenever, under the influence of liquor, he gave a loose rein to his tongue, and indulged in unkind and abusive language. — I drew still nearer — and, passing softly into the entry, I listened more attentively, at the inner door. — Can it be possible! thought I. — He was engaged in prayer! in fervent and pious prayer. — He prayed, with a trembling voice, for the restoration of an absent son! — There was a pause. From the movement within, it was evident they had risen from their knees. — I gently raised the latch, and opened the door. — The father, the mother, the brother, the sister, were locked in the arms of one another! — My regenerated old father fell once more upon his knees; we all followed his example; and before a word of congratulation had passed from one to the other, he poured forth such a touching strain of thanksgiving and praise to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for my safe return, as would have melted the heart of the most obdurate offender. It came directly from the heart of a truly penitent sinner, and it went straightway to the God of mercy. — I gazed upon my poor old father. It seemed like the moral resurrection of one, already dead and buried, in his trespasses and sins. — I glanced rapidly about me: all was peace, all was order; where all had been strife and confusion before. The rum-jug no longer occupied its accustomed place upon the table: — the expanded volume of eternal life was there in its stead!

I gazed with inexpressible joy, upon the happy faces about me; my father, to all outward appearance, such as he had been in better days, sitting in silence, and evidently restraining the emotions of his

soul; poor Rachel upon my knee, her features bathed with happy tears; and my dear, old mother turning her countenance, full of gratitude and love, alternately towards Heaven and upon a long gone child, returned at last.

Six years have now gone by, since a merciful God softened the stubborn soil in my father's heart. The seed did not fall altogether, as Tom Johnson supposed, upon stony places. Some of them have sprung up, as in our own highly-favored heritage, and borne fruit a hundred fold. Let us thank God, then, who hath enabled us abundantly to gather the HARVEST; for peace is once more at our fireside; the wife has regained her husband, and the orphans have found their father.

AN IRISH HEART.

My respected friend, the reverend chaplain of the Massachusetts State's Prison and formerly chaplain of the State's Prison of Auburn, in the State of New York, will recognize, in the material groundwork of the following tale, an affecting narrative, which, during the past year, he did me the favor to communicate.——

The emigration from Ireland to America of annually increasing numbers, extremely needy, and, in many cases, drunken and depraved, has become a subject for grave and fearful reflection. Should this influx continue, or a few years more, in the same ratio of increase, which has existed for a few years past;—should this imposing subject continue to be thought unworthy or unsusceptible of legislative provision, and should the materials of this oppressive influx continue to be the same,—instead of an asylum, our country may be appropriately styled the common sewer of Ireland. That we have here a highly respectable body of Irish citizens, temperate, industrious, and upright, no man denies. But the complexion of the mass is very different. A very great majority of those, who have been driven from their own shores, by sheer necessity, are addicted notoriously to the free employment of spirituous liquors. They quit a country, where whiskey is sold at 6*s.* 8*d.* sterling per gallon, and they find in this land of freedom a substitute in New England rum, at 28 cents per gallon. In their own country a week's hard labor would scarcely enable them to be drunk for a single day;—here the wages of a single day will enable them to be drunk for the remainder of the week. Recent examinations have sufficiently developed some of the leading causes of that awful pauperism, which exists in Ireland. One or two examples may suffice. A single distillery in Clonmel pays annually 60,000*l.* sterling duty to the crown. The sum received for duty, at a single excise office at Waterford, averages 1,000*l.* sterling per week. This indeed supports the government, but crushes the people, by taxing, instead of prohibiting, the means of misery and crime. And where a poor *spalpeen* can neither shake off the habit of intemperance, nor afford any longer *to support the government*, his last refuge is the "*fras contree.*"

INNISFALLEN is one of the most romantic little islands in the world. It lies in the midst of Lough Lean — the beautiful Lake of Killarney. This sheet of water is situated in the County of Kerry and Province of Munster, and consists of a lower, middle, and upper lake. The waters of the lower lake encircle the island of Innisfallen, which contains about eighteen English acres. This island is remarkable for the ruins of an ancient religious house, founded by St. Finian, the patron saint of these parts, who is better known to the Irish however, under the name of LOBBAR, the son of CONAIL. But it is more remarkable by far, for the enchanting wildness of its scenery. The lower portion of Lough Lean lies to the north, and is about six miles in length; and the town of Killarney rises upon its northern shore. Its northern boundary is a broken line of hill and interval, affording, here and there, a delightful prospect of the lake and its green islands. The southern shore presents a range of lofty mountains, covered with timber of the largest growth. The promontory of Mucruss, which separates the upper from the lower lake, has been called by travellers the land of enchantment. A torrent, tumbling and tossing among the dark woods and beetling rocks, rushes, with its tribute of never failing waters, to the lake below. This is the celebrated O'Sullivan's cascade; and in front of the

cataract, but at such a distance, as to be far from the reach of its troubled waters, lies the island of Innisfallen.

This wild and sequestered island, which Queen Mab herself might have been proud to claim as the spot of her nativity, was the birthplace of a poor Irish girl, whose name was Kathleen McCready.

In another corner of this little island, under the thatched roof of a miserable, weather-beaten shantee, dwelt Phelim Mashee, as rough an Irishman, as ever mounted a shamrock or swung a shillala. It has been observed, by a distinguished writer, that an Irishman is any man's customer in a row. In a row or out of it, little were the odds to Phelim Mashee. He tenanted a scanty acre of as unproductive land, as could be found in the County of Kerry, upon a rocky declivity, descending to the lake. Here old Phelim literally struggled with the precipice for bread, or rather, for potatoes, which, with the poor Irish, are one and the same thing. If Heaven had not blessed him in a particular manner, in his basket and store, he had no reason to complain of the deficiency of children. There were Thomas, and Phelim, and Winifred, and Thaddy, and Owen, and Dermot, and Mary, and Tooley, and five or six smaller children, whom they had not found time or disposition to baptize. These bare-legged and white-headed spalpeens might be seen, from morning to night, fighting with one another, or dodging among the bushes, or fishing upon the borders of the lake. Such were among the more respectable of all their occupations. After dark the McCreadies kept close watch and ward over their potato patch, and hencoop; the shote was in no danger, he was invariably taken in for the night, to lodge with the family. — There was a feud, of many years' standing, between the Mashees and McCreadies. I never could obtain a correct account of it; but I believe it was occasioned by a disrespectful expression, uttered by David McCready in relation to the banditti, who were called White Boys, and who, in former days, greatly annoyed the counties of Limerick, Cork, and Tipperary, of which fraternity, the father of Phelim Mashee had been a distinguished member.

Whatever might have been the origin of this animosity, it was exceedingly bitter on the part of Mashee, and prolonged for many years. David and Phelim had agreed to settle it, by a regular fight, upon St. Patrick's day in the morning. But Phelim was altogether too full of the *crathur* to do himself justice; and David, if we may be allowed to use his own expression, gave him a "nate leetle teest o' the hammer."

From this time, Phelim Mashee made no scruple of saying, that David McCready was "*na jintilman*," having taken advantage of

his unlucky condition. Old Phelim sought his revenge, by doing McCready all the mischief in his power, and, for this object, he did not hesitate to instruct his children accordingly. With the assistance of these urchins, thus faithfully initiated, in the ways of wickedness, by an able preceptor, it is not surprising, that, notwithstanding their utmost vigilance, the McCreadies, in the course of several years, suffered greatly, in their humble possessions. A farming or domestic utensil, left abroad during the night, would have been as certainly transported before morning, as an iron marlinspike from on board ship, during a visit from the natives of some of the Polynesian Islands. These nocturnal forays were not altogether unprofitable to the Mashees. Whenever any of the little freebooters brought off an article, which could be readily identified, such as a rake or a hoe, it was carefully concealed by old Phelim, till he had occasion to go to Killarney, where it was sold or exchanged for whiskey. But, when the plunder consisted of the produce of the garden, it was thrown into the cellar; for, as he used to say, "it wud puzzle the like o' St. Patrick to pick out his own praties onyhow."

David McCready had not a worse heart than his neighbors; and as for Mary, his wife, there was scarcely a kinder soul in all Munster. David, like the great mass of Irishmen in humble life, had been brought up to look upon a fight as a frolic. It was this very David McCready, who, being a little the worse, or, according to his own code of sensations, a little the better for whiskey, knocked down a gentleman, in Killarney, without the least provocation; and, being interrogated by the magistrate, as to his motive for such conduct, towards an unoffending man, replied, that "he thought not a bit the worse of the jintilman than he did afore, but that he stud so right an' fair, that he could not, for the life o' him, help giving him a facer." But, for all this, David McCready was a kind-hearted Irishman. — "Think of it hinny!" said David to his wife, as he came in one morning early from his garden, with an angry brow. — "Come till a body what is the matter now McCready?" said she. "Claan gane!" he replied with increasing anger. "And for pity's sake what 's happunt McCready?" said she. — "Not a man, woman, nor child o' 'em lift," cried her husband. — "An who knows what is the like o' that y' are spaking aboot, McCready? don't ye be kaping a buddy upon the tanters, come, out wid it David." — "Tut, an can't ye understand a mon, an that yourself hinny, when he spakes so plain nor the like o' that; why the tarnips are claan gane I till ye, an its the wark o' Satan or his lawful attarney, Phelim Mashee, bad luck to him." In half a dozen minutes, McCready had

shadowed forth as many methods of revenge. He was doubting whether to *trate* him to a greater *bating* than he had given him on St. Patrick's day in the morning, or to give him a good sousing in Lough Lean. — "Whoosh now! David McCready, is it for you to talk sich clishmaclaver as the like o' that!" said Mary to her husband, patting him upon the shoulder with a good-natured smile. "Y' are not sartin, David, that Phelim it was, what sarved ye sich a maan thing as that." "An for what for is it that y' are iver sa riddy, Mary, to gi' bail for the ould villin o' a thaaf as he is, that Phelim Mashee? maybe, ye 'll fancy that all the tarnips have walked ower to the ould nagur's cillar o' their own frae wull." "Wall, David McCready, an if Phelim has been guilty of sich maanness, he wull ha' the sin to answer for i' the dee, and he has his rint to pay in this warld, whether or no, an that comes tough enough to a poor parson onyhow; and, as for the tarnips, like enough among sich a rigimint o' childher, there 's na more nor two or thraa a pace. Now jist think o' it McCready, an we ha' none to faad an clothe but Kathleen." — "Bad luck to him!" such were, upon this and most other occasions, the last words of McCready, when speaking of Phelim Mashee. But, if we may judge from the fact, that David never proceeded to any action against his unruly neighbor, in a corresponding spirit, we may fairly set them down as words of course, for whose utterance the tongue is chiefly responsible, and which come not from the heart. Years rolled away: David McCready and Phelim Mashee were getting to be grayer, and their children were almost men and women. It was about seven years before, that David and his wife had become protestants. I never understood, that they were as much benefited by the change as could have been desired; but, among the consequences of their domestic reformation, a Bible had found its way into the dwelling of David McCready; and Kathleen, who had been taught to read, was so frequently found by her father and mother, with the volume in her hands, that it went, in the family, by the title of Kathleen's own book. As for old Phelim Mashee, he was of no particular religion. When he had laid up a good stock of sins he, now and then, went over to Killarney, of a Sabbath morning, and got *relaaf* by *confissing* them out o' the way, as he used to express it, and sealed up his soul with a wafer; and returned, quite invigorated, for the perpetration of new offences.

The most daring and adroit of all Phelim's troop of marauders was Thaddy, his third son. He was now a very comely lad of about seventeen years of age. For some time however, he had been remarkably unsuccessful. Old Phelim, who was less able to

help himself to his neighbor's goods than in former years, was unsparing in his imprecations upon Thaddy, conceiving him to be blameworthy, in proportion to his well known talent for all sorts of petty thievery, by day and by night. He specially berated him for not stealing McCready's ducks, which were often abroad, on the water or the land. Thaddy, having been trained to steal and lie, tried his skill in the latter department, upon his venerable preceptor. He told his father, that he had gone several times to the pen, where they were shut up, and that he had seen Kathleen McCready watching them with a light, and that, of course, it was of no use "to be after staaling them ducks ony moor."

In all this there was just enough of truth for the construction of a plausible falsehood. He had gone about a month before, for the purpose of stealing McCready's ducks; and he had seen Kathleen with the light as he asserted; but the adventure had a very serious termination, the knowledge of which he thought proper to withhold from his father, and which it is high time for us to disclose. Thaddy Mashee, in the course of his furtive operations, had frequently approached near enough to Kathleen McCready, to satisfy himself, if we may use his own words, when speaking of her among his brothers and sisters, that she was "as nate nor a primrose." But the relation of their respective families prevented even a speaking acquaintance. Upon the occasion, to which we have referred, Thaddy, having prepared a bag of sufficient size to hold his plunder, cautiously approached the scene of action, just as the sound came sweeping over the lake from the bells of Killarney, which were then ringing nine. He reconnoitered the poultry yard, and found the ducks in their pen. At that moment he heard a voice, and, creeping on his hands and knees towards the cottage, he perceived Kathleen, with her candle and her book, sitting by the side of a table, near an open window, reading aloud. No person was in the apartment but herself. Her father and mother had gone to bed, after a hard day's work. Thaddy had never enjoyed so good an opportunity of seeing Kathleen in his whole life, and he had never heard the sound of her voice till then. For a moment he was completely subdued by the sweetness of its tones. He continued to lie flat upon the grass, stretching up his head, like a turtle from its shell, to get a fairer view. Kathleen suddenly paused, and turned her face towards the window. It was accidental however, and Thaddy, upon whose brow the perspiration had already started, recovered his composure, when he saw her snuff the candle and turn over the leaf. She was reading a chapter of the Apostle, which contains the decalogue. As she recommenced, her head was again turned towards the win-

dow. Thaddy fancied that Kathleen looked him directly in the eye. But what was his amazement, when she uttered the words, "*Thou shalt not steal!*" "The Lard bliss ye, maastress Kathleen," said poor Thaddy, "how in the name o' nathur cud ye know that I was after the ducks?" — "And who are you?" inquired Kathleen, with much less of agitation in her manner, than such a surprise might be thought likely to occasion. "Who are you?" she inquired again "It 's myself," answered Thaddy in a suppressed voice. Kathleen held the light forward and instantly recognized her visitor. "And cud ye ha' sa bad a heart, to be after staaling my poor ducks, Thaddy Mashee?" said Kathleen. "I did n't maan to staal the ducks," answered Thaddy, "now I knows they were your own bards, and I wud n't sa much as hart a hair o' their heads, an I had known it afore." — "Ah, Thaddy Mashee," said Kathleen, "don't ye be after lying aboot it, for the faar o' God. Can ye raad, Thaddy? may be, and ye can raad, I wud lind ye my good book haar, and ye might be lid away from your bad coorses, and turn protestant, Thaddy." — "I cannot raad a word o' it all," replied Thaddy, hanging his head, "but I thinks I wud be after turning a'maist onything to plase yourself, Kathleen McCready."

It is not our intention to repeat any more of the conversation between Thaddy and Kathleen. The account may be summarily stated; Kathleen had saved her ducks — Thaddy had lost his heart; and, if there be truth in the proverb, that exchange is no robbery, there was something in the feelings, with which this poor Irish girl laid her head, that night, upon her pillow, which went not a little way to balance the account.

From that hour Thaddy Mashee found no more agreeable employment, than in rendering some kind office to Kathleen. The duck pen was often stored, over night, by some unknown person, with fish, which abounded in the lake; and, by the same invisible hand, bunches of primroses were occasionly thrown in at the window. David McCready had, for some time, rejoiced in that apparent security, which prevailed in his humble domain; and, now and then, some long lost article of property appeared mysteriously in its orig inal position.

The death of old Phelim Mashee, which occurred about a yea from this period, produced an immediate dispersion of the remain ing members of his family; Thomas had already fallen from a pre cipice and broken his neck; Winifred had run away with a wild chap from Kilkenny; and Owen was drowned in the lake. Upon the death of old Phelim, the poor-house of Killarney received its tribute. Tooley went to sea. Thaddy alone remained in Innisfallen. —

About three months before his father's death, he had so effectually wrought upon the heart of old David McCready, by his good behavior, that he was received into the family as an assistant, on the day after the funeral. David went to the funeral of old Phelim himself; and, when any allusion was made to the old man's offences, he always interposed with "sure it 's all to be sittled i' the dee: jist lit ould Mashee rist aisy in his shell, till he 's called to answer for it all."

Thaddy gave entire satisfaction to his employer. We cannot assert, that he grew daily in favor with God and man; but he certainly obtained favor in the eyes of Kathleen McCready. After a long day of toil, he seldom failed to ask her to "spake a few good wards out o' the book." And as she was very desirous of converting the poor lad, she was ever ready to read a chapter or two, before they separated for the night. How effectually she advanced the cause of protestantism may be inferred from Thaddy's sensible remarks, which were always to the point: "An is n't it yourself now, Kathleen McCready, that has the voice o' an angel! — It 's swaatly rid, Miss Kathleen! — And had n't I rather sit haar wid ye, o' a bright night as it is, an haar ye raad the good book, nor to haar ould Father McCloskey say mass, through his nouse, for a hull waak, or the like o' that?"

For the convenience of both sexes, it has been reduced into the form of a portable proverb, that love doth never stand still. This is never more true, than when a comely young Irishman is the chief engineer. Thaddy and Kathleen were not many months engaged in their joint study of theology, before they had settled a knotty point of infinite importance, in connection with their temporal welfare. This portion of their existence, though in all probability, by far the most happy period of their lives, cannot be equally interesting to the reader, in all its minute and comparatively insignificant detail. Thaddy and Kathleen were equally in love with each other. She had given him a lock of her hair; he had presented her with a silver ring, surmounted with two hearts of red glass, which he had purchased at Killarney; and they had solemnly vowed with all due formality to be man and wife, when Thaddy should be twenty-one. All these matters having been irrevocably settled, Kathleen informed her parents, that Thaddy Mashee had made her a proposal of marriage; and, as in duty bound, requested their counsel and advice. The old folks took the whole matter as gravely into their consideration, as though their joint *veto* would have had any serious influence in breaking off the match. After grave reflection, they gave their consent, provided Thaddy continued to be as clever a lad, until he should be twenty-one.

The scattered seed, buried deeply in the earth, beyond the influence of the sunbeam, and which has slumbered long and unprofitably there; when brought nearer to the surface, by some casual disturbance of the soil, though after years of indolence, may yet vegetate, and put forth its stalk, and leaves, and flowers. And this fortune is as likely to befall the bramble as the rose. How similar is this to that process of vegetation, which not unfrequently takes place in the human heart. Principles, good and evil, which have been there deeply implanted in our early days, overgrown and smothered, as it were, by thoughts and cares, incident to some new direction, which circumstances have given to our course of life, may continue, in a state of torpitude, not only for years, but in some extraordinary cases, until life's decline. As gentle showers and a genial atmosphere call forth the green shoot from the ground, those early principles may also be quickened into action, by a peculiar and apposite combination of events. When the grace of God begins to fall, like the soft dews of Hermon, upon the hard heart of some penitent offender, it is no uncommon occurrence, for the first sensible impressions of good, the first profitable compunctions for sin to be intimately and delightfully blended with inexpressibly tender recollections of our childhood; — of the morning walks and evening counsels of some pious father, or mother; — of those gatherings around the family altar, with which the day began and ended. — This pleasing picture may be painfully reversed. A strong desire for some temporal advantage, in the gift of one, who is not likely to bestow it unworthily, may stimulate a sinner to such extraordinary exertions, that he will be sometimes seen to constrain his outer man into the semblance of a saint. Long after the possession of such earthly good, he may continue to hold his propensities to evil under a very creditable measure of restraint. Such restraint may become so familiar, so easy, that he may almost flatter himself into a belief that his evil nature has been effectually subdued. This condition of things will too often prove, at last, to have been owing to the absence of temptation alone. And when, at length, he becomes a runagate, fully developed, there may be some, whose recollections may enable them readily to associate a vicious old age with a profligate boyhood. But it is not always thus. —

Kathleen McCready never did anything by halves. She was thoroughly in love with Thaddy Mashee; — she gave him her heart — her whole heart, without any reservation whatever. Kathleen was no philosophical calculator of cause and effect. She never took into the account two important considerations, either of which is of sufficient consequence to teach any young woman to pause;

Thaddy was still abominably ignorant, and, until very lately, had been exceedingly vicious. He was devoted however to Kathleen; and, if she had been an empress, she would cheerfully have given him her sceptre for a shillala. This poor Irish girl was possessed of a good natural understanding, but her heart set no limit to its loving, when it had fairly begun to love at all. Evil report and good report, as connected with the object of her affection, varied not the measure of that affection the tithe of a hair. All this may appear superlatively ridiculous to those, who marry for money and love by rule. But, beside her old father and mother, Kathleen McCready had no other object of deep interest upon earth, than Thaddy Mashee. She could not distribute the mass of her love into parcels, and bestow part upon her carriage, and part upon her fine clothes, and part upon her furniture, and give her lover the small balance in hand. She did not love him, because he administered to her passion for finery and pleasure, but she loved him, all for himself, and, simply because he was Thaddy Mashee. Hers indeed was a first, young love. The soil of her heart had been ever unbroken till then. Larry O'Rourk, to be sure, had scraped round her, a year before, when she was passing a week or two with a friend at Killarney. He was desperately in love with Kathleen. But Larry was an unalterable catholic, and Kathleen was determined to wed none but a protestant. Besides, a part of Larry's religion consisted in praying to saints and worshipping carved images, and idols, which Kathleen held to be preposterous abominations. He was particularly scrupulous, in paying his devotions to one idol, in particular, under the semblance of a stone jug.

Thaddy Mashee had attained the age of twenty-one years, and had passed through the interval of probation, from the day of his engagement with Kathleen, to the period of his majority, to the entire satisfaction of her parents.—Kathleen McCready, by unremitting diligence in reading the Scriptures, had acquired no inconsiderable knowledge of their invaluable contents. She had a faithful and truly humble reliance upon God's promises; and her simple and earnest supplications for her father and mother, for Thaddy and herself, if less remarkable for long words, and all the formal technicalities of prayer, were not the less likely on this account, to ascend, unincumbered, to Heaven. Of Thaddy's progress in religion we can say but little. He was certainly desirous of acting in conformity with the earnest wishes of Kathleen; and, as she was not disposed to throw any insurmountable obstacle in the way of their union, she, most probably, did not examine the evidences of his conversion from Romanism, with all the rigid scrupulosity of an impar-

tial father of the church. He undoubtedly believed himself to be a better protestant, than he had ever been a catholic; and the doctors of the Sorbonne would have conceded as much. Kathleen was untiring in her exertions to make him acquainted with the simple truths of religion. He appeared to have a correct idea of the increased difficulty of instructing one, who had grown up, for twenty years, in ignorance and irreligion. "It 's aisier to make a straight stick," he would sometimes say, when her patience had been severely tried, by his inaptitude, "than to mind sich a crooked one, Kathleen."

One morning he came down, with a smiling countenance, fully satisfied, that he had become a good protestant during the night. "Och! Thaddy, what can ye maan?" said Kathleen, "y' ave bin draming, sure." "Indaad, and I have, Kathleen," replied Thaddy. "Jist hark a bit, and I 'll spake it to ye, daary. I thought o' it, the dee, and all afore night, ye see, if I cud hit upon a plan to know for sartin, an I was baing raaly a protester nor the tother. So I fill aslaap and it 's sure, I was wide awak, for I ricollected as wall as it was yourself, Kathleen. And so I dramed o' a plan, whin I was awak, to find out the sacret, after I was sound aslaap, as I was." — "Whoosh! daar Thaddy now," said Kathleen, "I wud not be after minding a draam, or the like o' that neither; but" — "List to it hinny, and ye 'll say yourself, there niver was the like o' it, for a draam in the warld. So ye see, whin I wak'd up, as I did, after I had been aslaap, mind ye, I did the thing jist as it happunt i' the draam. I opunt the windy, and pit a bit o' paper on the tap o' it, that is, on the buttum, ye know. So says I to myself, for there was nobody else to spake to, — Thaddy, says I, if y' are a poor misguided catholic, the bit o' paper wull blow out, but if y' are a raal protester in your heart, thin sure the bit o' paper wull blow in." — "And which way did the bit o' paper blow, Thaddy?" inquired Kathleen. "Why now," answered Thaddy, "if ye 'll belaave the thing, it stud jist as still, hinny, as a cauld praty." — "And for why thin Thaddy, did ye think ye was not a catholic after all?" said Kathleen. "And don't ye saa it," he replied, "as claar as the water in Lough Lean, and nothing can be clarer nor that, the Lard lift me to be jist which I plased; and is n't it I, that plases to be a raal protester, Thaddy Mashee?" Kathleen, of course, was not fully persuaded of Thaddy's conversion, by such an argument as this. She told him that he must pray to God for light and knowledge, and listen to the Scriptures. Nevertheless, she had such confidence in Thaddy's desire to be a good protestant, that she consented to appoint a day for their wedding. The ceremony was performed by a protestant clergyman from Killarney, and it may not be

unworthy of remark, that the wedding gown was a present from Larry O'Rourk, who was at the wedding, and confessed afterwards, that he had been at fifty weddings, and never went away sober from any one of them before. The tumultuous character of his feelings, upon this occasion, forced the poor fellow to laugh and cry from the beginning of the ceremony to the end of it. Four or five days before the occurrence, Larry came very unexpectedly to McCready's cottage, with a small bundle in his hand, and desired to see Kathleen. She was at first not a little embarrassed, by the presence of such an unusual visitor. "Ye 'll be after thinking it 's a dale o' impudence in me to visit ye jist now," said Larry, "but it 's no sa ill mint ony way. I 've not come to spake o' the ould mather nather, Mistress Kathleen, at all, at all. I know it 's all sittled long afore, in favor o' Thaddy Mashee, good luck to him onyhow. An ye had married a wealthy lubber, and all for the shiners, I cud not ha' tuk the mather sa aisy, Kathleen; and it wor not right daling at all an I had not dressed him a shillala, and gin him a teest o' the thing acrass the chaak o' the nagur. But Thaddy 's a poor lad like myself, and it 's all for the love o' the ragged spalpeen that he is, that he was, it is that I maan, that y' are going to be married. — My sister Biddy O'Rourk was it, ye know, she did n't marry Bob Dougherty, and it was na fault o' hers nather, and no impachement o' Bob's intigrity for all that. She died, the poor crathur, before the day o' her widding or thereabouts. We used to say that two paas in a pud, were niver alike, nor Biddy and you were not, i' the bilt and shape o' ye both. I bought her a widding gownd, and she niver wore it ye know, jist for the raison I tould ye. Now ye 'll wear it yourself, I guess, not to plase me to be sure, but to plase the poor girl, that 's dead and gane, for she iver spake a civil ward o' ye, Kathleen." Larry threw down the bundle, and, wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his coat, strode away, as fast as his legs could carry him, and without waiting for a word of reply from Kathleen.

Kathleen's perplexity at Larry's present was speedily abated. "Good luck to ye Katty," said her mother, "an it 's you that will waar the thing sure, at your widding, avourneen, becase an ye did n't, 't wud be a didly offince, an there 's not an O'Rourk that wud na be after faaling it to the back bun. It 's a nate thing o' Larry onyhow. He 's a gin'rous crathur, and an illegant lad he was, afore he tuk to sucking like a laach at the mountain dew. Ye 'll pit it on your back for sartin, at the widding; an, after y' are buckled by the praast, and Thaddy has taken the first kiss, it wud be na moor nor ceevil to let Larry O'Rourk ha' the next one, if he 's not ondacent for the liquor, mind ye."

It was about a fortnight after the wedding that Thaddy had occa sion to go over to Killarney. It was evident on his return, by the agitation, which he exhibited, that he had met with some unpleasant adventure. The anxiety upon his countenance did not escape the notice of Kathleen, who interrogated him, in relation to the cause of it. "Why, it 's all for your own silf, hinny, that my blood was up, before ye cud wink your swate eyes entirely, it was. They made crooked faces, ye saa, an call'd ye hard names, an if I had a bit o' rowan tree, for the want o' a raal shillala, I 'd a gin 'em their gruel, wud n't I?" — "Hut! Thaddy, an who, in the name o' the wicked warld, was it that did it, an what was it they did, when it was done?" cried Kathleen. — "Why jist this it was," replied Thaddy, "whin I was ower at Killarney, as I was in no petiklar hurry, having nothing in the warld to do jist thin, I stud as pace-able as a shaap, looking at the harses, fine bastes were they, which Lord Denmore was a claaning down, naar his Lordship's stables, Tom McCormick his groom, it was that claan'd 'em; whin I haard a buddy ower the way, calling 'Thaddy Mashee,' that 's myself mind ye. So I looks round, an there was Father Brian O'Balliguts and Tony Mesarvy, the curate. So I tuk aff my cap, an 'What 's your Riverence's wull?' saad I, as I wint acrass. 'What 's the sin ye have been committing, ye spalpeen?' says Father Brian, jist thase was his wards. I thought, for the sowl o' me, he was a bit frolick-some, as he sometimes is, at a wake or a birrel, when the porther is all right. So I saad to him, 'Nathing, your Riverence to mintion, unliss it be a sin to waste a braaf minnit in looking at a fine baste.' — 'Y' are a greater baste yourself,' saad he as quick as a flash o' powther; an I thin conjicter'd by thare crooked faces, that he an the curate was in arnest. 'Y' ave married a vile hiretic,' saad he, 'an ye 'll have the comfort o' ache ather's society longer nor ye 'll wush for, Ise warrant, for ye 'll be damned eternally togither.' — 'Be-side,' said the curate, 'y' are not married nather whither or no, for all that, ye monster as ye are, for the cirimony was perfarmed by a hiretic praast, which is no praast at all, nohow, an agin the law it is.' — 'You a catholic!' cried Father Balliguts, 'your sowl will be roasted ye vagabone, why ye haan't come to confission for a yaar nor more.' — So they rin on, one taking up the ward, whin the tother pit it down. I might as wall tried to clap my rid rag betune the clitter clatter jaws o' a nail maker ingin, as to squaze in a ward betune Father Brian an the curate. At last saad one nor the tother an for the botheration o' it, it is n't me that can till which o' 'em it was, 'What have ye got to say for yourself ye varmint?' sed he. — My blood was a little up, mind ye, jist a day or two after my wid-

ding; so says I, 'Father Brian Balliguts, I owe ye not a luck penny, the Lard be praised, an I 'd have ye take notish, that Ise been a raal protester for eight months at laast; an, as for baing married or no, Mr. Mesarvy, which y' ave had the manners to spake o' without ony dacency at all, at all, I 'll jist mintion it in your Riverence's aar, that it 's ginrally belaaved y' are not married yourself to Polly Mahony, nor na other, not maaning to be petiklar onyhow.' Catholic praast as he was, daap scarlet rid was it, that he colored jist thin, to that end o' his aar, that belanged to the pillory foor yaars ago, nor moor, whin he scampered away along wi' Widdy Finnigan's daughter, an broke the ould leddy's heart into foorty paces. He was not a praast thin, to be sure, but larning to be one." — "Daar Thaddy," said Kathleen, "is n't it you after all, that wull be gitting yourself into throuble; an what did Father Brian an the curate chuck in your taath for that much?" — "Och! now, Kathleen, it was not in the like o' me to be impartinint to sich as them; an I knew wall enough, that Tony Mesarvy cud na be married by the rules o' the praasthood; but I thought after his thratement o' me, it wud be as wall to pit him i' the way o' laaving off praching, an baing an honest mon into the bargin. But ye ax'd me hinny, what they ped me for the outlay. Blunderanoon! Wurra it was, was n't it them same that stud right away fro' me, an crassed 'emselves, as though I had brought 'em a bit favor fro' Scatland, which they was not jist willing to resave. — 'Y' are damn'd for it,' says the curate, 'an all your posterity including your father, the thaaf that he was.' — 'Next Thursday,' saad Father Brian, 'is the dee for cursing hiretics, appointed by the most holy catholic church. A most fortunate evint it is, providintial entirely. Pit him down for a double portion.' — So the curate tuk out a leetle book an wrote away. 'Ye 'll ha' your share o' the brimstone,' saad Father Brian. 'Exkimmunikit it is that ye are, an so ye was afore ye was born. A sore pity, to be sure, that sich an honest lad as ye might ha' bin, if ye had not bin the divil incarnate that ye are, should be etarnally roasted; an aven now, ye poor toad, for I saa ye thrimble all ower, like an aspin laaf, — aven now, if ye wull gi' up your evil ways an the divil's bard o' a hiretic, that y' ave married, an crave the church's pardon, on your knaas, an the curate's, an come to mass an confission like an obadient lad, it cud be gotten ower perhaps. A little practical ividence that y' ave truly repinted wud be expicted o' course. A fine lot o' tarkeys an gaase it is, that I 've saan as I pass'd ould David McCready's on the island.' — Now it is n't me that wull lie about it; I did thrimble a leetle, an the dhraps o' shwet stud upon my forhead, whin he

mintioned the ward exkimmunikit, an to haar him talk o' baing roasted, an the like o' that, an that same a praast into the bargain; — but whin he call'd ye a hiretic, swate crathur that ye are, an he had been ony other than he was, I wud a done for him, Ise warrant — I did n't thrimble after that, ye may depind. 'Father Balliguts.' says I, 'I till ye, a protester it is that I am, an y' ave nathing to do wi' me; an it is n't the vally o' a laan ould gander, that I 'd gi' to ony mon, that would spake so onjintaal o' Mistress Mashee; an so, if you plase, ye may jist throw aff your cassock to make the wark aisy an exkimmunikit the whole boodle o' the family, turkeys an all, till y' are tired.' An so I turned upon my haal, an was aff in a jiffy. I jist look'd ower my showther, an I saa 'em crassing 'em-selves, an I haar'd something aboot exkimmunikit in ating, an in drinking, an in slaaping; an, jist when I look'd agin, they was tarning in for a dhrap o' dew to Paddy McCleary's shebeen."

"Poor faable crathurs they are," said Kathleen, after a short pause. "It is n't in the like o' them to fitch an carry for the Lard. Ah, Thaddy, faar not what man can do unto ye, an vengeance is mine saith the Lard. Ye remimber that I 've rid the like o' that to ye in the book. Is n't it myself, Kathleen McCready." — "No it is n't," said Thaddy, interrupting her. — "No more it is n't," continued Kathleen, "Ise no desire to change back agin, Thaddy. Is n't it myself thin, Kathleen Mashee, that used to rin for life wi' hunders o' poor sowls after the praasts, to do thare bidding. It saams to me now, sich mummery, more like pitting min in Gad's place, nor ony other. The whole time was wasted wi' aves, an pater nosters, an baads, an masses, an confissions, an praying to the saints, poor buddies, as though the Lard Gad, who has an eye ower all his warks, had not an aar for all his crathurs. — But, Thaddy, what cud the wicked curate maan aboot the marriage na baing raal!" — "Cushla macree, gi' yourself no onaisiness aboot that nather. It was that same it was that throubled me a leetle. So, as I was passing Daniel O'Leary's, that imminent lawyer, ye know, I call'd out Paddy Shane, the lad that swaaps the affice it is; an I stated the case to him, as I thought he might ha' heer'd the lawyer spake o' it, the like o' it I maan, whiles he was swaaping; an so ye saa, he nivir did. But the oblaaging crathur, says he, the lawyer has jist got a fee, that he niver got the like o' it in his life; it 's fro' ould Doran the miser, for proving to the satisfaction o' the jury, that Pether, the ould man's son, did n't staal the brown 'orse that he staal'd afore Christmas. Pether had got to be down-hearted, an lost his gizzard a bit, by baing sa lang i' Dingle jail, so he confissed that he staal'd the 'orse, afore the jailer an a dozen

moor. But Lawyer O'Leary proved by moor nor foorty witnesses an his own father an mother amang the rist, that Pether was sich an infamous liar that the jury cud pit no reliance upon onything he sed. So he got him aff, an the ould dryskin o' a miser, as he is, has jist pit the guineas in his hand, an it 's fee enough for Pether an the like o' you. Lawyer O'Leary is jist in the humor. Come in mon, sed Paddy Shane, an I 'll inthroduce ye. So it was I, that wint in, an Paddy Shane, an he has a claan tongue o' his own, made a plainer case o' it nor I had tould him myself. So Lawyer O'Leary he laughed a dale, he did; an he tould me to git along, an he sed a saucy thing aboot yerself hinny, but nathing ondacent it was. If y' ave more childher sed he nor y' ave praties, the tane wull lawfully inhirit the tother. An he bade me till Tony Mesarvy, the curate, if I mit him, that Lawyer O'Leary wud exkimmunikit him himself afore Easter, for a pair o' brogues, that he had n't ped for to Dan Rian, the starving shoemaker. So I made my bow, that is I made a dale o' bowing; an whin I come out, 'there 's no fee to be sure,' sed Paddy Shane, 'but an ye laave a tarkey or a flitch o' bacon, whin y' are in Killarney agin, it wud be doing the dacent thing.' — 'An sure it wud,' sed I; 'y' are a jewel Paddy, an it shall be forthcoming.' — An so ye saa now for yourself, swate Katty, it 's all according to law, and sure it 's worth a tarkey, or a graan goose ather, to know as much nor that."

It is not easy, among the walks of humble life, to discover a more satisfactory example of happiness than that, which existed here, in the centre of Lough Lean. The wants of this happy couple were those of mere necessity, and they were easily supplied. The lake afforded its tribute for man's occasions in abundance. The poultry yard was sufficiently stocked, not only for domestic uses, but many a fat bird was exchanged for the good things of Killarney, and now and then for the *good crathur;* for an Irishman, who did not sometimes partake of it, would, in former days, have been deemed scarcely worthy to be called a child of Erin. The McCreadies had also a mouleen or two. The surrounding woods furnished fuel in abundance, and there was no want of plain, wholesome apparel. Here then were meat, fire, and clothes, the sum total of man's physical wants, so far as the body is concerned. Here also there was no lack of spiritual aliment, for that *all in all*, the great text-book of time and of eternity, was here. Beneath the roof of thatch, and as the honored possession of a poor Irish girl, it spoke the same uncompromising and unalterable language, that it pronounced in the palaces of kings, and from the lips of archbishops. The tide of imaginary necessities had not flowed toward this humble dwelling.

One wave follows not more certainly, in close pursuance of its predecessor, than one imaginary want presses behind another; until happiness, if such it may be called, is found to consist not in the fruition of our present possessions, but in an interminable pursuit of novelty. There is not a more unattainable object than entire contentment with our present condition, whatever it may be; and the most effectual means for securing it are to be found in the establishment of a just relative standard of value, between the commodities of earth and heaven. Kathleen had made her Bible a profitable study; for, almost unaided in searching the holy volume, she had found the highest object of all human pursuit, her Saviour and her God. Kathleen was a humble Christian. She was devoted to her parents in their old age; and, as a wife, the very name of Katty Mashee was a proverb, in those parts. She loved Thaddy, on other scores than the mere relation of husband. As one feels an affection for an individual, whom he has drawn out of the water by the very locks, as it were; so Kathleen looked upon Thaddy as a brand, that she had saved from the burning. She had been the means, under Providence, of turning him from a career of crime; and, whatever was the sum total of Thaddy's religion, it was attributable, under the same guidance, to her untiring exertions alone. For Thaddy, though devotedly attached to Kathleen, was naturally as wild and changeable as the mountain wind; and such impressions as were produced upon his mind, were liable, in no ordinary degree, to be effaced by the very first impulse of this world's affairs. "Daar heart," she would often say, after several ineffectual attempts to impress some precious truth upon his mind, "it 's wi' the mather I wud fix in ye, as it is wi' the footprint upon the sandy shore o' Lough Lean, the very next flush of the wather carries it away."

Thaddy Mashee had satisfied himself, and he was not alone in the opinion, that he had no talent for carrying on the little farm, which his father-in-law had tenanted for so many years. "Whin your honored father is gane and gathered, Katty," said he, "what shall I be after gaining here, in the way o' a livelihood, but a ded loss? 'T will be a losing consarn, so will it indaad." At one time he was inclined to settle in Derry, and be a weaver. At another, he was disposed to fix himself down, as a shoemaker, in Killarney. At length he came to the conclusion, that he would be a carpenter, and live out his days in Limerick. — About a year after their marriage, Kathleen was blessed with a son, whom they called David McCready after his grandfather. This event appeared greatly to increase Thaddy's anxiety for the future. — "It's hard gittin on

Kathleen," said he one evening, as they were sitting by the child's cradle. "It wor iver hard enough, but harder yet it 's to be. Why, ye 'll not tarn your head ower your showther, afore David McCready Mashee, daar little imp that he is jist now, will be wanting his brogues and his hat, and his coat, and the like o' that. Your honored father, whin he was that same man what he was, in the green tree, cud no more nor bring the two inds o' the yaar togither, and tough enough, that it was. Sure it 's not myself, that can do the like o' him. He 's an insight o' thase mathers and a daap calkillater he is, and knows jist how mony praties apace wull do it, ye saa. I wush I had bin brought up to it, Katty, — daar me; — I cud do it aisily I think, was I to larn the carpinter's trade. Limerick is a great place for a carpinter, they say, Katty." — "Don't ye remimber," said Kathleen, "last night it was, I was raading it to ye, Thaddy, daar mon, 'Take no thought for the morrow, what ye shall ate, nor what ye shall drink, nor wherewithal ye shall be clothed?'" — "I had na misremimbered that nather, Kathleen," he replied; "nor this other tixt that ye rid to me, 'He that provideth not for his own household is ten times worse nor an infidel,' I think it was." — "Wall, Thaddy," said Kathleen; "I 'se right glad y' ave remimbered it so wall, though it is n't jist so in the Bible. — Ye 'll mind it, Thaddy, father and mother are ould now, and I hope mony summers and winters it wull be, afore the black ox trids upon the toe o' ather, good luck to 'em both. But let us talk saftly, for they may be waking ye know, and wud n't be plased to haar us spaaking so fraaly o' their ould age. It wud n't be me, your own Kathleen, that wud cause ye to sorry at some future day, to saa me repintant for laaving my father and mither i' their ould age. So I must do the naadful for 'em both in their second childhood, as they did for me in the first: and moor nor that, daar Thaddy" said she, sobbing as she spoke, and covering her face with both hands, "their swaat eyes it is, that have tarned upon me so kindly, the windies out o' which their blissed sowls have look'd upon me so fondly, their only child that I am, — thase it is that I must shut up for this warld, whin they go under boord, to be opunt niver agin till the dee. And I am to pit them both, blessed crathurs, along side o' their forbares. — Thin it wull be so, that Kathleen Mashee wull not mind the big hills and braad waters for your sake, Thaddy; and whuriver ye go, is n't it I myself that wull go wid ye? Ye 'll thrate me kindly, I know ye wull; and, if ye shud be hard upon me, may God forgi' ye now, afore ye rinder me ill for good."

Thaddy could scarcely be heard for his sobs: "Cushla macree," said he, "can it be ony other than me myself that knows your

own maaning, Katty? Whin I was ondacent and rough to ye, the night o' Mary Cary's berril, rest her sowl, I cud ha' graav'd out thase eyes for that same the nixt marning." — "Don't mintion it ony moor," said Kathleen; "I knew it was na fault o' yours, daar mon. It was the crathur, it was, and so don't be after taking the thrifle that it was to your swaat heart ony moor, Thaddy."

Thaddy rested satisfied with Kathleen's promise for the future. He had procured a few tools, and with the occasional assistance and instruction, which he was able to obtain, he became tolerably expert in the coarse branches of carpentry. Thus they lived on for two years, at the close of which, upon a careful adjustment of their account of joys and sorrows, a large balance of happiness would have been found in their favor. After his occasional visits at Killarney, it is true, that Thaddy would frequently bring home with him indisputable evidence, that the habit of treating and being treated, so universal among the common Irish, was likely to disturb the harmony of this little household, and, if carried to excess, ultimately to destroy it. Old David, who had fully attained that period, when the grasshopper is said to be a burthen, could not always restrain his complaints. Kathleen, upon such occasions, was the peace-maker. She had obtained no common influence over her husband. "Haar, Thaddy," she would say, as she drew him to one corner of the common apartment, "this way mon, it 's your tay, and a maal cake, that 'll be the bist thing for ye:" and then, in an undertone to the old folks, "Poor lad it is, laave him alone, it 's not he that 's to blame, sartin, it 's the crathur, that same."

Time, the wizard, whose alchymy is everlastingly at work, had wrought great changes in the compass of four years, under the thatched roof of David McCready. — Strangers were now the tenants of old David's cottage. The duties of filial affection to her parents, to which Kathleen had so feelingly alluded, had been faithfully performed. She had closed their eyes, and they were now sleeping in peace with their *forbares*. — Not long after this event, Thaddy and Kathleen put together their little possessions, and set forward on their way to Limerick, where Thaddy was to perfect himself in the carpenter's business, and get bread for his family. Thaddy's spirits were very buoyant. "Niver doot my succiss entirely," he would sometimes say, "it 's sartin it is; for there 's Rory, and Pether, and Michael O'Donnohue, thard cousins to my own father's sister, Winny Mashee, what 's in Limerick ever so lang, gitting rich it is they are. And they writ me a litter aboot it, that is they got it writ. I never resaaved it at all, at all; but Brian Lowder it was, that brought it; that is he forgot it, and litt it at

Bob Finnigan's shebeen, where he stopped on his jarney to git a dhrap afore he started. Come, chaar up hinny," said he to Kath'een, "and wipe the taars aff now." — Kathleen had just gotten out of the wherry, in which they had crossed the lake from Innisfallen to the main land. She had stopped, for a moment, to take a last look of the little island; — her birth place, — the scene of her past life, — the graves of her fathers were there! The tear gathered in her eye. "Daar Thaddy," she exclaimed, "it 's na me repinting onyhow; — but maybe I 'll not see Lough Lean and Innisfallen agin." — "Cushla macree, chaar up a bit," cried Thaddy; "stand safe whur y' are, till I lift oot the gorsoon; and is n't it this little crathur, your own it is, that I 'm pitting in your hand, David McCready Mashee, wid the name o' your honored father into the bargin; is n't it this same, that 'll be a stay and a staff to ye whin y' are ould?" — "Ye may wall say that, and I hope it is," replied Kathleen, wiping her eyes, "but after all, Thaddy, the halp o' mon 's a raad ye know. Whin it 's a' the warst, the true halp is haar, and indaad it is," holding up at the same time *Kathleen's own book*, the Bible, which she had not thought proper to trust with their ordinary baggage.

They proceeded on their way, and, without any extraordinary adventure, arrived safely in Limerick; and, as may be readily supposed, both Thaddy and Kathleen were greatly astonished at the magnificence of the metropolis of Munster, compared with anything they had seen before. They had not advanced far, after entering the town, when Thaddy, notwithstanding the heavy pack upon his shoulders, sprang full five feet into the air. "Life 's me!" he exclaimed, as he came down, throwing his cap upon the earth for joy. "Daar Thaddy, what 's in ye to scrape it thus in a great strange place?" said Kathleen; "why, the folks it is wull think y 'ave seen a banshee, or the like o' that." — "Wurra now," cried Thaddy, "that same it is, don't ye saa, lucky heart," pointing to a little shebeen, over which, on a rough board, was chalked, in tolerably fair characters, *R* FI*NNIGA*N. "Now I 'll get at it," continued Thaddy, "entirely;" and, stepping up to the door, he gave a smart rap with his shillala. "Walk in," answered a sharp voice. — "It 's you to walk out sir, plase ye; my wife 's here, an I wud na be apt to laave her in a strange place," replied Thaddy. — Upon this the door was opened by a little, round man with a red face. "Your name sir, is Finnigan, onyhow," said Thaddy. "Indaad an it is," replied the little man, "an what 's your wull sir, may be it 's a dhrap ye wud." — "Not jist that nather," replied Thaddy. — "It 's the dust it is, that mak's it enconvanient for your

woman outside," rejoined the little man, "may be ye 'll find a nater sate for a leddy inside the shebeen." — "The bisness is jist haar sir," said Thaddy, entering the dram shop, followed by Kathleen, leading David by the hand, "I wud like to resaave the litter that Brian Lowder fitched me to Killarney, and lift jist here, for he forgot it, the spalpeen that he was." — "May be it 's all the same as ye spake," replied Finnigan; "Brian Lowder, that same, is the very mon that I niver saa here, nor what 's moor nor all that, I niver haard o' him onywhere. May be y' es acquainted in Lim'rick, though it 's your name I niver haar'd afore nor since." — "It wud ha bin the dacent thing to be sure," said Thaddy, "an I had tould ye myself. It 's Thaddy Mashee, my name sir, at your sarvice, an this is Mrs. Kathleen, my woman, an the gorsoon is David McCready, that was his grandfather, pace to his sowl. Kathleen, hinny," said Thaddy, in a whisper, "what is 't ye 'll tak?" — "A little buthermilk for me an David, plase ye, Thaddy." — "Wud it be dacent, now we 're inside the shebeen," continued he in a low voice, "not to call for a dhrap o' whiskey, or a leetle porther, hinny?" Kathleen made no reply, and Thaddy called for — "a pint o' porther if ye plase, Mr. Finnigan." The tap went round in a twinkling, and the porter was soon foaming on the counter. Kathleen barely tasted it, and helped herself and David to some water. "Haar 's to our better acquaintance, Mr. Finnigan," said Thaddy, as he put the mug to his lips. — "Thanks to ye for all that Mr. McCready," replied the little man. "Mashee, if ye plase," said Thaddy, "an no impachement o' the name o' McCready nather." — "An so it was," replied Finnigan, "there 's so mony comes haar, that I misremimber sometimes. — Scanty custom is it this a way, the dee, for all the warld 's up tother end o' Lim'rick, to saa Pether O'Donnohue put up. He 's to be hang'd for taking a purse on the top o' the highway." — "Whoosh!" cried Thaddy, as he dropped the mug from his hand, "that same is thard cousin to my own father's sister ony how!" — "I beg your pardon sir, upon the honor o' a jintilman, it 's not in Robert Finnigan to maan offince to ony customer. It 's right sorry that I am, that your cousin is going to be hang'd; but the dhrap was to fall at twalve presasely, an it 's more now nor half after; so ye may contint yourself for it 's all ower. I 'm truly sorry for the poor lad, mony 's the pint o' porther and dhraps o' good whiskey he 's had o' my own drawing. It 's a raal disappointment to me, that he 's going to be hang'd, that is, that he is hang'd already, whichever way it may be. Indaad it quite pit the small mather o' the mug, that ye bruk jist now, out o' mind. It 's a shilling the pair they be; an consithering the case, that the mug was broken,

whiles ye was taking your cousin's misfortin to heart, an lost the porther into the bargin, I 'll take sixpence o' ye an na moor, unliss ye 'll taste a leetle o' our whiskey, — a nate thing it is."

During the delivery of this expressive specimen of a whiskey seller's grief for the death of an excellent customer, and sympathy for surviving friends; poor Thaddy had taken his seat upon a bench, and buried his face in his hands — "He was an ould frind to ye thin, Pether O'Donnohue?" continued Finnigan. — "I never saa him," answered Thaddy, without raising his head, "in all my barn dees, but I saa his thard cousin, my father's own sister, mony a dee." Kathleen readily understood, that her husband was not only affected, by the disgraceful death of his relative, but very naturally dejected by an unexpected embarrassment of his hopes. He had become impressed with a belief, that the O'Donnohues were "getting rich," and, as he supposed, in some honest calling. Kathleen, in the most natural manner, explained her husband's situation; and her evident simplicity of character, and uncommon attractiveness of person, so far wrought upon the feelings of the little, red man, that he opened a door in rear of the shebeen, and took them into an apartment, where they could be more comfortable. Finnigan was a catholic, but his wife was a protestant. She was very kind to the new comers, assured them that Limerick was the "purtiest city in the warld," and bade them to be "aisy in their quarthers widout moor bidding," for a day or two, until they could settle their plans.

After some time, Thaddy mustered courage to inquire after his other connections, Rory and Michael, the brothers of Peter O'Donnohue. He made the inquiry with evident embarrassment. "Mak yourself aisy mon," answered Finnigan, "hanging wull rin in a family, truth it is, but not Rory nor Michael nather it is n't that has gone that a way as Pether. An ye was the first cousin o' the hull blood o' the best o' the two, ye wud na git an aar o' 'em the dee. They, an Bill Flannigan, an Paddy Connel, an Matt Clegan, an Tom Leary, an a great mony moor 's detarmined for the buddy; an, whin it 's cut down, an there 's not a rush, an a thrial o' staves, my name 's not Bobby Finnigan. They were expectin a riscue last night, an the sojers were out, bad luck to 'em. — An they git the buddy, Rory, an Michael, an the rist, if it 's na moor nor a leetle finger nor a hair o' his head, it 's a riglar birrill they 'll have, an a wake into the bargin, depind. If the High Sherry, an he 's a raal ould mon, he is, shud manage it so nately, as to cut him down entirely, it 's rather in a saft bid o' chaff I wud be, than the sargeon to lay a knife to the chaak o' Pether O'Donnohue, live or did, six aat four that he was without his brogues, to cut him up. Not far

the faar o' Pether nor the banshee, but Rory an Michael wud niver linger nor laave, till they 'd sint the doctor an his instrimints, where they don't rake up the fire ony night. — But the litter, that same ye was spaking o', whin ye kim in the shebeen, that ye niver resaav'd. — May be 't was from thim two an Pether that ye did n't resaave it. — Hut! now Ise got the hull mather, an the clue to it 's jist in my head. Your cousins an a rigimint o' 'em ha' bin in arnest, moor nor foor months, to git up a strong gang for America. John McCloskey, an extinsive daler he was, in ould harses chafely, wint ower fro' Cark he did, an immigritted entirely. That same it is, that 's retarned to Lim'rick; an John spakes o' the country, as a dacent place for an Irishman to live in. He 's intrating his ould connictions, an they 're claan down hill some o' 'em onyhow, to go back alang wi' him. It 's poor wark, John McCloskey says, for one poor felly to go drifting aboot the new country, like a wild goose wi' a wing an a half; but a rigimint can stand by one another, as they did at the Boyne, or aven haar, whin ould Lim'rick was besaged in ninety, an it was. McCloskey is haar amost ivry dee an avening, a bating up for recruits ye saa, for the new country, an the O'Donnohues alang wid him; an it 's na doot they wud be in the shebeen to night, an poor Pether himself, an it was not for this dishagraable pace o' bisness. Maybe y' ud do a natur thing for yoursilves that a way indaad, nor the tother."———

Thaddy and Kathleen were in bed, three hours at least, before they fell asleep, employing that interval in discussing the subject, which was last presented to their thoughts. Thaddy was evidently inclined to favor the project, and Kathleen consented to any plan, which might be most likely to promote his happiness; but advised him not to resolve upon the measure, until he had heard John McCloskey's account of the new country.

At at early hour, the next morning, the gathering commenced in Bob Finnigan's shebeen. McCloskey and the O'Donnohues were among the first that arrived; and Kathleen, so far as mere externals were concerned, had not much reason to be proud of her husband's relations. Rory and Michael were a couple of rough-looking, broad-shouldered, bull-necked, red-headed fellows, covered with dirt and garnished with rags. McCloskey was rawboned and tall. He was dressed in a threadbare coat of blue cloth, old leather breeches, jack boots, and long spurs, a waistcoat of red plush, and a fox-skin cap; a gilt watch-chain hung ten or twelve inches from his fob; and a large cross of pinchbeck was exhibited, in the bosom of his shirt, as dirty as any in the province of Munster. — After the customary greetings, and salutations upon the first introduction of the O Don

nonues and the Mashees; — "Mr. Finnigan," said McCloskey, "the bisness naad not be so very public, ye know, an ye have no objictions, we 'll stip in your house part, an, whin ony o' our side comes in, ye 'll be sinding 'em that a way, mind ye. An jintilmen, as this is our first mating, it 's myself that wull thrate: — jist a quart o' the nate crathur, Mr. Finnigan, if ye plase." — The party adjourned accordingly to the apartment, in rear of the shebeen. "So ye was not so succissful, I haar," said Finnigan, addressing the O'Donnohues, "as ye desarved, it sames;" — "Not that nather," answered Rory, with a deep sigh, "the bloodthirsty villin o' a Sherry it was, bad luck to him! he had the sojers an the hull pussy o' Lim'rick at his back, an 't wud 'a bin the hoith o' madness, if we had a ris." — "Poor swaat Pether!" cried Michael O'Donnohue, "they 's got to answer for it i' the dee, pitting up an honest mon, that a way, onyhow." — "Ye may wall say that," continued Rory, "for, afore he wint aff he confissed, an got a wafer. Father Connolly sed it was n't the like o' him, that iver heer'd sich a confission afore, there was sich a hape o' offinces, but he made a claan brist he did. Good Father Connolly, the Lard be good to him, he saad me waping, an he jist whispered to me, as he wint on, — 'Rory,' says he, 'tak it aisy as ye may, niver did ye saa a star i' the claar night moor nor I saad Pether's sowl go up to glowry.'"

By this time, the room had become full, or nearly so, of persons of both sexes, who were more or less inclined to emigrate. — "Whin I was laaving America it was," said McCloskey, "hanging was gittin out o' vogue entirely. Petitions was sint fro' all quarthers o' America, for pittin a stap to it. I sould a blood 'orse to a Siniter, who tould me as much as all that." — "Och! now, sowl o' me," cried Michael O'Donnohue, "if Pether had n't taken the jintilman's purse, till he got ower to the dacent country, that it is, haar it is he wud be, at this blissed dee, riddy to immigrit wid the rist o' us." — "Wall wall, haar 's pace to his sowl," said McCloskey, turning off his glass of whiskey. The *crathur* began to creep round the room, producing evidences of its magic power, in the increasing hilarity and confusion of voices. — "An I was wanst ower, it 's not I that wud be sorry for that same," said Ned Faden, the tailor. "An may be for all that, it 's not yourself Neddy, that wud n't be right glad to get a glimpse o' ould Ireland agin," cried little Peter Healy, who went to America about two years before, and had lately returned. — "Whoosh! Och! Hut! Wurra!" exclaimed half a dozen voices at once. "Pether Healy," said Rory O'Donnohue, "an y' are not the lad to go wid us, y' ud

better go by yourself an be aisy, an not be after tassing your could wather upon the interprise onyhow." — "Jist listen to raison a bit," cried McCloskey, "it 's Mr. Healy sure that 's a good right to till his ixpariences o' the new country an it plase him; an thin I 'll jist be after axing ye to lit myself spake a minnit, whin he 's ower." — This proposition was received with a buzz of approbation; and Peter Healy, having taken a fresh glass of whiskey, cleared his throat to begin. — "Ye 'll mak it as bad as ye can, Pether Healy," cried a rosy lass, who sat in the corner, "for Patrick, my mon there, is for going, an I raally wush he 'd stay at 'um, an cobble the brogues, an lave drinking, an divarsions, an divilment, an the like o' that." — "Hould your tongue ye jade," said Patrick Murphy, joining himself in the good-natured laugh, occasioned by his wife's remark. — "Bad as I can, is it ye say, Eyley?" cried Peter, "it 's na aisy mather, to make it worse nor it is, ye may depind; an so I 'll till ye all what I knows aboot America. It 's me, that wud sooner thrate myself to a ride upon ony sliding bog, nor go that a way agin. The Sayflower was the name o' the ship we wint ower in to the new country, an a sayflower it was indaad, for I thought we shud niver be sot upon dry land ony moor. A maan, rotten, ould brig it was entirely. She was thray waaks nor moor, gittin under way fro' Dingle. To dee a laak it wud be; an to morrow the captain's peepers wud n't be aboord; thin a shmall touch o' throuble, Mary Flaherty's childher, the hull thirteen o' 'em, an she a widdy, down wi' the small pox at wanst. We was all shmook'd o' coorse. Whin all was riddy, a hid wind hild on for moor nor eight dees. I jist rin up to Dingle, for a bit o' fresh air, ye see, an, whin I was retarning, the ould hulk, for the wind had kim fair, was standing out o' Dingle bay. It was myself, Ise warrant ye, that fotched a scraam louder nor ony keena ye iver heer'd at a wake, an a strait tail it was that I made o' my lang blue, as I rin down the hill. The ould thing pit back her topsail an lay to, jist as I scraamed, tho' she was aff shore, two miles it was. I cud n't ha' belav'd it was in the man o' me to scraam at sich a rate as that. But I pit forth my lungs onyhow, for I filt murthered. It 's my chist, an more nor all I had i' the warld going aff to America, an I all alone wid myself in Dingle, where I know'd not a sowl, only David McCarthy, an he the last parson I wud saa, for I ow'd him a thrifle that it was n't convanient to pay. The boat was lit down, an soon raach'd the wharf, an so I rin to it, an says I, I did n't think ye 'd haar me scraam.' — 'No moor we did n't,' says they. But I soon saad how it was. Foor shaapish fellies fro' Dingle, that maan'd to go ower for nothing at all, was deticted in the ould brig's

staarage, for indaad they deticted 'emselves, by paaping out for so'thing to ate, having swally'd all the praties they tuk wid 'em in their pockets, an thinking, as they confissed, they was moor nor half way to America. So we got aboord, an — "Pether, Pether," cried Michael O'Donnohue, "there 'll be no ind to your kreel this a way; it was to America ye was going." — "Thrue for you Michael," rejoined Peter Healy, "but if ye 'd saad that Sayflower yourself, ye 'd confiss she was a dull sailer, Michael; an ould mud tarkle wud bate her on a wind. I 'll take a dhrap, since y 'ave brought me to a stapping place." Peter filled his glass. Man is said to be an imitative animal, and in such a situation, no man is more so than an Irishman. Michael attempted to follow his example, but the whiskey was drunk out. He was about to call for more, but was prevented by McCloskey; "another quart, Mr. Finnigan," said he, "it 's myself that thrates." — After the glass had gone round, Peter Healy was once more under way in the Seaflower. — "It 's not me if I iver saad sa mony min, women, and childher squazed together in sich maan quarthers as I saad thin, aboord that same Sayflower, exceptin at ould Tommy McLaughlin's wake an birrill; an the like o' that was niver saad in Ireland afore nor since, for divilment an dart. Moor nor foor waaks we banged aboot, bating all the time, an we was bate by ivery thing that kim naar us into the bargin. Thin it was we had a gale wud mak your chaaks crack agin, an a roarin saa an the ould Sayflower o' the tap o' it, an thin agin, o' the buttum. They got her afore the wind, and thin the wind got behind her." — "That 's o' coorse, Pether," said Eyley, winking at Finnigan's wife and Kathleen, who were seated together. — "Elyey Murphy," Peter replied, "your tongue nades to be abbraviated, wull ye tak your own shares to it? — When the clouds claar'd away a bit, the captin wud ha' taken an obsarvation, but he was purty considerably drunk entirely, an the mate it was, that was no better nor he. Eighty dees we had bin in this ould Sayflower; an, for twanty, maan ating it was that we had; magre enough I till ye. Thin we had another gale; we carried away both tapmasts an thin" — "Did n't ye carry them same away, whin ye sail'd, Pether?" said Eyley. — "A maan jist it is," replied Peter, "for a calleen like yourself, Eyley; an ye 'd heer'd the shra'king o' the women an childher, ye wud n't a bin jokin onyway. I niver curst the crathur in the daap o' my own sowl, till that dee it was. The lives o' every one o' us depinded upon the captain an the mate, an the harder it blew, they wud get drunker nor iver. Tom Cregan, your own cousin he was, Eyley, kim up fro' the staarage, an cried out 'She 's sprang alaak!' Thin

sich a hulabaloo ye niver haar'd in your hull life, for amost all thought she was sinking downright. There was one o' the crew, Jack Coffin his name it was, was sober the hull time; he was what in the new country they spake o' for a yankee. A stout felly that same, an a kind heart an the bist o' faalings he had. He cum down an was up agin in a dash, an bade us be aisy; '*Kaap up your courage my bys*,' says he, '*there's a Gad above us all!*'"—"An did he spake that same?" said Kathleen, while the tears filled her eyes.—"Indaad an he did," replied Peter Healy, "an he pit us to the pumps, an we wark'd more fraaly for our lives, ye may be sure, nor for ony ather wages. An now an thin we 'd haar Jack Coffin's voice louder nor the storm nor the craaking o' the ould hulk, '*Chaar up my hearties*,' wud he say, '*we're gaining upon the laak*;' an did n't we spare ourselves niver a bit think ye? An thin after he sot us to thrumming a sail, as they call it, that is, ye saa, we stitch'd it all ower wid oakum an ould rags,—rags a plinty there was, for aven the women an the childher warked an cried together, tearing aff the bits o' their ould petticoats to thrum the sail wid. So we got it ower the ould Sayflower, that is under her laaky buttum I maan; an it suck'd into the saams, an stapp'd the laak moor immadiately nor a mash'd praty. '*Thank the Lard for that*,' sed Jack Coffin. There was another yankee nor he, that niver tasted the crathur, Abel Judson they call'd him. They sed they were mimbers o' a society, in the new country, that niver tasted it entirely; a pace o' their craad was it, na doot. So Jack Coffin call'd Judson an aboot a dozen o' the most lively of the immigrants, myself o' coorse amang the rist, to the quarther dick.—'*Silf-priservation my lads*,' sed he, '*is the law o' nathur*;' jist thase was his very wards. 'Indaad an it is,' sed we. Jist thin the women begins to faal better an stronger, saaing a dozen or moor o' the bist o' us standing up to one another that a way; an they pulls their wat cloaks ower their showthers, an comminces to wipe the saut wather aff the small childher's faces.—'*An will ye stand by us two*,' sed Jack Coffin an Judson, for the rist, mind ye, was drunk, '*an we do the bist we can to save all your lives?*'—'An it 's that we wull, maaster Coffin, to the last dhrap,' sed we, as we stud up close t' him. '*An the captin kapes drunk*,' sed he, '*an the mate too, there 's nothing afore us but th' etarnal warld, for neither Judson nor myself*,' sed he, '*knows how to tak an observation or navigate the brig; so if ye're true men, follow me.*'—Thin he saaz'd a braad-axe an wint down to the cabin, an we after him. There was a cask o' spirits there, an Jack Coffin, wid one blow o' the braad-axe, stav'd in the hid, an away rin the crathur ower the flure; a graavous sight at

ony other time nor that, to be sure. The mate was daaf as a kreel o' turf; but the captin ris in his cot, and, drunk as he thin was, he saaz'd his pistols, and cri'd 'A mutiny!' an thereupon, holding the pistol close to the chaak o' Hugh Mulligan, he crack'd away, but some how nor another he miss'd, an the ball lodg'd in the cabin door. As he saaz'd the tother pistol, Abel Judson an Jo Muncrief it was, I 'm thinkin, saaz'd himself, an Jack Coffin tuk away the pistol an his hanger. '*It 's no mutiny Captin Bailey*,' sed Jack, '*but y' are drunk as a baste, an if ye don't laave off, an gi' us your assistance, we 're last.*' The captin swore terribly, but was too drunk to be o' ony sarvice jist thin. So we lift him for the prisent. We had no moor nor got up fro' the cabin, whin a dreadful big wave struck the ould Sayflower, breaking all ower us, casting loose the wather casks, ripping away the quarther boords an part o' the bulwarks, swaaping the dicks, an throwing the brig on her baam inds. Ye wud n't ha' found a heart to joke in the laast, an y' d ha' bin there, Eyley Murphy, jist thin. Sich a big misery Pether Healy niver saad afore nor since. It 's myself though, that 's draam'd it out an out moor nor a hunder nights. It 's the strength o' foorty min saam'd to kim to me that minnit. I cotch'd hoult o' the wither lanyards; an, sure it is, I niver lov'd onything, live or did, so wall afore. The poor women an childher, an the faable ould people wern't no match for it; the saa stripp'd 'em aff like ould rags, an play'd wid the poor crathurs, for a braaf minnit, like so mony aggshells, an thin swally'd 'em up. Aiche great wave saam'd to laap into the ould Sayflower, like a hungry wolf into a cradle, showing his white taath, an saazing his halpless prey. There was Tom Cregan, your cousin, that I spake o', Eyley, a hard fate it was, poor Cregan! he was a strang an a bould swimmer, but — howsomiver it 's not I that 'll harrish up your faalings, Eyley — he was a good lad, pace to him I say." — Eyley Murphy had buried her face in her hands, and was not the only person present, who had become deeply affected at Peter's narration. — "A great mony," continued Peter Healy, "tried to raach the foortap or the main; na aisy matter it was; a poor felly wud craap alang the rigging, houlding on for his sowl, for life is swaat, ye all know, an whin he 'd git half a way, maybe, or moor, or was jist riddy to cotch hoult o' the tap itself, the wave wud kim up wid him, an he so waak, that he wud let go the shroud he was houlding, but the saut saa wud find him anather. — I was able to look round an saa who was lift upon the wrack. There was poor Dolly McCabe, Jerry's widdy, she was barn in County Cark, but liv'd wid Jerry haar in Lim'rick, twalve years no: moor. She was immigritting wid her brother Larry McQuaid.

Poor sowl, she was a wrack herself, so tatter'd an bate by the waves, an she was houlding on to a ringbult, wid one hand, an supporting her two little gorsoons wid the tother. She was widin spaking o' me; an so, whin I got a canvanient opportunity, betune the waves, I call'd to her an ask'd where was McQuaid. She shook her head, poor crathur, an rowl'd up her eyes, but she cud na spake, maaning that he was gane owerboord, an indaad he was. A kail o' rope was naar to me, so I sucsaded in cutting aff a good pace for a lashing, an throw'd it to the poor sowl, an moor nor a fool was I for that same. The poor widdy, ye saa, had but two hands onyhow; an wid one she clang, for daar life, to the ringbult, an hild the poor childher wid the tother. How thin could she saaze the rope, that I was sich a barbarous villin as to throw to her, jist to make her moor sinsible o' her own dissolute condition; though it 's myself wud ha' bin hang'd sure wid that identical rope, afore I wud ha maan'd sich a maan thing as that, ye know, to onny poor widdy. But quaar enough it was, that rope floated ower to leward, an was saaz'd by ould Barty Morrow, who had wark'd his way up to the hoith o' the lee lanyards, but was so waak, that he cud nohow craap ower into the main tap. He confissed to me since, that 't was naarly up wid him, whin he raach'd the rope; but he lash'd his poor buddy wid it to the lanyard onyhow. The saazing o' it braath'd life into him; an what 's quaarer nor that, this same rope it was, that was the dith o' that mon, Barty Morrow, a yaar after. For he was so plaas'd wid the rope that sav'd him, that he must nades save the rope. Whin he was hang'd i' the new country for murther, it was agraable to his faalings, to be pit up wid the ould rope, an a raal oblaaging jintilmon, the High Sherry o' New York, tied it dacently aboot his neck, an ould Barty Morrow was hang'd presasely accarding to his wushes." — "I remimber Dolly McCabe right wall," said Bob Finnigan's wife; "was the poor crathur sav'd, Pether Healy?" — "An ye wull have it thin," said Peter with a deep sigh; "I was thinking to laad ye away fro' the finish o' the poor widdy, by tilling ye o' ould Barty Morrow's priservation by the same rope that hang'd him a yaar after. He, that was sav'd wid a rope was hang'd wid a rope, much like the ould saws it is, what comes by the wather, goes by the wather; an what comes ower the divil's back goes anunder his belly. — It 's o' the poor widdy an the childher, that ye 'd haar me spake. It 's your wush an your wull, Betty Finnigan, an ye 'll not be after blaaming me if it murthers your draams. But I 'll tak a dhrap o' whiskey afore I begins; for after Ise tould it, I 'll not do the like agin till I slaap aff the remimbrance o' that poor sowl." — After Peter had taken a glass, to ena-

ble him to tell the story the better, and his companions, or the majority, had done the same thing to enable them to hear it the better, Peter Healy recommenced as follows: — "It 's rather warm drinking an spaaking so lang in this snug room it is, an I 'll jist fling aff my coat. — The shtarm was notting abating, an the waves was gitting bigger, an claan swaaps they made, ye may belaave me Yourself Betty Finnigan, an Eyley Murphy, knows wall enough what a swash an swirl there 'll be i' the drain bax, whin ye 's powering in 't your big tub o' suds; an how an aggshell nor a praty skin nor ony sich thrifle wull bounce up an down, an be whisk'd an twirl'd haals ower head like a bit butter in a shtirraboot. Jist suppose a drain bax as big as the ould Sayflower, an a tub o' wather to match, an all the powers o' the saa to throw it aboord. A mon as fat as Johnny Mulligan, the brewer, tass'd into sich a whirlypool, wud be na moor nor a praty skin or the like o' that. — The dee was aboot done but the shtarm kipt on. Coult it was indaad; an, though it was me that had lash'd myself toight enough to the lanyards, I began to faar I should na saa the light o' anather dee, aven if the ould Sayflower shud kaap together. How the poor widdy hild her grip o' the ringbult, the Lard only knows. 'T was love an faar for the poor childher, it was, that gi' the lone woman the strangth o' foor men." Peter Healy by this time had lashed the hearts and the thoughts of his hearers to himself and his story, as effectually as he himself had been lashed to the lanyards during the tempest. There was no longer any frivolous disposition to interrupt him in his narrative. The group was gathered round him, most of them with their faces as thoroughly bathed with salt water, as were those of poor Dolly McCabe and her children upon that terrible day. Even Eyley Murphy's light heart was thoroughly subdued. She sat upon a dresser, for the room was small; and, as Finnigan said in a whisper to his wife, "there wor cheers enough but too much company." Eyley was sitting with her body bent forward, her elbows on her knees, and her feet resting on the top of Peggy McNamarra's chair, the wife of Michael, the broken tailor, one of those, who intended to emigrate. Her mouth was wide open, the tears streaming down her rosy cheeks, and her hands were continually employed in throwing back her locks of bright yellow hair which interrupted her clear vision of the speaker; the alternate and unceasing action of her hands resembling that of some skilful performer upon the double jews-harp. — "An for why not Pether," cried Eyley sharply, stamping her right foot upon the top of Peggy's chair, "for why not did n't ye rin an halp the poor crathur, an you a mon?" "Don't talk to me that a way, Eyley Murphy,"

answered Peter, rubbing his eyes with his coat sleeve; "bad enough it was I wush'd to help the poor sowl; but an ye was lash'd to the tap o' the church staple, wud ye be after jumping aff to halp a poor buddy, that was falling to the ground, your own self, Eyley? — Wall, ye saa the dee was gitting moor darker, but ye cud saa onything claar enough, for the moon was ris thin. 'T was an up an down wind it was, blowing like crazy for a minnit, an thin taking brith. I was looking at Dolly McCabe an the childher, whin the wind was still, an I heer'd a splash in the wather as naar to me as y' are yourself, Rory O'Donnohue. 'T was ould Foster as they call'd him, one o' the crew. He had cut aff the rim o' his tarpaulin, by that same token I know'd him. He fell fro' the main tap drunk, into the wather; he ris up both hands, an hild on to his jug to the last. The saa did n't tak lang to do for ould Foster, he was swally'd in a minnit he was. — The wind saam'd to be shifting, an I cri'd out to the poor widdy, to kaap up a heart an hould on. She jist ris her head, an I saad she was gitting waaker an waaker. The wind wark'd round fro' narth to aist to be sure, but an iller wind was it nor afore, for the waves, ye saa, kipt rowling an tumbling the ould coorse a lang time, but the Sayflower tuk a new diriction, so the wather kim in through the broken bulwarks on the starboord bow. There was n't a saa after that, but made a claan braach ower the poor widdy an the childher. I saad a great wave jist riddy to brik, an I call'd out to her to grip the ring, an hould on; — down it rush'd upon us, — I haar'd Dolly shraik, — an whin the wather was out fro' my eyes, I look'd that a way, an the childher was gane. Och! Marcy! how I wush'd for the darkest night i' the warld! for the braad, bright moon show'd me the hull misery. I saad the leetle crathurs swirl'd round an knocked agin one thing nor anather, an thin harried aff to etarnity, on the tap o' the great wave. Him that was a waakly child saam'd did; but the bigger gorsoon, Jerry it was, nam'd for his father, he was a strong lad, an he struggled a bit; but he was na moor nor a feather, in a gale o' wind, he was n't." — "David, agra, come close to me," said Kathleen Mashee, almost unconsciously, to her little boy. — "Dolly McCabe," continued Peter, "was a good wife to Jerry, an a graaving widdy to him she was, an she saam'd to live after, only for Jerry's childher, nor nothing moor. I saa the murthering proof o' that, ye 'll belaave me; for, no sooner was the childher taken fro' her that a way, than she lit go her hoult, an gave up her maak spirit, an was lifted away upon the nixt wave. — The dark clouds soon after were gathering ower the moon I was gitting coulder an had ate notting now for a lang time. A kind o' slaapy faaling was coming ower

me, an all the blud o' my buddy saam'd to be going hum to the heart o' me, for the last time. Jist thin Ise heer'd a small voice calling to me, so it saam'd, 'Pether' it sed. So I listen'd, an not hearing it immadiately, I thought 'twas owing to my baing waak an dispeerited. But soon it saam'd to come agin. 'Pether Healy! — Pether Healy! — Pether Healy!' — 'T was a sart o' a womanish voice." — "'T was the Banshee!" said Peggy McNamarra. — "The Banshee!" replied Peter, "what sart o' a Banshee wud that be, an I alive an at your sarvice Peggy entirely, at this prisint time? no it was n't. It was Carrol Sweeny, that thaaf, the leetle watch-maaker, that was the tinnant o' moor min in Lim'rick nor he iver ped rint to; 't was that same I till ye. He was nearer to me nor yourself, an I niver know'd it. He was rowl'd up i' the ould sail an he know'd it was I, bekase he haar'd me spaking to the poor widdy; an I know'd it was himself by this token, that he till'd me so. Whin I sed, 'Who 's spaking?' — 'It 's Carrol Sweeny,' sed he. — 'An is 't yourself?' sed I. — 'Ye may jist say that,' sed he. — 'An what 's your wull?' sed I. — Said he, 'I confiss t' ye,' — an thin he stapp'd. — As he was the big thaaf that he was, I raaly belaav'd, as there was na praast aboord, he was going to confiss his offinces. 'Wull' sed I, 'Carrol, mak a clean brist.' — 'Pether' sed he, 'I confiss t' ye, Ise faar'd my bit chist o' watch-maker's tools wull be purty much ruin'd by the saut wather, entirely.' — Faable as I was, I gi' it to him. 'Hut!' sed I, 'ye riglar thaaf, that y' are. is it in ye mon to be spaking this a way! Y' are jist in etarnity,' sed I, 'an they 'll na be wanting ye to tinker their timekaapers there, Ise rickon.'

"The wind had naarly gane; an by the brick o' dee, the saa was aisier. We began to git a glimpse o' ache other, the small sprinkling o' live buddies that was spared. The captin an mate was drownded in the cabin. Niver did I cry, 'Lard be good t' us,' fro' the very pit o' my heart, so as I did thin, whin I saad Jack Coffin an Abel Judson alive an coming down fro' the foor tap. 'Healy,' sed Jack Coffin, whin he saad me, 'Gad has spared ye it saams.' 'Indaad he has sir,' sed I. 'Wall' sed he, 'Healy, we must try to save ourselves. Where 's the braad-axe?' — He was thin coming down the shrouds, an had got jist down so far as Jo Muncrief, who had lash'd himself i' the rigging. 'T was Muncrief had the braad-axe last,' sed I, 'he 'll spake t' ye sir, where he pit it.' — 'No, he won't, Healy,' sed Jack Coffin, 'he 'll spake no moor.' — Ye saa he was did. So they kim down an began to hunt for the braad-axe, an Carrol Sweeny, that I niver respicted afore, was the mon that found it. I had got loose fro' the lashing, an we tuk turns to cut away

the masts. By the same token, it was, that ould Barty Morrow an the rist, what was alive, very prudently crapt down fro' the tap. So we cut away the weather lanyards first, an as the masts wud na go ower, we used the braad-axe a bit, an prisintly away wint the two mast wid a crash, ower the side, an the ould Sayflower sot up straight agin upon the wather. Waak as we was, we begun to think o' the pumps agin, an to our great joy was it, Carrol Sweeny, who was diving after his chist o' watch-maker's tools, brought up a bit o' baaf, an a small sack o' seed praties, that Jo Muncrief, pace to him, was bringing out to plant i' the new country; an as one o' the wather-casks was onhart, we had a maal o' raw mate an praties, an a dhrink o' wather; one praty a pace an a bit mate that Jack Coffin cut aff for ache o' the company. Tharty-foor out o' moor nor one hunder an saxty sowls! An it was n't for the hunger o' starvation, we cud n't ate a bit or drank a bit, for jist as we was pitting the first pace o' raw mate int' our mouths, there comes floating out o' the foorcastle that poor young thing, Judy O'Keefe, jist married she was, too sick to laave her cot, an Morris, her husband, wud shtay wid her to the last. So whin the wather rush'd in, they was both drownded, an they was lock'd in ache ather's arms, whin they floated out togither. — Wall, we filt a bit stranger for that maal, maan though it was, so we wint to pumping and pitting up a jerrymast. We had n't wark'd moor nor an hour afore Judson shouted 'land ahead!' An indaad it was so, but it puzzled 'em to till what land it was. Howsomiver, the wind, what there was, and the tide like enough, brought us naarer and naarer t' it; and aboot foor o'clack the ould Sayflower wint head first, thump, upon a great white baach. 'T was myself that rin straight to the ind o' the bowsprit, that raach'd up ower the shore, and right glad was I, for I had n't bin so far up the country for naar a hunder dees. But, I saad nathing moor nor sand ivery way, only a shmall bit cabin, naar the place we rin ashore. — 'Ist Amirica?' sed I. — 'Aye, aye,' said Jack Coffin, 'it 's Cape Cod,' sed he, 'an ye may bliss the Lard, that the Sayflower did n't come on wid a strang wind and a hivy saa.' — 'What 's that bit cabin, Maaster Coffin?' sed I; that same was the only habitation I saad amang the haaps o' sand. 'T was widin a praty's throw o' myself. So he toult me 't was pit jist there for the poor sailors in distress. How they cud till sa presasely where the oul: Sayflower wud rin ashore, an pit the bit house jist there, the likes o' me niver cud till.

"After we had risted ower night, i' the leetle cabin, we waded mony miles through the daap sand. If we had n't ate up poor Jo Muncrief's seed praties, he cud n't got ony kind o' a crop fro' 'em

jist there, ye may depind. After great fatague we raach'd the town, as they call'd it. I niver saad onything so maan in all Ireland. Wall, ye see, I was my own mon, in a fraa country onyhow. There 's not a bit soil widin two hunder miles o' Lim'rick sa maan as what I saad in Amiriky. Mony a mile was it we wint amost up to our knaas i' the sand, an not a mullen stalk did we saa, upon the tap o' which a poor broken-hearted grasshopper might sit, wid taars in his eyes, an charp all dee aboot notting to ate. Whin we got to the cintre o' the town, an 't was not Pether Healy cud till where that was, I saad a shmall shebeen it saam'd. I walk'd in, an says I to a quaar leetle felly, that was tinding, — 'a gill o' your whiskey if ye plase.' Wall, instid o' drawing the liquor, he stud, showing his white taath, an for all the warld, grinning to me, like a Cheshire cat. 'A dhrap o' the crathur sir,' says I, an if I did n't draw up a bit, an look a leetle offinded, it was n't my own self onyhow. So, upon that, he opens a windy, an bawls out, 'Ginral! — Ginral! — Square Taber! won't ye come in, haar 's a customer wants so'thing.' — 'Ax him to tarry,' sed that other, 'till I drive a nail or two in Doctor Coggin's cult's fut.' Na moor nor two minnits it was, afore in comes a felly, what look'd a dale moor like a blacksmith, nor ony ginral I iver sot eyes on in Ireland. — 'What 's your wush?' says he. — 'A gill o' whiskey was it,' says I. — 'We kaap a timperance shtoor,' says he. — 'Wall,' says I, 'I does n't care aboot taking ony o' that to-dee,' for I did n't thin comprehind his maaning, 'but I 'd like a dhrap o' brandy or porther, an ye has n't the whiskey.' — Then he, an the small spalpeen laugh'd out, to show their dacency, like a couple o' bull calves that had jist last their raison. So I walk'd out an tried three other shebeens, an got the same bad luck presasely. Whin I ax'd for a dhrap o' whiskey, ache one sed he kipt a timperance shtoor. Jack Coffin, whin I saad him agin, toult me all aboot it: sed he, 'Ye 'll not find a dhrap o' shpirit for sale in the hull county.' Think o' that, Robert Finnigan, an that same a fraa country into the bargin. Bad luck t' it, say I. — It 's moor nor a month's wark I had for notting, trying to git a leetle wark for ony wages at all at all. I got a place at last wid a widdy leddy, but I did n't shtay moor nor a couple o' hours. I wint to her sarvice aboot nine o'clack i' the marning, an the maid rin out aboot twalve, to say the ould leddy cud n't imploy me na langer. I ax'd if I had offinded her; the young woman sed no, but her maastress had bin raading an account o' an Irish murther, an wud n't have ony o' my country slaaping anunder her roof, for the hull warld. Bad luck saam'd to shtick to the back o' me like a pitch plaster onyhow. At last I kim upon a raal jintilmon, a lawyer he was. I haar'd him

defind a countrymon o' ours for staaling a cloak; an ne did the thing so dacently, an spake sich nate an swate things o' ould Ireland, that I rin up to him, whin he was laaving the coort, an toult him I shud like to sarve sich a mon as his honor, for jist no wages at all. So he rin me up an down wid a hawk's eye; 'What 's your name, sir?' sed he. — 'Pether Healy, plase your honor,' sed I. — 'Wall,' sed he, 'your tarms are purty raisonable entirely, so ye may come to-morrow marning.' So I wint ye saa, an did my bist for his honor, not forgitting myself, o' coorse, as I was to have no riglar wages. After the first waak, he began to hint; an ivry dee, moor nor liss, he kipt a hinting, till I lift him; an I niver resaaved a single farthing o' him, that is, o' his own fraa wull." — "Good Pether," said Eyley Murphy, who had quite recovered her spirits, "what was that same the lawyer kipt a hinting?" — "Och!" replied Peter Healy, "he had a nagurish way wid him, for a jintilmon, an he kipt a hinting all sorts o' dishagraable things." — "An have ye purtiklar objictions, Pether, to tilling a buddy what he kipt a hinting aboot?" rejoined Eyley Murphy, with a waggish laugh. "Not in the laast Eyley," answered Peter, "he toult me, the villin that he was, that I was a raal Irish liar an a thaaf into the bargin. After that I had too much shpirit to sarve him ony longer. I wull only say, that if Amiriky is n't the maanest country in the warld, my name 's not Pether Healy; so I 'll jist pit on my coat, if ye plase, an haar what ye can say Maaster McCloskey to the contraary." ———

"Thanks to ye, Pether," said John McCloskey, "for ye 've toult us an afficting story onyhow; that 's na' to be contradeected na time o' dee; an maybe it 's no less nor the truth, the hull o' it. Nivertheliss ye 'll forgi' me for tilling ye the plain thing, — ye knows na moor aboot Amiriky, nor my oult cap haar, nor so much as that nather; bekase ye saa that same has bin lagues ower the new country, whin it 's yourself has been inches maybe. 'T was bitter luck nor yourself we had. Eighteen dees maarely was we fro' Cark to the city o' New Yark, an a most agraable time we had, ye may be sure. Thraa Roman Catholic praasts was aboord, beside foor young jintilmen, Jisuits they was. They kipt their own saeret purty wall onyhow. Father Mundowny lit myself int' it, whin we had bin taking a dhrap porther togither. Ye 'd no praast aboord the Sayflower, I think ye sed; maybe your throubles was prosading fro' that same. — The city o' New Yark is one o' the finest cities i' the warld, I 'm thinking; an it 's much the same wid the other great cities i' the new country, an there 's plenty o' 'em. Mate is chaaper a dale nor it is in Ireland, an so is maal. Praties grows, whiles

y' are slaaping, o' their own fraa wull. As for the crathur, a mon may be as gay as a bag full o' fleas an did drunk into the bargin for the maarest thrifle. Ye can't go a rad, mon, widout rinning agin a shebeen; an, bekase land jist in the city is so daar, an there 's no room for sa mony shebeens, as the public good requires, they pit moor nor the half o' 'em anunder ground. There ye 'll git the crathur in all its farms. 'T is n't in sich a fraa country as that, ye 'll saa a poor felly, like your warthy uncle, Mr. Finnigan, that 's in glowry, lang ago, rinning for daar life wid his still in his arms, pursued by a bloodthirsty exciseman, or some o' his maan understrappers. It 's a respictable bisness in Amiriky to mak the crathur, an to sill it, na impachement o' your own calling haar Mr. Finnigan. Raal gadly paple it is, o' the most sober lives an conversations, what siils it an maks it too. Dacons mak the bist, an they thinks the Sabbadee is jist the time to mak the suparior quality."—"John McCloskey, did ye say dagons mak it?" inquired Eyley Murphy.—"No I did n't, I sed dacons mak it—whoosh! ye saucy calleen," continued McCloskey, perceiving Eyley's meaning, as the tittering of the women attracted his ear, "ye tak's a dhrap now an thin yourself, maybe."—"What sart o' dacons wull they be sir," said Kathleen Mashee, "to forgit Gad's law, an mak the crathur o' the Sabbadee? It 's the blissed Jasus that repates the law, thou shalt do na manner o' wark, thou an thy son, an thy daughter, thy cattle an the shtranger that is widin thy gates."—"Wall, wall," said McCloskey. "It 's jist this a way they manage it; they lights a great fire o' Saturdee night, in the shtill-'ouse, an it 's the fire sure that warks o' the Sabbadee onyhow, an not the dacons nor their sarvants. Whin its all o' a blaze, 't wud be moor like warking to pit it out nor to lit it barn. Na doot, there 's some felly, that throws on a bit stick, to kaap the fire, an maybe, he taks a dhrap o' the crathur, now an thin, jist to saa an it 's naar being a good crathur or no. Now, an it 's the Lard's wull he shud do so, it 's na other buddy's bisness sure; an it 's na the Lard's wull, why thin the felly, that same, is the Divil's sarvant o' coorse, an not onyway the dacon's."—"An ye 'd bin a lawyer, John," said Rory O'Donnohue, "ye 'd got poor Pether aff at his thrial, there 's no doot o' it."—"Thanks to ye, Maaster Rory, for your good opinion o' my poor abeelities. It 's na aisy for an oult dog to larn new thricks ye know. An I was o' your own yaars, I might be after gitting an insight o' the law. 'T wud come to me o' its own accard, I 'm thinking, for there 's a plain conniction betune that same an my own profission; an 't wud be convanient to me in my dalings. Ise doing purty wall nowsomiver. It 's aisier pitting aff an ould broken winded 'orse i'

the new country nor it is in Ireland.—Maybe, those amang ye, that 's half a mind to mak a bit thrial o' Amiriky, faars it 's all strangers ye 's going to find there. Jist the contraary it is. Whin the ship we wint ower in, hault in to the wharf, ye 'd thought, an ye 'd bin there, that ye was in Cark or Dublin, for all the warld; sich powers o' Irish men an Irish women were crowding down, to saa oult acquaintances, an haar news fro' the Emerald Isle, an to tinder their sarvices. Our paple are growing fast i' that country, depind. What with their own incraase an the constant immigritting fro' all parts o' Ireland, there 's na doot, in the minds o' sinsible calkillaters, but we may possiss the hull country one dee. An isn't it that wud be na moor nor it shud be after all? Ye saa the Amirikans staal 'd that same, ivry inch o' it, fro' the rid men. They wud staal away the poor Indians' brains wid the aid o' the crathur, an thin fix a quar'll on 'em, aboot a hatchet, or bit iron, or shtring o' bades; thin go to war, an baat the poor rid fellies, burn their haggards an wigwams, an the like o' that. After baing driv back i' the wilderness, the poor crathurs wud sue for pace, an maa a thraty, an sill their land an the graves o' their forbares, for jist as much gunpowther an whiskey as the Amirikans plased to gi' 'em. So they staal'd away their tirritory. An maybe it 's Gad's wull, that we shud staal it fro' them after all; an if it be his wull, there 's na country 't wud be more agraable to staal; that 's all I wull say. I 'll be plased, homsomiver, to spake to ony quistions ye wull pit to me aboot Amiriky."

"I wud jist ask ye, John McCloskey," said Betsy Finnigan, "are n't there na protestant Irish i' the new country?"—"Hiritics ye maan,—yis, like enough;—but I big your pardon, I remimber now ye 's that way o' thinking yourself."—"What ye spake o' the chapeness o' maal an mate 's incouraging indaad it is," said Patrick Murphy, "but how is 't wid sich other shmall matters a poor buddy must have?"—"He 's in na hurry to wait lang for your reply," said Eyley; "it 's o' the crathur he wud haar ye spake; for the warld's sake gi' him a spaady answer McCloskey."—"Swaat bad luck t' ye, Eyley Murphy," said her husband, "an your ligs were as lang as your rid rag, ye 'd na want shtilts onyhow." Eyley was uncommonly short, and she joined heartily in the laugh, which had been thus turned upon herself.—"The good crathur," replied McCloskey, "is as daar a crathur in one sense, in Amiriky as 't is in Ireland, but it 's a chaap crathur too. Ye niver teest the excise in your whiskey, though ye has to pay for 't onyhow in oult Ireland. The liquor 's na the better for that. Now i' the fraa country, whin the crathur crapes into your stomach,

it 's more agraable, bekase it 's a fraa crathur, an na bothered wi' taxation." — "John McCloskey," said Neddy Faden the tailor, "will ye be so oblaaging as to sittle a small doot, that 's perplexing me, bekase o' the contradeectory shtories aboot Lim'rick? Ould McNaney, that sarved under Burgain it was, he toult me yisterdee the new country's na place for a mon o' my profission; why he ses he 's saan the raal Amirikaners, by hunders, moor naked nor iver they was barn." — "Och! the wheezing oult crowker that he is," replied McCloskey; "he maans to desaave ye, Neddy. It 's o' the savagers na doot, that the oult felly spakes to ye. Na faar for ony mon o' your line; but Ise jist gi' ye a pace o' advice: the paple o' the new country chaafely are not maarly sharp, but paked they are, more nor ony nadle. So ye 'll be careful in respict o' your cabbaging, Neddy, to do it na so boultly, as ya've bin accustomed haar in Ireland." — "Thanks to ye John, for mintioning that same; did ye notish the cut o' coats an braaches whin ye was there?" — "I can't say that I did sa very purtiklar, Neddy; but, wid your shaars, there 's na faar o' the like o' you. — An now if ony o' ye 's a mind for th' ixparimint, there 's a fine ship o' thraa hunder tons goes nixt waak fro' Cark t' Amiriky dirict; and so, as it 's jist after an 'orse ise going to daal for wid Jerry McGaw the baaf butcher, I 'll be taking my laave. Shtip this a way Mr. Finnigan an ye plase, we 'll be sittling for the crathur." — McCloskey departed, leaving his auditors variously disposed. Thaddy Mashee, prompted by his natural disposition for novelty, was strongly inclined to emigrate; but the more cautious counsels of Kathleen persuaded him to remain and try his fortune in Limerick. "We 'll be young enough Thaddy," said she, "to go ower a yaar hince nor moor, an it be naadful. But, whin we 're claan gane, 't will na be sa aisy maybe, to git back an try your hand at the carpinter's thrade haar in Lim'rick. Howsomeiver, an your heart 's i' the mather, daar Thaddy, Ise go alang wid ye onyhow."

Robert Finnigan's wife had conceived a friendship for Kathleen, partly perhaps because they were of the same opinion in religious matters, but mainly on account of her attractive and amiable qualities. By the aid of Betsy Finnigan, the Mashees were enabled to obtain some cheap apartments in her neighborhood. Thaddy was successful in his efforts to associate himself, on profitable terms, with a respectable carpenter; from whom in the course of twelve months he acquired an unusual amount of skill and information. — David McCready was now about four years of age, and he was constantly expressing his wish for such a playmate, in the shape of a brother, or sister, as little Bob Finnigan had; and his wishes were

abundantly realized, for, about this period, his mother gave birth to twins, one of which died on the second day after its birth. The other, a healthy little girl, she was enabled to rear. Thaddy had work enough; both himself and Kathleen as well as their little ones were in the possession of excellent health; she had about her a little circle of protestant friends and acquaintances; and ample opportunities in Limerick for the enjoyment of religious worship, according to her faith. Yet Kathleen was not entirely happy. In the language of an Italian proverb, "*There is a skeleton in every house.*" Love, devoted and undying, never took stronger hold upon the fibres of a woman's heart than upon hers. She lived, next to God and eternity, for her husband and her children; and he was not deficient in a deep-rooted affection for them. But the heart is deceitful above measure. Thaddy's affections began to be divided between Kathleen and another object. In the society of his fond wife, he became more and more silent and abstracted, from day to day. This rival that was insidiously stealing away his heart from its legitimate proprietress, levied increasing demands upon his time; and, in return for the pleasures of sin, exacted from the hands of this infatuated worshipper the sweat of his brow, that product of his daily toil, with which he had hitherto supported his devoted wife and dependent children. No word of direct crimination had ever escaped the lips of Kathleen. Now and then, her silent tear, or unbidden sigh, operating upon a heart sufficiently conscious of its obliquity, would drive him to a defence or palliation, before any charge had been preferred against him. Anticipating, from the hurried meal or other circumstance, a separation for the long winter's evening, she would sometimes say, "Daar mon, an ya'll shtay at hum, we'll try to make it a plisant fireside onyhow, an the gorsoon's got out his chuck straas d'ye mind; leetle David says, ye don't play wid him as ye used to, Thaddy."—On such occasions, he would sometimes forego his anticipated enjoyment elsewhere, and remain at home, with a reluctance, however, imperfectly concealed. Still Kathleen had no occasion for jealousy, in the common acceptation of that word. She knew well enough that Thaddy loved her alone of all women. No human being, as she believed, and with good reason, could estrange the affections of her husband, or induce him to forget his marriage vows, or shrink from his domestic responsibilities. What then had produced this apparent alienation? What had taught him to turn away, night after night, from his own fireside, and to prefer any society to that of a fond wife and the offspring of their mutual affection? In the words of Kathleen herself, when justifying or at least palliating his conduct, in the very face even of his own self-crimination,—"*It was notting but the crathur.*"

By this ingenious distinction, Kathleen transferred the criminality of drunkenness from the idol of her soul to an agency, beyond the pale of her husband's responsibility. If this agreeable self-delusion should seem inconsistent with her apparent good sense, upon other occasions, we can offer no other solution of the mystery, than such as has been transmitted from age to age, in the proverb, that love is blind. Kathleen's was not only blind, but deaf, for she would hear nothing to Thaddy's disparagement; and dumb, for she replied not to his occasional abuse; or, if ever, by two brief words, "*Daar Thaddy!*" uttered in tones of gentleness and love.

"*The Crathur!*" What a comprehensive synonyme for the Devil's vicegerent upon earth! The elixir of misery! In fashionable life, among the opulent and the luxurious, drunkenness, and it is by no means an utter stranger in those elevated walks, comes not in that tremendous shape, in which it haunts and scourges its wretched victims, in the habitations of the poor. To those who dwell in palaces, or who are busily engaged in commercial or professional pursuits, the drunken father or the drunken child, the drunken husband or the drunken wife, though an object of loathing and disgust, brings not the whole fabric of domestic happiness to the ground. The drunken inmate, in whatever relation, can be permitted to put on and sleep off the brute, in a separate apartment. Expensive pleasures, and splendid castles, and gorgeous furniture, and glittering equipages, and the multifarious occupations of life, bury the recollections of such domestic afflictions: and, when they rise again, and undoubtedly they will, again the successive tide of this world's affairs comes speedily over them, and again they are forgotten.—It is not so with the poor. A single apartment frequently contains one household at least. There is no escape from the drunkard, when he comes. No pleasures invite the wife and the children of the drunken husband and father, from the scene of misery; no foreign occupations afford them relief; no ray of hope bears a reviving promise of betterment to-morrow; the drunkard himself, that poor, tottering, broken reed, is their only stay; they are not permitted to look for any other, of the present world, so long as the conjugal and parental relations remain; it is not possible to flee away and be at rest; there is no power of oblivion but in the grave; and even that, cold, and damp, and dreary, as it is, is often sought by fervent prayer, as an outlet for the wretched sufferer from a domestic hell.——

The bustle and excitement of Limerick, had a direct and unfavorable influence upon Thaddy Mashee, who had passed his days in great obscurity before. Water finds its level not more certainly,

than a wild Irishman, upon entering a populous town, discovers that congenial circle, in which it is most agreeable to his feelings to abide. Thaddy, soon after his arrival in Limerick, found himself in the society of certain individuals, whose chief occupation was drinking and diversion; and, if we may be permitted to subdivide the second branch of their employment, this diversion consisted partly of gambling and fighting; and of the latter Thaddy had an ample dividend. It is characteristic of an Irishman, that, when sober, he is generous, obliging, affectionate, and humane, — but, when under the *crathur's* dominion, he is of all known animals, the most pugnacious, ferocious and unrelenting. The opium smoker, of Sumatra, and other islands of the East, is not more likely to murder friend or foe, without the least discrimination. Thaddy soon became an established inmate of Dennis Queeny's shebeen. In process of time, no man was more likely to be missed in his place, of a winter's evening, than Thaddy. If it was determined "*to flake an ugly felly*," or to proceed upon any other "*divilment*," no man was more essential to the enterprise than Thad. Mashee. Thaddy's thoughtless and profligate associates were chiefly catholics. We mean not to imply, that protestants are exempted from the degrading condition of *pot-service*, to which all vassals of the *crathur* are subjected. But we regret to perceive, that, with a few respectable exceptions, which we delight to acknowledge and record, the Romish clergy and their agents are apparently opposed to the employment of those means, which, in the present age, have found such extensive favor with the world, for the suppression of intemperance. Whether this arises from an unwillingness to relinquish the accustomed means of personal gratification, or from indifference, we cannot say. It is more probably, however, a part of the papal system; for, when drunkenness shall have been done away, and, with it, that just, relative proportion of all indolence, ignorance, crime, misery, and superstition, of which it is the putative parent; — then truly a much smaller portion of mankind may be expected to follow the dark lanthern of the Romish religion.

It is needless to say, that the course, pursued by her husband, made poor Kathleen an unhappy woman. — That religion is most likely to find professors among the frivolous and the wicked, which, by a species of ecclesiastical legerdemain, can persuade the sinner, that he is going directly to Heaven, when he is going directly to Hell. By a refined and complicated system of Jesuitry and prelatical juggling, the Papal See has obtained its present extensive influence through the world. Poor Thaddy was still a catholic at heart. He was constantly contrasting the compunctious prickings of his own

conscience, in contemplation of his unjustifiable career, and under the uncompromising system of religion, which he had learned from Kathleen ; — with the delightful alternate succession of sin and repentance, permitted by the Romish scheme. Most true, when an explanation is formally demanded, we are told, that the wafer is without efficacy, unless the sinner heartily repent. But where is the son of Ireland or of any other country, who has stolen a guinea and spent the last farthing of it in whiskey, who does not "*heartily repent?*" It would be difficult, in many cases, however, to decide, whether he repented that he had spent the guinea, or that he had stole no more. The priest is too desirous of preserving that power, which enables him to deal by wholesale, in this system of acceptable delusion, to render the wafer difficult of digestion, by too close a scrutiny into the character of that repentance, which the recipient avows. — Be these high matters as they may, Thaddy was less pleased with a religion, which left him so exceedingly uneasy, after the commission of sin. To forsake the poor "*crathur*," and sin no more, was not in all his thoughts. Just before confession, his catholic associates were frequently less cheerful. The idea of passing out of life, without being shrived by the priest, filled them occasionally with painful apprehension. But, upon the next day, they were themselves again, and ready for a fresh career of iniquity. Kathleen was not only pained but chagrined by Thaddy's evident apostasy, for she undoubtedly believed that she had converted him herself. — Alas! when a young thief, of the Roman catholic persuasion, who comes to steal ducks, is suddenly converted to the protestant faith, not for the love of God, but of a handsome Irish girl, who detects him in the act, his conversion may not safely be credited, without further evidence.

Thaddy Mashee had become a good carpenter, and he had no want of employment; but the misapplication of his earnings had brought into his little household a guest, unwelcome and unknown before, poverty — but not rags as yet, nor squalid wretchedness. — I have watched — nor was it any waste of time — I have stood, sheltered beneath my umbrella, during a storm of wind and rain, and watched, for half an hour, the labors of that little insect, whose thrift and industry are a proverb. I have seen her meeting the elements at every point; gathering redoubled strength from the very exigency ; at one moment, repairing the crevasse, which gave a passage to the water, that stood in a puddle — a lake to her — around her rampart of compacted sand, threatening to break down the levee, and bring ruin upon her house and home ; at another moment, I have seen her, regardful of her children, descending rapidly into her sub

terraneous abode, and instantly returning; now struggling with a pebble, which threatened to choke the avenue, and then bearing off a straw, which the wind had cast in her way. — Such is not an unhappy illustration of a thrifty housewife, — the christian mother of needy children; — to whom the voice of nature has spoken aloud, — *if their father neglect them, — thou art their mother!* — to whose evangelized heart the angel of mercy has whispered, in accents ineffably sweet, — *thou art not forsaken!* — Such was Kathleen. Her eyes, her ears, her hands were in continual requisition; and, in the midst of oppressive poverty, she still continued not only to keep the wreck of their humble establishment together, but to preserve an air of tidiness and thrift. — Betsy Finnigan was a good friend to Kathleen, — but she was poor herself, and her own husband was falling fast into the pit, which, for years, he had been digging for others. "His shebeen wull be his grave, I 'm faaring," said Betsy to Kathleen, in the confidence of her full heart. — "My health an shtrength are good, bliss the Lard," Kathleen would say to her friend; "but a braaf minnit it is I gits, i' the midst o' my cares an throubles, to raad the ward. But we can pray, Bitsy, onyhow. Whin I 'm at the washtub, or minding daar Thaddy's clothes or the childher's, I can pray an waap into the bargin. An Ise moor shtrength whin Ise done, for there 's na doot it 's the Lard hoars me." There was a striking resemblance between the conditions of these illfated women. They were the only children of their respective parents, whom they had committed to the grave; their years were nearly equal; their tempers were gentle and affectionate; their sorrows were the same; without father or mother, brother or sister; they had the same religious faith, and the same unfailing confidence in the promises of God. They were therefore, in the language of Paul, "sorrowful yet always rejoicing." These poor women had given a promise to each other, that, in the event of the death of either, the children of the deceased, so far as circumstances would permit, should become the children of the survivor: a promise, whose fulfilment was prevented by subsequent events.

If any human being could be supposed to possess two distinct entities, that being was Thaddy Mashee. He was an entirely different creature, as his good or evil genius prevailed. Ungovernable, brutal, and even dangerous, when under the influence of intoxicating liquor; — at other times, during the intervals, between his paroxysms of drunkenness, for such in reality they were, he was full of sadness and sorrow for his bad conduct; pouring forth, in the most vehement language, professions of regret and promises of amendment. These bright sunbeams were always hailed with

joy by Kathleen, although bitter and frequent experience had taught her, that they were transient, and that cloud and tempest must inevitably follow. A deep sigh, or a tear, or some kind attention to the children from their father, after a fit of intoxication, would atone for a torrent of oaths, and other cruel usage. — It was, in one of these intervals of repentance and domestic repose, that he was sitting with little David upon his knee: — "Y' ave rid to me o' Joseph's coat, Kathleen," said he, "an it 's the gorsoon's got one o' as mony colors, onyhow." — "An ye may wall say that," said Kathleen; "but the leetle felly wanted a coat bad enough, an I did the bist I cud, daar Thaddy. It 's made o' githerings an scrapings to be sure afore the tailors' shops. Whin I was picking up bits, naar McArdle's shop, where Faden kipt, the same as wint to Amiriky, wid John McCloskey, McArdle ax'd me for what I pick'd up the paces; an whin I toult him, he throw'd me the great bit o' blue, ye 'll mind it betune the rid an graan, an he gi' me a hank o' thrid to mak it wid. David says the leetle fellies mak fun o' his coat, but it kaaps him warm; an Bitsy Finnigan says McArdle cud na made a bather fit. Tarn round David, an lit your father jist look at it; — there Thaddy, does n't ye rickon, Ise done purty wall consithering?" — Thaddy made no reply: — the tears filled his eyes. — "Daar mon," said Kathleen, "an what 's the mather? He sha'n't waar the coat, an it does n't plase ye Thaddy." — "'T was n't o' the coat I was thinking," replied Thaddy, rubbing his eyes; "it 's bekase, whiles I 'm pulling the house to paces, yese pitting it togither agin jist as fast. Och! Katty, it 's bad luck that brought me, spalpeen that I was, to your windy that night, whin I was ower head an aars in love wid your daar self. An what 's am I now, moor nor a did weight an a curse t' ye, Kathleen?" — "Whoosh! Thaddy," said Kathleen, "don't be after talking that a way, — ye 's a good, kind husband to me, whin ye 's your own self, ye are; it 's nothing but the crathur." — "Kathleen," said her husband, after a short pause, "I 'm thinking, an I had gane wid John McCloskey to Amiriky, I shud na be haar as I am. — There 's a vessel, they till me, wull be going after a waak's time." — Kathleen had occasionally repented her counsel, which caused Thaddy to try his fortune in Limerick. She had everything to fear from his continuance there with his present associates, and, at least, something to hope from a separation. — "Was 't a waak ye spake o' Thaddy?" said she. — "It 's after a waak or tin dees the ship wull sail, as I 'm toult," he replied — "Maybe," said Kathleen, "it 's the Lard's wull that we shud go to Amiriky, an Ise riddy thin." — Thaddy appeared overjoyed at her prompt acquiescence; and went out in high spirits to make the necessary inquiries.

He soon returned, with information that the ship would actually sail, in ten days or a fortnight. — Their arrangements were easily made. Time slackened not his customary pace, and the fortnight was speedily gone. Kathleen, after parting from Innisfallen, found but little difficulty, in turning away from Limerick. There was indeed one tie, which she could not sever without a tear. When the ship was hauling off from the wharf, and orders had been given and repeated, for all but passengers to go ashore, Betsy Finnigan was the last to take leave. Their little children, who had been taught to look forward to years of friendship, embraced one another for the last time; the prospective plans of their mothers were burst like bubbles; and an ocean was about to be thrown between those, who might have associated till death, in the bonds of humble but happy friendship. And all this would have been far otherwise, but for "*the crathur*." — The topsails were cast loose, and in a minute or two the ship began to move; "Gad bliss ye Bitsy daar, now an i' the dee." — "The Lard be good t' ye Kathleen, I 'm thinking we 'll maat in a bather warld." — Upon the present occasion, they were embarked in a temperance ship. Captain Barclay permitted no spirit to be used by the crew, and it was a special condition, that not a drop should be brought on board by the passengers. In this vessel, one hundred and thirty-nine emigrants were brought, after a short and prosperous passage to the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and in the common course of time, to the city of Montreal. It was the third day of October, when Thaddy and Kathleen landed in the new country. Their scanty resources had been nearly exhausted in paying for their passage. A few shillings only remained of their little store. In the most literal sense, the world was now before them and Providence their guide: — but there can be no superior guide for man, if he will condescend to follow. They were young, in health, and accustomed to toil.

However humble the resources of emigrants when they arrive, there are few, whose pecuniary means are too insignificant to tempt the cupidity of a certain class of mankind. The poor emigrant, not less than the poor sailor, has his cormorant on the watch, impatiently awaiting his arrival. The drunken landlord is the pursuer and the enemy of both. Poor Thaddy had scarcely stepped upon the shore, before he fell among thieves. He went forth, like the messenger from the ark, to find a resting place for his wife and children; and, after two or three hours, he returned to them, not with an olive branch in his mouth, but with such an intolerable stench of whiskey, as left no doubt of the success of his mission. A portion of their small resources had already been consumed for the procure-

ment of a selfish and brutal gratification. Kathleen, with a heavy heart, leading little David by the hand, and carrying the babe in her arms, followed her husband to such miserable quarters as he had been enabled to engage, as he informed her for a few days. Miserable indeed they were, already crowded with emigrants, and situated in the rear of a little grog-shop, from which the stench of whiskey and tobacco, and the clamor of unruly customers, continued to proceed till near midnight. Thaddy's endeavors to obtain employment were not attended with that success, which he had anticipated. During a period of two months, his family had suffered for the necessaries of life, which he had been either unable or unwilling to supply, most probably the latter; for he had acquired, by his occasional labor, the means of drunkenness, in which he had frequently indulged since his arrival. Kathleen perceived with the deepest regret, that her influence was gradually decreasing; and that his manners towards herself and the children, even during his moments of sobriety, were becoming less affectionate and gentle than before. The painful consciousness of being less beloved is apt enough to stimulate offended pride to some effort of revenge. The wounded heart struggles to love less; it strengthens its resolution, by gathering, from their shallow graves, the recollections of past offences, long since forgiven, and sacrificed with tears of joy, upon the altars of renovated love. Ingenious, in reasoning itself into that very belief, which it abhors, the mind distorts all truth, and annihilates its own peace with its own sophistry. — But it is not always thus. There are minds, which present the powers of memory and imagination, in bold relief; and yet the reasoning faculties are more prominent than these. So there are hearts, in which there is more than becomes a Christian of earthly pride, and yet love may so exceedingly prevail, as to bring all other affections under its absolute control. Such was that *Irish Heart*, which beat in the bosom of Kathleen, and, in despite of all external agitations, with a pulse as steady and undeviating as the movement of a chronometer. Her love for the man of her heart was unconditional; it was proved to be true love, by the acknowledged test, — for it was blind. We state not this in commendation, neither in dispraise of that ill-fated woman, whose story we recite; but we describe her as she was. Thaddy was the husband of her choice and the father of her children. The unfading recollections of young love were ever before her, in all their primitive freshness; she found it an easier task to forget his present neglect than his former devotion; and she never attributed the ill-usage of an ungovernable man to "*daar Thaddy*," but always to the "*crathur*."

The month of December had commenced, and, fortunately for the poor, the season was unusually mild. For two months, Thaddy Mashee had sought in vain, for some regular employment. He had heard that a considerable demand for carpenters existed in Troy, in the State of New York, and proposed, to Kathleen, that he himself should proceed alone to that city, and endeavor to find employment there. The accounts that he had received, and which he presented before her, were so plausible, that she finally consented to the temporary separation. If he should not speedily succeed, he promised to return immediately, but if he found sufficient encouragement to settle permanently there, it was arranged, that he should return or send for his wife and children. As Thaddy was unable to write, he agreed to employ some person in Troy to write in his behalf.

No sooner had Thaddy departed, than Kathleen devoted herself, single handed and alone, to the support of herself and her little children. She was an excellent washer and ironer, and her industrious habits and unblemished character soon brought her into the channel of as much work, as her strength permitted her to undertake. She was enabled, by the most rigid economy, to pay the rent for her little apartment, and to clothe her little ones, and to find them potatoes and salt; and, from one of the families, in which she worked, she received a gratuitous and bountiful supply of skim milk; so that she and her children would have been contented and happy but for the absence of the husband and father. She had even procured three yards of strong cotton, and, after reading her chapter and praying for the "*poor childher in a land o' shtrangers, and daar Thaddy,*" she used to sit down and work by a farthing candle, that she might surprise him upon his return, with a new shirt. — She had ascertained, to a day, the time, which he would probably consume in his journey to Troy, and the period when a letter might be expected. She was at the little window of the post office, day after day, for several weeks, inquiring for her letter. Her perseverance, in spite of so many disappointments, had attracted the notice of the postmaster; and her name and personal appearance had become quite familiar. Her amiable countenance became at last so sad, after so many applications in vain, that, to her customary inquiry, — "*Wull there be ony litter for Kathleen Mashee, your honor?*" — it was with a feeling of sincere regret, that, after a deliberate examination of the pile of letters, he returned them to the pigeon-hole, and looking over his spectacles, replied, "*No letter for Kathleen Mashee!*"

December, January, and February were well nigh gone, and no tidings of Thaddy. — Kathleen, driven almost to desperation, could endure it no longer. She determined to proceed herself to Troy,

in search of her husband. Having made her arrangements, she set forth upon the journey, notwithstanding the inclement season of the year; and, with her infant in her arms, and little David at her side, she proceeded to traverse, on foot, those hundreds of miles, which lie between Montreal and Troy. Subsisting chiefly upon charity, and supported by the God of the forlorn, she steadily pursued her way. Her simple story, briefly told, in the irresistible language of nature and truth, and in reply to the inquiries of those, whom she encountered, won a night's lodging here and there, and now and then a plentiful bowl of bread and milk for little David and herself. Occasionally she was less fortunate. Suspicion and distrust would sometimes lock up the heart even of some honest farmer. Permission to take shelter for the night, on the hay-loft perhaps, was, in some cases, reluctantly conceded. Upon such occasions, little David and herself would eat the dry morsel of bread, which she had providently reserved for such an exigency; and, while she was nursing the baby, David would read some portion of God's word from that same little Bible, which had been *Kathleen's own book*, in the island of Innisfallen. "It 's too good for us this place," she would say, as they were about to renew their journey. "'T was in jist sich a place ye remimber, David, the Saviour was cradled." She would then stop at the farmer's door, and, thanking him for their night's lodging, proceed upon her journey. Thus, with almost incredible toil and suffering, she reached the place of her destination; and, after many inquiries, to which she obtained no satisfactory answer, she was directed to the habitations of some Irish families, who formed a little neighborhood by themselves. Here she repeated her inquiries from house to house, without any success, until she arrived at a miserable hovel, in one part of which there was a grog-shop. Kathleen approached the door, and accosted one of the men, who were standing within: — "Is it ony one haar, that can jist till me whereaboots I may be finding Thaddy Mashee? it 's my husband that same." — "Thaddy Mashee it is?" said one of the group. — "Yis, an it is," replied Kathleen. "Was he lang haar?" inquired another. — "Not lang I 'm thinking," said Kathleen, "he lift Montreal moor nor thraa months ago it was." — "Was not he a carpenter fro' Lim'rick?" inquired the person, whom she first addressed. — "Lard be good t' ye, that same it was indaad," said Kathleen, "jist be tilling me where to find the daar mon." — "Mashee was it she sed?" inquired a rough looking fellow, "likes enough it 's he that was sintanc'd for the siven yaars." — "Daar me!" cried Kathleen, and fell with the babe in her arms upon the ground. "How inconsitherate y' are Mullowny," said

one of the group, "ye haar'd the poor woman say the mon was her husband." — All considerations were forgotten in the present demand upon their kind feelings; and their countrywoman and her babe were carried into the house. Little David cried, as if his heart would break, for he thought his poor mother was dead. In a few minutes, however, she was restored to her senses; and the answers to her rapid interrogations furnished a distressing confirmation of her fears. — "Poor daar Thaddy!" she exclaimed, "an it's transhported he is!" It was soon explained to her, that transportation, as a mode of punishment, was unknown in the new country; and she seemed to be somewhat relieved by the conviction, that he was still upon the same continent with herself. When she had sufficiently composed her mind to hear a connected account of the affair, it was related to her briefly as follows. Thaddy had wandered about, seeking employment, and devoting his earnings for a day's work, to the procurement of the means of intoxication for several successive days; and then repeating the process. In a fit of drunkenness, he had attacked a fellow-countryman with a deadly weapon. The Grand Jury and the Court were in session. Poor Thaddy was immediately indicted, tried, and convicted of an assault with intent to murder; and sentenced to the State Prison at Auburn, for seven years. — "An why did n't he sind me the news, bad enough an it was indaad?" said Kathleen. — "He did so, and ye may depind," replied an old man, from whom she had obtained the most minute particulars; "an 't was myself that pinn'd the litter for 'im, an 't was diricted jist as he toult me, to *Maastress Kathleen Mashee, ower Pether McQuaid's shebeen.* — But now I 'm thinking we was so harrished, that I 's claan forgot to pit the name o' the town, but the litter 's safe enough onyhow."

One hundred and seventy or eighty miles were still between Kathleen and her miserable husband. But of what avail would her presence be, if she were in Auburn! To those, who counselled her to give up the thought of such a long and unprofitable journey, she replied, "I wull be naarer to daar Thaddy, an it 's a swaat thought to me that."

The inmates of this miserable dwelling were kind to Kathleen, and gave her and her children a supper and lodging. She retired into one corner of the apartment, every other corner of which was already occupied; and there, upon her sack of straw, she lay down with her children, not to slumber, but to weep and pray. There is surely such a consciousness of God's presence and support, such a firm conviction, that he hears and answers prayer, as gives strength to labor still and endure yet a little longer, when the cheek is pale,

and the joints are feeble, and the heart is well nigh broken. — In the morning, though she had slept but little, she rose strengthened and refreshed. — "An where is 't y' are going now?" said her hostess, as she saw her preparing herself and her children for their departure. — "Thanks t' ye for your kindness," said Kathleen; "Ise going to saak a pardon for my poor daar mon. They till me it 's na moor nor a few miles to the governor's house; an Ise toult by the paple haar, that it 's himself has the power to pardon Thaddy, an he wull; an in the name o' marcy, why wull he not, an he 's flesh an blood?"

She took leave of the poor people, who had sheltered her for the night, and who wished "*good luck t' ye*," as she departed, but with an expression, which seemed to intimate their entire want of confidence in the success of her enterprise. She turned off with a lighter foot than might have been expected, after the fatigue she had undergone; but her heart had been refreshed by a measure of hope, which amounted almost to a confidence of success. The poor creature, in the simplicity of her heart, supposed, that the Governor of New York would be quite as blind to Thaddy's failings, as she was herself. — She reached Albany before ten in the morning, and soon found her way to the governor's mansion. Fortunately he was at home. She rang the bell, and sat down upon the door steps, with little David, to get a moment's rest. The door was presently opened by a domestic, who inquired her business. "It 's a poor buddy wud spake wid the governor," she replied. In a short time, she was conducted into his study. Kathleen made her courtesy, and little David, who had been duly instructed, took off his cap, and holding it with both hands, made his best bow. But this extraordinary effort caused him to fall upon the carpet. The governor smiled, and said an encouraging word to the little fellow. "He 's waary sir," said Kathleen, "he can do it bitter nor that; but he 's walked a lang way." — "How far?" inquired the governor. "It 's only fro' Troy the dee sir, but we 's come fro' Montreal; an the childher 's walk'd wid me ivry dee, and his faat are blister'd they are." — "Sit down, then, both of you," said the governor, "and inform me what has caused you to walk from Montreal to Albany, at this inclement season, and what is your business with me?" — "It 's na the like o' me," said Kathleen, "that wull be able to spake to quality as it 's maat: but may the Lard pit right wards into the mouth an right thoughts into the broken heart o' a poor woman, and ye 'll haar the truth onyhow. It 's o' Thaddy Mashee, that I wud spake t' ye sir, an——" "Are you his wife?" inquired the governor. "Indaad am I, and it 's my comfort that I am," answered

Kathleen "an now he 's in throuble he 's daafer to me nor iver." —"Well," rejoined the governor, "I am well acquainted with his case, and you have come here to see if you can get him pardoned, I suppose." —"Jist that, your honor, it 's all the way fro' Montreal Ise come for that same; it 's na moor nor five months since we come haar. We 're shtrangers in a shtrange land: our forbares in the oult country are all gane, and it 's nather kith nor kin we ha' haar. It 's a good kind mon, my husband that 's in prison, and he 'd na hart a fly." —"But, my good woman," said the governor, "it was proved, that he would have committed murder, if he had not been prevented." —"Och sir," replied Kathleen, "I 'd na belaave the like o' that, an I saad it wid my own eyes. It 's na Thaddy Mashee himself wud do sich a thing as that; 't was notting but the crathur, your honor may depind." —"But the laws of England," replied the governor, "and of this country consider a man more guilty, who commits a crime under the influence of liquor." —"An shud it be so?" rejoined the poor woman, with increasing animation, "shud it be so? An it 's right to pray that we may na be lid into timptation, is it right to mak laws, which fills the land wid shebeens, where he that sills the crathur, may timpt ony poor buddy to his ruin? Whin we come to this contree, fro' the dee we lift Lim'rick till we raach'd Montreal, na woman iver had a moor oblaaging mon, than Thaddy. He was iver talking good-nathured wid myself, or playing wid the childher, or spaking o' how happy we wud be in the new contree. He thritend na buddy, he was ceevil and dacent to all aboord. An it 's jist bekase there was na a dhrap o' the crathur to be had. Your honor wull forgi' a poor buddy, but I wud ax, an a governor wid all the contreevers o' the law has na as great a power to prevint this sart o' throuble, as a captin o' a marchant ship? Whoosh! sir," continued Kathleen, forgetting in her zeal for her husband and for justice, the presence she was in, "pit na the cheens round the nick o' poor Thaddy, that daar innocent mon that he is, but upon them what maks and what sills the maddening crathur, or upon them, what permits sich prosadings; na offince t' yer honor, onyhow. —Whin the dee is done, the poor buddy, waary and darty, and drouthy, rins to the shebeen as aisily, as the baby whin it 's hungry rins after the brist. An there was na shebeen, he wud rin hum to the wife an childher, an be moor happy there. Woe be to them, the book tills us yer honor, by whom th' offince hath come. —But, an ye 'll na regard the prayers and the taars o' a poor woman, Ise one frind, to whom I can go." —"You mean the Catholic priest or bishop, I suppose," said the governor. ——"Na indaad, yer honor," said Kathleen; "it 's this blissed book," taking

her little Bible from her bosom, "that taught me moor nor tin yaars ago, where to saak the bist relaaf for a broken heart, and the daarest frind a poor buddy can ha' in a coult warld."

The governor was much interested by the zeal and honesty of this devoted creature; and, having heard, soon after the trial. of Mashee, some circumstances of a palliatory character, he was strongly inclined to mercy. The marks of weariness were evident on the features of Kathleen and her little boy. The high color upon her intelligent and honest face, was not the glow of health, but the flush of a protracted and painful excitement. The governor requested his daughter, who came accidentally into the room, to bring some refreshments. She soon returned, with her mother, and a little brother, whose curiosity she had excited, by her account of the pretty Irish woman and her children. — "It 's your leddy, sir?" said Kathleen, dropping a courtesy. The governor nodded his head, and gave some little account of the poor woman's errand, while she gave little David some of the refreshment, and partook, though sparingly, herself. — "You had better take something more," said the governor's lady, "you have walked several miles since your breakfast." — "It 's na breakfast Ise bin ating the dee, maam," said Kathleen: "it 's hard ating wid a hivy heart. My own taars it is, that 's bin maat and drink to me mony a dee. An ye was i' the same ease yourself, daar leddy, wid your swaat childher haar depindant upon yourself alone for a bit bread, and your good mon pit up in prison, for siven waary yaars, it 's na o' ating ye 'd be thinking, moor nor to kaap sowl and buddy togither, till ye saad him ha' his leeberty agin. — Och sir," continued Kathleen, turning to the governor, and pressing an argument, which her sagacity assured her had not been presented entirely in vain; — "is it jist in the sight o' God, to spread a shnare at iv'ry corner, and whin as 't was na moor nor raasonable to be ixpicted, a poor immigrant or ony other poor buddy falls in 't, to pit him in prison for siven yaars? An ye wad jist put the crathur, that did the ill wark, in prison for siven yaars, wid them that maks it, and them that sills it, ye 'd do a sarvice, and saa a daal o' difference onyhow. Ise haar'd afore I lift Ireland, that Amiriky was a fraa country. It 's a fraa country, for aven the dacons o' the charches, Ise toult, to make the accursed crathur o' the Sabbadee; it 's a fraa country for sich as the like o' they, who profiss to love the Lard, that wint aboot doing good, to sill the pistilent poison that it is, an to win away the bit bread o' the little childher, an drive the poor broken-hearted mother to dispiration, an laad the misguided husband an father to offind agin the law. It 's a fraa country for all this, indaad it is. But whin

the wretched mon, craz'd wid the crathur, commits an offince, it 's na fraa country for the like o' him, onyhow." — The energy and honesty of this poor supplicant's manner can scarcely be conceived. The governor's lady and daughter were deeply impressed by the native eloquence of this untutored Irish woman. Their tears were already telling the secret of their sympathy. — "Maybe," continued Kathleen, "maybe ye 's thinking Ise too boult an plain-spaking. Indaad it 's not myself that maans ony offince, for it 's upon yer honored selves alone, next to the sure frind, Ise depinding for marcy, it is. Poor daar Thaddy!" she exclaimed, scarcely able to speak articulately for her tears and sobs. "Och! an we had only bin continted to remain in Innisfallen, where we was barn, an where we first began to love ache other, an where we lived in pace! — Daar sir, wull ye na look upon your own swaat leddy, an upon your own childher, an gi' a passing thought to me an to mine? It 's for the daar husband, the only frind I ha' i' the warld, Ise plaading, an for the father o' thase childher haar. Wull ye na lit thase poor things ha' their father agin, an wull ye kaap the bars o' iron betune myself an my daar mon, for siven lang yaars? — Gad bliss ye sir; — he 's touching your kind haart; I saa it by the taar that 's jist in your eye." — "Good woman," said the governor, "your husband's case shall be considered without delay, possibly this morning; in the mean time, as you are entirely without friends in this place, my wife will provide for you to-day." — "Och, sir, it 's nothing Ise can retarn, but a poor buddy's prayers, an ye 'll ha' enough o' them, onyhow." — Kathleen and her children were ushered into the governor's kitchen. "Dear papa," said his daughter, as he was leaving the room shortly after, "do let the poor little children have their father again!"———

At noon, the governor returned, and Kathleen was summoned into his presence. "In consideration of your husband's youth," said the governor, "and of some circumstances, which, as I am told, were favorable to him at the trial, and of your own efforts in his behalf, I now put into your hands a full pardon for Thaddy Mashee." — The effect upon this poor woman was not such as might have been expected. Instead of giving way to such an ebullition of ungovernable feeling, as is characteristic of the Irish, under similar circumstances, she received the pardon from the governor, and, turning her eyes towards Heaven, she put the paper to her lips, and bathed it with tears: she then dropped upon her knees, and, clasping her hands together, exclaimed, in tones of the deepest feeling, "Lard of the poor and the rich, the waak and the powerful, for the blissing, which Ise now resaved, may I spind the rist o' my dees to thy hoi or and glory."

Her gratitude to the governor and his family was expressed in the most simple and affecting terms. — She could not be prevailed on to remain and rest herself for the night. — "I 'll be tin miles on my way to the prison," said she, "afore I slaap." She pursued her journey to Auburn, subsisting on charity, as before, and arrived there at last, herself and her little boy nearly exhausted with fatigue. She inquired her way to the State's Prison, and in the words of the respected individual, from whom we received the original statement, upon which we have built this tale of AN IRISH HEART, "*like the good angel of Peter, she opened the prison door, and set the captive free.*" She delivered the pardon, which she had kept safely in her Bible, to the warden of the prison. After carefully examining the document, he bade her follow him. She passed along through the narrow avenue and between the rows of cells. At length he stopped, and applied the key. — Kathleen stood near him with a beating heart. — The bolts flew back ; — the door swung open : — the criminal could not perfectly recognize the individual, who eagerly approached him ; — but, in an instant, the poor creature's arms were clasped about his neck, and "Daar, daar Thaddy," conveyed in tones of the tenderest affection, assured him of the truth. — "It 's your own wife and childher, Thaddy," said she, — "come out fro' this coult ugly place, daar mon." Thaddy looked anxiously at the warden for an explanation, who announced to the bewildered man, that he was fully pardoned.

Nothing could exceed the professions of gratitude and love, which he bestowed upon his deliverer. Her touching story created a strong feeling of sympathy for them both. A purse was made up, by some benevolent individuals in Auburn, on their account. Thaddy once more commenced business as a carpenter, and there was but one obstruction in the way of their prosperity, — the *crathur*, the most uncompromising and unrelenting of all task-masters over those, who have once become his voluntary slaves.

It would be more agreeable to lay aside the pen, and leave the reader under the delightful impression, that Thaddy and Kathleen were thenceforward the happiest couple upon earth. — It was not more than six weeks from the period of his liberation, when a person, walking in the evening, near the little dwelling, which was tenanted by Thaddy Mashee, was attracted by groans, proceeding apparently from some person in distress. He approached the spot, and not far from the door, discovered a female, who was unable to rise. Having procured a light, he ascertained that this unfortunate woman was Kathleen Mashee. She was conveyed to her dwelling, which was in terrible confusion. The little furniture she possessed

had been broken to pieces; the cradle was knocked over and the baby was turned upon the floor; and the elder child lay concealed beneath the bed. From him, when he had sufficiently recovered from his terror, they learned, that his father had come home crazy, and broken the furniture, and, after beating his mother over the head repeatedly with a chair, had dragged her, by her hair, to the spot where she had been found. Whither his father had fled the boy knew not. Poor Kathleen, by the kind attention of the neighbors, was in the course of a few weeks restored to health. She still persisted in finding excuses for Thaddy's conduct. — "There niver was a kinder nor himself upon coult wather," she would often say, "it 's nathing but the crathur." — Surely there is too much of rationality, in such an allegation, to authorize its unqualified rejection. The experience of the world has taught us, that the temptations to drunkenness, which are legalized at every corner, are too powerful for the poor; and that a vast proportion of mankind, who would be praiseworthy in the various relations of life upon "*coult wather*," are converted into maniacs and devils, by the influence of the "*crathur.*"

After this horrible outrage, Thaddy appears to have fled, for nothing has been heard of him to the present hour. Of Kathleen we can only speak in the words of the individual, from whom we obtained the groundwork of this narrative. "*The last I knew of this devoted and much injured woman, she was asking charity to enable her once more to go in search of that monster of a husband, who had thus requited her sacrifices and her love.*"

When we contemplate those poor emigrants, who are flocking among us from the Emerald Isle, oppressed by poverty, and through the detestable agency of our grog-shops, invited to the commission of every variety of crime; we are prone to speak and think of them as an offensive and dangerous accession to the popular mass. Before we condemn by wholesale, let the enlightened philanthropists of our country, endeavor to meliorate their condition, by removing the means of drunkenness, by supplying the means of education, and by urging upon their minds the claims of a religion, *pure and undefiled.* By such allurements and excitatives as these, we shall be enabled to elevate the character of a large and increasing department of our population, and learn to estimate the real value of AN IRISH HEART.

WELL ENOUGH FOR THE VULGAR.

Anacharsis, the Scythian philosopher, being entertained by Periander, king of Corinth, demanded the prize for being the first drunk, such, as he affirmed, being the end and aim of all who drink intoxicating liquors.* Such liquors, unless they are rendered palatable, by the addition of saccharine or other agreeable matters, are almost universally offensive to the beginner. The pleasurable sensation, which, for a time, accompanies that disturbance of the functions of the brain and nerves, produced by such liquors, is a part of the process of inebriation: it is the dawn of that drunkenness, whose mid-day consists of woe, and sorrow, contention and babbling, wounds without cause, and redness of eyes; and whose night terminates in apoplectic, stertorous sleep, and frightful dreams. Disproportioned as are the pleasures to all the pains of drunkenness, the attainment of these pleasures is the end and aim of drinking, and the sentiment of Anacharsis is, therefore, undoubtedly correct.

These pleasures may be purchased at various prices; and will he, who greatly values them, but who can no longer afford to pay the highest price, forego them entirely, or purchase the joys of drunkenness at a lower rate? The sensualist, grown poor, descends to the haunts of vulgar licentiousness. The gamester turns not away forever from his reckless course, because his empty pockets and threadbare apparel admonish him to forsake more fashionable places of resort: he still hankers after his darling occupation, and throws the dice, for a paltry stake, among sharpers, as ragged and wretched as himself. Just so the miserable inebriate, who has acquired his unconquerable relish, upon costly wine, at the table, peradventure, of his affluent parents, becomes occasionally the associate of those, who sleep in hovels, and whose nectar is rum. While, therefore, we admit that the temperance reform, as a remedy, may be *well enough for the vulgar*, we commend it, as a preventive, to the enlightened and refined.

"How I used to hate the taste of it," said master Frederick, a young lad, about ten years of age, the son of a wealthy planter, as he turned off his heel-tap of Madeira. — "When you first made me drink it, mamma, I never thought I should ever get to love it so well as I do now." — "Well, my son," said Mrs. Broughton, "I trust it will be an useful lesson to you, as long as you live; and that hereafter you will take your mother's advice, without any hesitation. Who loves you better, my dear, than your fond parents; or who can be supposed to know what is for your good, more certainly than they? To be sure, you made a sad piece of work of it, at first; and it was really distressing, to witness the wry faces, which you used to make up, whenever you tasted a little wine. But you do a great deal better than you did, my dear. Still, I think there is room for a little improvement, Frederick. You are not quite so graceful in your manner of taking wine, as I wish you to be. There is master McKilderkin, the general's son; how much like a man he takes his glass, when," — "Oh yes, to be sure," said Frederick, interrupting his mother, "they are all the time having company, at General McKilderkin's, and William has had so much more expe-

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* Archæol. Græc. Vol. II., p. 406.

rience than I have. Don't you remember, when we all dined there, last week, mamma, that the general said William had a fine taste in wines; and that he actually knew the Cockroach wine from the Serapis, when old Admiral Hardhead could not tell them apart, though he has drunken more wine, the general says, than any living man, of his age?" — "But William McKilderkin lifts his glass so gracefully from the table," rejoined Mrs. Broughton; "here, look at me; put some wine in your glass." Frederick filled his glass, and imitated the movement of his mother. "Tolerably well," said she, "but you want practice, my son." Master Frederick indicated his displeasure, by setting down his empty glass, with some violence, upon the table.

At that moment, Mr. Broughton, who had been absent, for a short time, resumed his seat. "What 's the matter, Fred?" said he, observing that his son was not in a pleasant humor. — "Why, mother 's been scolding me," replied this interesting youth, "because I don't drink wine like Bill McKilderkin." — "Oh no, Frederick, my love," replied Mrs. Broughton, "I only," — "Well, never mind, don't let 's have any words about it," said Mr. Broughton; "fill your glass, Fred." — "He has drunk three glasses already, my dear," said Mrs. Broughton. — "Three glasses, eh! has he?" said her husband; "well, well, never mind, this pure old Monteiro never harmed a fly. Now, Fred, never refuse in company, my son, — nothing so awkward. I 'll tell you a story about that. There was old Jotham Hawbuck, a senator from Onion county, in the State of Massachusetts: he was dining with the governor, in company with eighteen or twenty gentlemen: — 'Shall I have the honor of a glass of wine with you, Mr. Hawbuck?' said the governor. Poor Hawbuck had never been in such harness before. He colored, and stuttered, and finally stammered out, 'I 'd much rather not, your excellency!' — Last Friday, I was dining with Colonel Johnson: an old-fashioned body, by the name of Gookin, was at table; some business acquaintance, who had come up the river, to look at his cotton, and whom the colonel felt himself obliged to invite. We had a haunch of venison for dinner. Everybody had finished the first course but old Gookin. He held on to his venison, like a Burgundy-pitch plaster. 'Mr. Gookin,' said Colonel Johnson, in his very courteous and gentlemanly way, 'indulge me in the pleasure of a glass of wine with you.' — '*Not yet*,' said old Gookin, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. Bob Johnson, the colonel's son, burst into a roar of laughter, and his mother sent him from table. — Never refuse, Fred; and be sure to drink with all the ladies."

"Well, wife," said Mr. Broughton, "where do we go to-night?" —"We are engaged, to-night, my dear, at Mrs. Noodle's," replied Mrs. Broughton.—"Mercy upon us! so we are," cried her husband; "I had forgot all about it. Well, the distiller's lady will show off in great style, I 've no doubt. Old Noodle is amazingly rich, yet I well remember the time when his whole estate was invested in a horse and dray. When Dr. Smith preached his excellent sermon upon temperance, last Sunday, I looked over at Noodle's pew; and when the doctor spoke, in pretty strong terms, of those, who become the ministers of ruin, by importing and distilling, though it was a chilly morning, I saw old Noodle wipe the perspiration repeatedly from his forehead. I wonder how he can hold on to such a business; I confess I have no patience with such a man, and I have no pleasure in going to his house to-night. By the way, my dear, Dr. Smith gave me several temperance tales, and asked me to think seriously of joining the temperance society: what do you think of it?"—"Why, Mr. Broughton!" said his lady, "you certainly cannot be in earnest. I'm sure I would not join such a society for the world."—"Why, my dear," rejoined her husband, "it would cost us nothing, if we did. I don't believe we consume a quart of gin or brandy, in a twelvemonth; and, as to rum and whiskey, I don't know that they are used in our family at all." "Dear Mr. Broughton," rejoined his partner, "why, Venus and Diana, the washerwomen, drink half a pint of gin apiece, every Monday; old Sukey, the cook, could not live without brandy; neither mince pies nor cake can be made without it; besides, Mr. Broughton, your punch in the summer, only think of it,—your punch, my love!"—"True, true, my dear," said her husband, "I spoke without much reflection. You understand these domestic matters better than I do, of course. But, when I heard Dr. Smith so feelingly describe the misery produced by distilled spirits, and the good that would result from these societies, I did give him a little encouragement, to be sure."—"Why, Mr. Broughton, I wonder at you," replied his wife; "Ashur, the coachman, is constantly coming to me for money, to buy New England rum, to rub old Sorrel's legs. Only yesterday, he purchased a two-gallon flagon at the grocer's."—"Did he, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Broughton; "that accounts for his conduct. I have serious doubts, if it all goes to rub old Sorrel's legs. Ashur was evidently drunk all day."—"But, my dear husband," continued Mrs. Broughton, "how many acquaintances and friends we have, who drop in, every day or two, and take a little cordial. How awkward it would seem to be obliged to say, that we could not offer them a drop of it,

because we belonged to the temperance society!" — "Well, well, my dear," replied her husband, "I have not positively promised Dr. Smith to join the society, though he tells me the pledge, at present, extends only to distilled liquors." — "And I hope, Mr. Broughton, you never will," rejoined his wife: "I agree, entirely, with my excellent friend, Mrs. Scarlet, that the temperance society is *well enough for the vulgar;* but that it is really ridiculous for genteel people, who drink little else than good wine or porter, that never hurt anybody, to put their names to a paper, which contains the names already of so many people, that nobody knows anything about. Besides, Mr. Broughton, both you and myself have naturally considerable color, and to join such a society, would almost amount to an admission that we were in the habit of drinking ardent spirit ourselves. Still, I don't deny, that it may be *well enough for the vulgar.*"

Mr. Broughton sat twirling his thumbs, in silence, like an irresolute being, as he was. The volubility of his wife had, upon this, as upon many other occasions, reduced him to the conviction, that his strength lay in sitting still. He preserved a silence worthy of a good subaltern; and his lady, perceiving that the topic was not likely to move him again for the present, retired, for the purpose of making her preparations to visit Mrs. Noodle, in the evening. Mr. Broughton took his cigar, and sauntered, for half an hour, in the garden.

The time at length arrived; the coach was at the door; and Mr. and Mrs. Broughton, with many charges to Frederick, to be a good boy, and go to bed in good season, drove away to Mrs. Noodle's.

"They 're gone Tom," said this promising heir, as he turned the key, behind their backs, calling a little negro, about fourteen years of age. — "Be they gone, massa Frederick?" inquired this valuable domestic, creeping, at the same time, warily forward, with his eyes all about him. — Becoming satisfied, that the coast was clear, Tom proceeded with master Frederick, to ransack the lockers for sweetmeats; and, notwithstanding the quantity of wine the latter had swallowed at the dinner table, the relish for that liquor, already acquired, impelled this youthful victim of intemperance, — for such in reality he was, even at this early age, — to additional indulgence. He was in the very act of playing my little Lord Bountiful, and helping his sable associate to a second glass, when the sharp, shrill voice of Mrs. Gale, the house-keeper, converted their entertainment into anything but a *soireè musicale.* "Hoity, toity!" cried the worthy Mrs. Gale, "your mother shall know of this, master Frederick, before to-morrow morning." — "Tell of me, if you dare,

mother Gale," answered this promising youth, "and see if I don't tell father how you steal, and give away the flour and sugar." — "No such thing," cried Mrs. Gale; "hold your tongue, you little rogue: come, be a good boy, and I won't say a word about it, and I'll make you a turn-over, to-morrow, dear. But as for you, you little black dog, I'll expose you, as sure as you live," continued she, turning to the negro boy. — "Guess better not, missy Gale, ha, ha, ha," replied Tom, with a provokingly significant leer; "guess better not, better let de matter drop, missy Gale; — don ye know, toder day, ha, ha, ha, missy Gale!" — "Well, well, get along about your business, you impudent varlet," said Mrs. Gale, "I shan't bring you into trouble, this time, at any rate." — "Ha, ha, better not, missy Gale!" still echoed through the entry. "Get along, get along," cried the house-keeper. — The interchangeable relations of the parties appeared too plainly to indicate the propriety of peace. Indeed, such exhibitions as these were of no uncommon occurrence in the well regulated family of Mr. Broughton.

Mr. Broughton and his lady arrived in front of the distiller's splendid mansion, rather earlier than comported with the point of fashion, as it was only half past nine, just as the carriage drew up before the door. A blaze of light poured forth from the windows, and illuminated the public way. "A very beautiful mansion, my dear," said Mrs. Broughton, as she alighted. "Very, very, my dear," replied her husband, "but it wants one thing." — "And pray what is that?" inquired his lady. — "A pithy couplet over the front door, like that in front of one of the gin palaces in London:

'Who'd have thought it?
Gin bought it!'

"Put *rum* for *gin*, and the whole truth will be fairly told." — "Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Broughton, in a whisper, "for pity's sake, say nothing about the temperance society to-night; the very naming of it is enough to sink one's reputation for gentility. It's *well enough for the vulgar;* but pray say nothing of it among fashionable people." — The close of this exhortation brought them to the door of a crowded saloon, where some hundreds of ladies and gentlemen were standing together, as compactly as a cane-brake Nothing can be more perplexing to the ear of a novice, than the sound of that unintelligible "jangle," which commonly issues from the door of entrance, where a fashionable mob, of both sexes and of every age, are in the full enjoyment of "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul." The rush of mighty waters is quite another affair.

The club meeting, so admirably described by Oliver Goldsmith where all voices were blended, and where he, who had the loudest voice, had also the longest story to tell, bears some little analogy to the confusion of such an assembly as this. I confess, that the recollections of many idle hours, wasted in such scenes as these, have been forcibly revived, in after time, when, upon a clear, starlight night, musing alone, upon the deck of a Mississippi steamer, I have listened to the *wittenagemote*, or nocturnal parliament of buzzards, herons, pelicans, and cranes; who fill the wilderness with their inharmonious cackle, extremely edifying to themselves, beyond a doubt, but quite unintelligible to all beside.

Mr. Broughton had no small difficulty, in squeezing himself and Mrs. Broughton, through the crowd, for the purpose of paying their respects to the lady of the house. "Which way is Mrs. Noodle?" said he, addressing Major McTab, one of the greatest wags in the city. — "Somewhere, in this elegant *receiver*," replied the major, with a laugh: "*Worm* your way along, my dear Mr. Broughton," continued he. — "Fie, fie, Major," said Mrs. Broughton, in an under tone; "your spirits fairly run away with you." — "*Highly rectified*, madam, ha, ha, ha," replied the major. — "What a coxcomb!" said Mrs. Broughton to her husband, in a whisper. — They had scarcely passed, before Major McTab, wheeling round upon Miss Cecilia Clicket, a maiden lady, of no particular age, commenced a severe attack upon the ugliness and affectation of the Broughtons; while, at the same moment, a bevy of law-students, who were holding their lawless court, in a corner, were making themselves exceedingly merry, by mooting the question of happiness or misery, in case of a marriage between Clicket and McTab.

After much edging and shoving, Mr. Broughton and his lady succeeded, in coming near enough to Mrs. Noodle, to accomplish the great object of their visit, — to execute a courtesy, in the smallest imaginable compass, — to force one heartless smile, — and then to mingle instantly with the promiscuous crowd. It was intolerable. — Poor Mrs. Noodle! like many others, who have suddenly emerged from humble life, she had gone, headlong, to the very extremity of fashion. Her figure was exceedingly short, and nothing had been omitted, which the code of quality prescribed, to render her unlike her identical self. What was the unrelenting severity of the laws of Aristides or Lycurgus, compared with those of fashion! By the aid of unnatural ligatures and preposterous appendages, poor Mrs. Noodle had brought herself into the similitude of a locomotive hour-glass, saving that she had little thought or care of time still less of eternity. — The crowd was prodigious. Cato, one

of those professional gentlemen, who is everywhere at home, was proceeding through this dense multitude, bearing a waiter, loaded with ice-creams and liqueurs. At the very moment when she stepped backward, to return Mrs. Broughton's salutation, she overthrew the first battalion of ice-creams, and ruined her new gros de Naples. — "Bishops are eternally in trouble," said Major McTab. At this moment, the noise and rattle were suddenly suspended by reason of a loud and sharp cry from the adjoining apartment. Old Madam Goose, whose ruling passion for parties and routs was as strong at the age of seventy-four as it had been at sixteen, and who visited on crutches, had most unluckily planted one of her supporters on the gouty toe of old General McKilderkin. The silence of the assembly was momentary only; and in a short time, the confusion of old voices and young ones, treble, tenor, and base, defied all earthly comparison.

It must have been remarked, by every careful observer, who, at any period of his life, has wasted his fleeting hours in the midst of such costly fooleries, as were exhibiting in the mansion of the distiller's lady; that no individual present is particularly desirous of understanding anything, which is uttered by another, but is vehemently bent upon being understood himself. The speakers are eager and animated, and raise their voices to the highest pitch; while the listeners, if such they may be called, stand with vacant faces, twirling their thumbs, or playing with their watch trinkets, or fans, and turning their eyes and their thoughts, in every direction but that of the speaker.

Mrs. Noodle had been careful that no point of gentility should be overlooked; a small apartment, adjoining the drawing room, was accordingly devoted to the hot whiskey punch-bowl; which was continually emptied of its contents, and as constantly replenished. — "Positively the worst I ever tasted," said Major McTab, to his next neighbor, as he turned off his glass; "depend upon it, the old fellow distilled the whiskey himself."—"Why, Major!" cried Miss Midget, who was as constant at every rout, as old Patrick Mahony, the undertaker, at every funeral, "you are too severe; I have, certainly, tasted worse."—"Mercy upon us," said Mr. Broughton, in an under tone, as he entered the punch room, "what would good Dr. Smith say to this! I have been wondering from what quarter this strong smell of ardent spirit proceeded."—"Ha, ha, ha! pray tell us, Broughton," cried the major, "are you a member of the temperance society? — drink no wine, I suppose, eh?" —"No, Major McTab, I am not a member of the temperance society," replied Mr. Broughton, "and I still drink my pure old wine,

and relish it as highly as ever. In this I can see no harm; and, if the friends of temperance contemplate the exclusion of wine, they are certainly going too far, and will ruin the cause. But I must say that the introduction of whiskey punch into fashionable parties, does not appear to me to be in perfectly good taste. It seems to me to amount almost to an insult to the friends of humanity." — "Ha, ha, ha! dear me, good Mr. Broughton," rejoined McTab, with great vivacity; "I 'll bet a quarter-cask of Madeira against a pair of bands, that you 'll take orders before this day twelve-month!" — "Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Broughton, as she jostled forward into the very centre of this noisy circle; "dear Mr. Broughton, what are you talking about? do let the temperance societies alone, they are *well enough for the vulgar*, as you have often heard me say, but how, in the name of common sense, can they concern people of fashion!" — At this moment, a rap on the centre-table attracted the attention of the company to the Hon. Mr. Gross, a gray-haired, portly gentleman, with a triple chin, and a voluminous countenance, overflowing with broad good humor, and indicating little else. This gentleman had been once a senator of the Commonwealth, and he was remarkable for the measure of ease and unconcern, with which he reposed upon his bed of down, without thought or care for the harder fortunes of others. In the words of an extraordinary sermon, recently published, he had studied to keep himself aloof from the "gustiness" of the times; he had not suffered himself to be transported by the "fervors" around him; and he had carefully avoided all connection with the "great transient movements" of the day, such as "Bible, education, missionary and temperance societies." In short, this worthy gentleman, according to the outward indication of his uncommonly sleek and rosy visage, ate and drank to perfection, and prosed, at a terrible rate, of man's independence and moral power. He very much resembled a great moral toad-stool, which overshadowed and sterilized to the extent of its circumference. — Having riveted the attention of the company, by a few smart raps upon the table, — "A sentiment, my friends," said the Hon. Mr. Gross; "with your permission, I will give you a sentiment." He then filled his glass to the brim with whiskey punch, and, as he raised it to his lips, pronounced, amid shouts of laughter, "*Total abstinence!*"

It was now after midnight; and Mrs. Broughton availed of the confusion to abstract her husband from this interesting circle of practical philanthropists. The parting courtesy to the hostess was hastily performed, and they had scarcely entered their carriage, before Mrs. Broughton poured forth the prelude of a curtain lecture,

upon gentility, and fashion, and caste, and the outlandish absurdity of temperance societies. All this, Mr. Broughton patiently endured, with many excuses and promises of amendment. — "Well, my dear," said Mr. Broughton, "what a stupid time we have had of it. For my own part, I should be happy never to be jammed almost to death in one of these crowds again." — "We must do it, Mr. Broughton," replied his worthy partner; "I dislike it as much as you do; but our standing in polite society, and the fortunes of our children make it indispensable." This excellent couple then amused themselves with the follies and weaknesses, ugly faces, and ill-breeding, ill-shaped dresses, and conceited airs of all those very dear friends, with whom they had so recently appeared to be on the best terms in the world. The account was unquestionably balanced, as the Holland merchants say, to a point; and the Broughtons were not forgotten by their *friends*.

The festival was over. The last of the long line of carriages had scarcely driven from the door, before Mr. Noodle commenced the operation of extinguishing the lamps, and turning down the candles, while his estimable partner, like an indefatigable wrecker, was busily engaged in the collection and preservation of the remnants. — Without any important departure from the continuous course of this little narrative, may we not stop to inquire what is the real practical advantage of such gatherings as these! Had the least imaginable benefit accrued to any individual! Was the sum total of amiability increased in a single bosom! In all this, was there the slightest symptom of religious, moral, or intellectual improvement! If there were any addition to the quantum of human happiness, how can we account for the very general exclamation, bursting spontaneously, at the first convenient moment, from guest and entertainer, "*Thank Heaven, it is over!*" The Noodles had given mortal offence to sundry uninvited relatives and acquaintances, and they had added nothing to their own happiness or respectability. They had opened an account with the most heartless portion of their fellow-beings, the votaries of fashion; whose standard of excellence is the depth of a flounce, or the adjustment of a feather, and the least perishable memorials of whose friendship are frequently executed in pasteboard.

Mr. and Mrs. Broughton were met at the door, by that paragon of house-keepers, good, honest Mrs. Gale, who informed them, that master Frederick had behaved like a little gentleman, but was rather feverish. Mrs. Broughton immediately repaired to the chamber. She found him in a violent fever; and, without any inquiry, in relation to the cause, directed a pint of wine-whey, which was faithfully administered by Mrs. Gale.

Nothing could have been farther from the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Broughton, than the suspicion, that master Frederick was then under the influence of liquor. A skilful reasoner would have undertaken a very difficult task, had he attempted to convince Mr. Broughton of the fact, even if the veracious Mrs. Gale had been prevailed on to disclose the whole truth. The little fellow had taken nothing but excellent old wine, which Mr. Broughton believed to be a most innocent beverage. It was indeed true, that master Frederick had taken nothing but excellent old wine; but it was not less true, that master Frederick was absolutely drunk. There is nothing unusual or unaccountable in this. The premises were certainly strong enough to support the conclusion. The quantity of "*excellent old wine*," which he had taken at the dinner-table, with his father and mother, by way of perfecting himself in the practice of propination, as the process of health-drinking was styled, among the old topers of Rome, had been quite sufficient to produce that disturbance of the functions of the brain, in a mere child, which may be called the first stage of drunkenness. In the language of the temperate drinker, the quantity he had already taken, had made him "*feel better;*" he was of opinion, that there could not be too much of a good thing; and as he had no objection to a farther improvement of his condition, he had proceeded to those subsequent indulgences with Tom, the negro boy, which had been interrupted, as we have already related, by Mrs. Gale. When he threw himself upon his bed, he was certainly drunk. How many thousands, male and female, young and old, have been reduced to the same condition upon "*excellent old wine, which never hurt a fly;*" and whom nobody ever saw "*the worse for liquor!*" If any parent should marvel at the production of drunkenness, in one so young, by the use of two or three glasses of "excellent old wine," we can only marvel, in turn, at such lamentable ignorance of cause and effect. If the aged patriarch of the flood was "*drunken*," as he certainly was, upon the fermented juice of the grape, which contained not the smallest particle of distilled alcohol; may not the same result at least be expected, in an adult, and more surely in a child, from the use of that "excellent old wine," which is proved, by chemical analysis, to contain a large amount of added alcohol, the product of distillation?——

Those years, which, to a parent's observation, appear to creep slowly, from the cradle to the age of eight or ten, seem to acquire additional celerity, from that half-way house to the goal of manhood. Through many similar passages, and under the miserable discipline of such injudicious parents, Frederick Broughton had

advanced to the age, not of discretion, but of eighteen years. He was about to graduate at the university. By reason of special favor, he had been enabled to retain his position, to the close of his collegiate career. He had nearly completed his education; and, if he had acquired a high reputation, in any particular department, it was in that, wherein his fond mother was so desirous that he should excel; it was agreed, on all hands, that, as practice makes perfect, no young gentleman took his glass in better style, than Frederick Broughton. Shortly after he left the university, he entered his name in the office of an eminent barrister; and, having hung up his hat on a particular nail, three or four times a week, for the space of three years, he was admitted to practice at the bar. Frederick was an extremely idle, and very gentlemanly fellow; and nothing could have been more repugnant to his disposition than those habits of labor, without which no permanent distinction can ever be acquired in this laborious profession. He opened an office, however, as a matter of course, in which he sate, two or three hours a day, for half a year. His ill success was a source of infinite surprise to his parents, and particularly to Mrs. Broughton. He had received a liberal education; his manners were highly polished; and, at bar dinners, it was acknowledged, that nobody took his glass in such a gentlemanly style, as Frederick Broughton. — His fond parents became persuaded, that he was intended for something better than the mere drudgery of the law. Frederick was by no means deficient in personal appearance, and he was unanimously elected to the command of a militia company; for which office, during the "piping times of peace," he was by no means indifferently qualified. The law was as easily abandoned, as any other object, which had attracted the fancy without affecting the heart. He was exceedingly popular. Training and treating soon became the absorbing considerations of his existence. It was now very commonly understood, that Captain Broughton was a dear lover of good liquor. He was liberal, and even lavish, in his entertainments. His promotion was a matter of course, and he was soon elected colonel of the regiment; upon which occasion he gave a striking evidence of his attachment to the service, by getting so helplessly drunk, that it became necessary to carry him home in a carriage, from the public house. Mr. and Mrs. Broughton were excessively shocked by this unexpected occurrence; but they were greatly relieved, on the following morning, upon the colonel's "'pon honor, dear father, 't was nothing but excellent old wine, from your own cellar, and which never hurt a fly." At this period it was not esteemed so very disgraceful to be drunk, especially for militia colonels, as it is at the present day. Colonel

Broughton's "high go," as it was called, so far from operating to his disadvantage, was considered an evidence of spirit. It certainly did not obstruct, but rather tended to advance his further promotion to the office of brigadier general, which occurred about six months afterwards.

General Broughton had long passed that era, at which young men, who have a just regard for the proprieties of life, and a proper sense of shame, are desirous of taking up the implements of honest industry, for their own support; and of avoiding even the appearance of dependence upon their indulgent fathers. Such considerations did not appear to have the slightest influence in disturbing the general's equanimity. The law, as we have suggested, seemed to be abandoned. Broughton was a good-natured man, and no one was ever more ready than himself, to laugh heartily at his feeble attempt, or to admit his entire ignorance of the profession. He frankly declared, that, beside some half dozen collection cases, he never had more than one client in his life, of whom he gave the following amusing account, during a military supper, where he had not drunk more than half a dozen glasses. "He was an Irishman; his name was Phelim McGrath," said the general; "I was sitting in my office, with a cigar in my mouth, reading Byron's Don Juan. The door flew open, and this fellow exclaimed, in great haste, 'Is 't y'ur honor's worship that 'll gi' me a prosecution, right spaadily, to arrist my own 'orse, onyhow?'—'What ails your horse, Phelim?' said I.—'The raal 'orse ail is it, I 'm thinking, y'ur honor,' said he.—'Well, Phelim,' said I, 'I 'm not a horse-doctor; what can I do for your beast?'—'A baste indeed he was, that same that staal'd him, last October come agin, a yaar it was, nor moor.'—'Ay, now I understand you,' said I; 'you wish to arrest the man, and not the beast.'—'Sowl o' me, it 's not the like o' that, naather,' answered Phelim; 'I cares not a farden aboot the mon, if I can arrist the baste.'—'Well, Phelim,' said I, 'begin at the beginning, and tell me your story.'—'That wud be swaater nor a buttered pratie, ony dee,' cried Phelim; 'but jist now Ise faaring my 'orse wud be trutting aff. It 's jist this, your honor: Paddy O'Neal rin aff wid my 'orse, and he soult him; and this it is I wants your honor to prove, for there 's not a spick o' tistimony, at all, at all; only Paddy was long in that a way afore he lift county Cark, and he was a tin hour mon; so it kim aisy and convanient, ye see, to stale the 'orse.—Now, Ise jist saad the 'orse at the tavern door, and I wants to know if I may tak him away fro' the prisent owner, that is, fro' the mon what does n't own a hair o' him.'—I was not a little perplexed by this unexpected draft upon

my professional bank, continued the general; however, I looked as gravely as possible, and, taking down Jacob's law dictionary, turned over the leaves, for the title, horse. This gave me a little time for reflection. 'I find nothing upon the subject, Phelim,' said I; 'had he a saddle on, when he was stolen?'—'Indaad, he had, your honor,' replied Phelim, 'and a sniffle bridle, to boot; and it's jist there, it is, that Paddy will be after gitting his nick fro' the collar: he 's confiss'd 'twas his own self that staal'd the bridle, onyhow, but he 'll not own that the 'orse was at the tither end o' it.' —I looked out saddle, and then, bridle, and, finally, told Phelim, that, as he had been so unfortunate, I should not charge him any fee for my opinion, but that it was a new case, entirely. 'And pray, your honor,' said Phelim, 'wud it mak any differ, if I shud till ye that same 'orse was a brown mare?'—'Not in the least, Phelim,' said I.—I have never had a strong relish for the profession, from that time," said Broughton, with a good-natured laugh.———

It soon became a common custom with this unhappy young gentleman, upon all such convivial occasions, which were neither "few nor far between," to talk on, and drink on, long after the wine-drinker's jest became stale and unmeaning, to the water-drinker's ear. Upon such occasions, he was escorted home, by one or more trusty companions of the bottle, and the midnight revel frequently terminated in some flagrant violation of those laws of nature, which have provided the shades of night for the repose of man. Upon the following day, some kind pacificator satisfied the watchman, for a broken head, with a liberal *douceur*, and the city lamps were speedily repaired, at private charge. Broughton was a very "*gentlemanly fellow;*"—a high blade, to be sure;—but all these excesses were committed, under the stimulus of a gentlemanly beverage!

When, after these debauches, he arrived at his father's dwelling, the back door was softly opened by the faithful Ashur, unless he happened himself to be too entirely drunk for the office; in which case, it was performed, by "good, honest, mistress Gale," who was not less ready to conceal the vices of the man, than the follies of the boy.

These revels were becoming so frequent as to attract the attention, and excite the serious apprehension of the elder Mr. Broughton's connections and family friends. But his common reply, to their suggestions and warnings, indicated a remarkable degree of ignorance, in relation to the force of that perilous habit of drinking, which frequently terminates in abiding drunkenness, on the most vulgar inebriants, though it may have commenced upon the most costly and classical beverage.—"Ah, my dear sir," he would often

reply, "Frederick is a gay young man, but he drinks nothing but wine. He can be in no possible danger. If it were brandy, or any species of distilled spirit, I should have cause to fear. *Alcohol*, in any form, is a great curse, I have no doubt, but good old *wine* never hurt a fly." Such was the ordinary reply of this misguided parent, grounded, as every judicious reader will readily perceive, in that popular delusion, which has long and extensively prevailed, that *alcohol* exists in distilled spirit alone, and not in all intoxicating liquors.

About this period, Mr. Broughton found himself compelled, by a regard for his personal safety, and that of his family, to dismiss his old coachman, Ashur Jennison. He was now almost continually tipsy, and had lately upset the carriage, and put the life of Mrs. Broughton in imminent danger. Ashur was called up into the parlor, to receive his wages. "I can keep you no longer," said Mr. Broughton. — Ashur hung his head. "You have served me fifteen years, and I have borne with the evil consequences of this beastly habit long enough." — The poor fellow bit his lip. — "You 've been a kind master to me, sir," said he; "I know I deserve to be sent off." — "Ashur," said Mr. Broughton, after a pause, "do you think it possible for you to give up brandy and rum, entirely?" — "I wish to speak the truth, sir," said the poor fellow, "and I don't really think I shall ever be able to." — "Well, then, Ashur, there are your wages; we must part," said Mr. Broughton: "I advise you, however, to make an effort, and sign the pledge of the temperance society." — "Thank you, sir, for your kind wishes and good advice," replied Ashur, "but I 'm past all that, your honor; I don't believe I could hold out a week. But if you 'll give me leave to speak my mind, I think it would be a good thing, if young mister Frederick could be prevailed on to join the temperance society." — "Jennison," said Mrs. Broughton, "what do you mean by such insolence?" — "I did n't mean nothing improper, ma'am," said Ashur, with evident surprise; "I 've known the ginral so many years, that it came more natural to call him mister Frederick." — "I care nothing about that, Jennison," rejoined Mrs. Broughton, "but it is highly insolent for you to speak of the general's joining such a thing as the temperance society, when he drinks nothing but wine. The society is well enough for the vulgar, and those who are in the habit of drinking brandy and rum, but I should think you had lost your senses as well as your manners, to propose such a thing for your young master." — "I meant no harm," said the poor fellow, "and if I had n't a regard for the ginral, I should n't have said what I did. — May I tell a short story, sir?" said he, turning

to Mr. Broughton. — Mr. Broughton assented. — "Well, sir," said Ashur, "my father bound me out to a wine-merchant, when I was twelve years old. He sold brandy and gin, also. I disliked them both, but I soon got a strong relish for wine, and, at the end of six months, I was turned off, for being often tipsy. I next drove a brewer's dray, and lost my place, for getting drunk with beer. The relish for brandy and gin soon came along, and now I have lost my place, for being drunk with rum. I dare not promise to leave it off. I promised my father to leave off drinking wine, and I broke my word. I promised my mother that I would give up beer and porter, but I could n't keep my promise. I was once near being married, and I promised the young woman that I would never drink any strong drink. I kept my word for several months, and she got all things in readiness for our wedding. But I could not hold out. I took three or four drams in one evening, and got quite tipsy. She found it out. When I went to see her, the next day, — 'Ashur,' said she, 'I love you, dearly, but I will never be your wife; if you cannot keep your promise before marriage, I am sure you will not after.' — So, your honor sees, how one liquor follows another. I meant no offence, though, in saying that I hoped mister Frederick would join a temperance society."———

The next week, Ashur Jennison delivered up the insignia of his office, the curry-comb and brush, to his successor; and, taking an affectionate leave of his horses, went forth once again to seek his fortunes in the world. After having gone a few rods from the stable, he returned, to inform Roger, the new coachman, that he must remember to wash old Sorrel's legs, daily, with New England.

"It is very surprising," said Mrs. Broughton, as she and her husband were sitting at the tea-table, on the evening after Ashur's dismissal, "that he should have presumed to speak of Frederick's joining a temperance society." — "I don't think he meant any offence," said her husband, after a short pause. — "Only think of it, my dear," rejoined the lady, "how entirely all the boundaries would be taken away, between the common people and ourselves, if we should become members of those societies, which are designed expressly for the vulgar!" — Mr. Broughton sat silently, twirling his thumbs, and with an unusual solemnity of manner. The simple truth of poor Ashur's narrative, had perhaps affected him more deeply than he himself imagined. Mrs. Broughton fixed her gaze intently upon her husband, for she was unaccustomed to see him wear an expression of so much sadness and anxiety. — "What is the matter, my dear?" said Mrs. Broughton. — He raised his eyes, suffused with tears, and, with a trembling lip, exclaimed, as he rose

from his chair, and placed his hand upon his forehead, "Merciful God! what would become of me, if Frederick should ever be a drunkard!" — "Why, Mr. Broughton, what can you mean!" exclaimed his astonished partner; "Frederick drinks nothing but wine, which, as you have always said, never hurt a fly And I have heard our family physician, Dr. Farrago, say the same thing. He says, it helps digestion, and is exceedingly nutritious." — "Ah, my dear, as our good pastor, Dr. Smith, has often said, there is an alphabet in intemperance, and he, who learns the first letter, will be very apt to learn enough of those that follow, to spell out destruction, before he dies." — "Why, you really make me nervous, Mr. Broughton," said his lady, "and I am afraid you are quite so, yourself, already. Our Frederick a drunkard!" — "God forbid," replied her husband, "but I will honestly confess, there is, in poor Ashur's story, a perfect, practical illustration of the opinions, which I have heard good Dr. Smith express, on more occasions than one. Besides, my dear, it cannot be denied, that we have waited long, very long, for Frederick to relinquish these excesses, which are pardonable, according to our way of thinking, in young men, until a certain period. He seldom dines at home; in the evening he is constantly out; he commonly returns, after we have retired, and not always, as I fear, in a perfectly sober condition. — I shall sit up for him, to-night, myself."———

Having no engagement for the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Broughton sought a refuge from themselves, and their anxious thoughts, in a game of piquet. The deep, unconscious sigh, which frequently escaped, plainly indicated, that the fears and forebodings of an anxious father had, at length, been thoroughly awakened. "Let us put away the cards, husband," said Mrs. Broughton, after a spiritless hour, "for we cannot possibly enjoy them." — These senseless toys, these miserable murderers of time, were accordingly laid aside. — Mr. Broughton rose from his chair, and began to walk across the apartment, in silence. His lady drew some fancy work from her table, and endeavored to occupy herself with her needle. — The parlor clock struck eleven. — "Where can he be to-night, my dear?" said Mr. Broughton. — "Indeed," she replied, "you make yourself needlessly unhappy, my dear. I almost wish good Dr. Smith was here, to converse with you. I think you would feel better, after half an hour's conversation with him. You have always said, that you never knew any person, from whom you could derive such comfort, in your perplexities, as from our worthy pastor." — "I am afraid," replied her husband, "that the present occasion would prove an excepted case. In truth, I have never told you, how

often and how earnestly the good old man has warned me, that I had much to fear upon Frederick's account. He has often urged me to join the temperance society, for the sake of the example before my son."—Mrs. Broughton put up her needle-work.—"Come, cheer up, my dear," said she; "I wish Dr. Farrago was here; he would laugh you out of these humors. I do not doubt, that a cheerful glass, and a little pleasant chat, such as you will find at Major Ferguson's, where we dine, to-morrow, you know, will dissipate these blue ——, these unpleasant feelings, altogether."—Mr. Broughton made no reply.—The clock struck twelve.—He opened the window-shutter, and looked out upon the night. It was broad, bright moonlight.—As he was retiring from the window, he heard the outer gate, as it closed; and, looking forth, perceived three persons advancing up the yard. He almost immediately recognized the person of his son, supported by two of his associates, for he was evidently unable to walk. "Gracious heaven!" he exclaimed, as he clasped his hands together.—Mrs. Broughton rushed to the window, and gazed upon the scene before her. She beheld her only child, helplessly drunk,—him whom she had herself initiated in the mystery of taking his glass of pure old wine, like a gentleman! His companions appeared anxious to urge him towards the door; but he seemed resolved to linger, and, stretching forth his hand in an awkward and imbecile manner, he stood for a few moments, pouring forth a torrent of unmeaning oaths, with the broken voice and vacant stare of a drunkard. At length they succeeded in reaching the back door. But the sympathizing Ashur was no longer there. The new coachman, Roger Jones, who had been left to sit up for the general, by "good, honest mistress Gale," received him at the door. Roger had not been sufficiently instructed in this delicate department of his office. Instead therefore of smuggling and coaxing the young gentleman to his private chamber, as secretly and speedily as possible, he sustained him as far as the parlor door, and there left him to his own self-government.—The door having been opened by Roger, this unhappy young man staggered forward, and fell headlong on the parlor floor, almost at his father's feet. He uttered a deep groan, but was obviously unable to rise. The noise and confusion soon brought mistress Gale from her quarters.—"Dear me, ma'am," said this unsuspecting paragon of all virtuous and trustworthy house-keepers, as she rushed into the apartment, "what can be the matter with dear mister Frederick? no doubt he has eaten something that has thrown him into fits."—"Merciful heaven!" cried Mr. Broughton, "what is this?" taking from the carpet a Spanish knife, covered with blood.—"His hand

and the bosom of his shirt, are covered with blood, sir,' said Roger, who had also entered the parlor, with one or two slaves of the household. "Lord, have mercy upon us," cried mistress Gale, at the top of her lungs, "he is murdered! my young master is murdered!" — A sharp shriek, followed by the sound of a falling body upon the floor, drew all eyes, for a moment, to the agonized mother, who lay struggling in convulsions. The outcry, which immediately filled the apartment, revived, however feebly and vaguely, General Broughton's recollections of the bacchanalian scene, in which he had recently borne a distinguished part. He still imagined himself there. The momentary belief that he was dead, soon gave way to a permanent and comparatively comfortable conviction that he was thoroughly drunk, when, with a vain effort to rise, he exclaimed in, a voice scarcely articulate, and with a terrible oath, which it is quite unnecessary to repeat, "Waiter, let's have a dozen more of the same brand!"

While Mrs. Gale was occupied, with the aid of other female domestics, in the restoration of their lady, the unhappy father, assisted by Roger, had conveyed the young man to his apartment, and placed him in bed. Though his right hand, and the wristband and bosom of his shirt, as well as the blade of his Spanish knife were covered with blood, not the slightest wound could be discovered on his person. It may not be improper, incidentally to state the fact, that, however unusual at the North, nothing is more common in several of the Western and Southern States, than this barbarous personal appendage, the dirk, or Spanish knife. There are not a few, who would deem the duties of the toilette insufficiently performed, until their dirks and Spanish knives were securely deposited at their backs, or in their bosoms. We have seen grave judges, and barristers, and physicians, and members of the national legislature, exhibiting these implements on their persons, without the slightest apparent disposition to conceal them.

It was evident to Mr. Broughton, that his son had been engaged in some personal encounter; perhaps, thought he, — and the cold drops started upon his brow, — in some deed of murder! It would have been absurd to seek any explanation from this wretched young man. No human power could, at that time, have roused him from his drunken stupor.

There was no member of this household, saving these agonized parents themselves, who suffered, upon the present occasion, more acutely than poor Tom, the negro boy, whom the reader will readily remember as master Frederick's domestic associate, in his juvenile revels. No sooner had he heard the cry of mistress Gale, that her

young master was murdered, than he rushed forth, with the speed of the wind, for Dr. Farrago. The strong affection of this poor slave may be easily explained. Tom was the young general's foster brother. The same negress nursed them both; and it is quite common, at the South and West, to encourage this feeling of attachment, which such a peculiar relation at the breast may be expected to originate.

The doctor dressed himself with all possible expedition, and was soon at the patient's door. There he was met by Mrs. Broughton, who had sufficiently recovered to give her personal attendance upon her son. — "Dear Dr. Farrago," said she, "how good you are, to come so quickly!" — "Always a pleasure, always a pleasure, I assure you; but what 's the matter, my dear madam?"—"Oh, dear doctor, I don't know; pray walk up stairs." — The doctor was ushered into the apartment; and, with all that adroitness, which is a certain characteristic of a skilful practitioner, he immediately modulated the expression of his countenance by that of the principal figure in the group. "Dear sir," said he, to Mr. Broughton, with a most impressive gravity of features, "what is the matter with our young friend; has he applied himself too steadily to his profession?" — Mr. Broughton shook his head; and the doctor proceeded to feel the young gentleman's pulse. — "Bless me! what is this? — blood!" — Mr. Broughton then gave the doctor a detailed account of the occurrences of the evening, so far as he could explain them. The doctor looked as much wiser than Hippocrates, as possible, and after a solemn pause, — "This," said he, "is the result of a little frolic, — a high go, — yes, madam, a high go, — a spree, as they sometimes call it; but evidently, as I perceive by the breath, upon wine, and, therefore, perfectly harmless." — "Oh, dear doctor Farrago," cried Mrs. Broughton, seizing his hand, "how greatly you relieve me. There 's poor Mr. Broughton would have joined a temperance society, before morning, and I 'm sure we never could have shown ourselves in genteel company, after that." — "Pshaw, pshaw, my dear madam," cried the doctor, "temperance societies are well enough for the vulgar, and for————" — "There, Mr. Broughton," said his lady, interrupting the doctor, "just as I told you." — "Yes, madam," continued the doctor, "well enough for the vulgar, and your rum, and gin, and brandy topers, your folks that drink *alcohol*, in any form; but *wine* is a very different affair." — "Pray, doctor," said Mr. Broughton, "will it not be well to prescribe some medicine for Frederick?" — "Not at all, my dear sir, let him sleep it off. He has an excellent constitution; it can do him no possible harm. Wine, sir, is an innocent beverage; no alcohol there, sir, not a particle. I insist on the distinction; noth-

ing but the elements. Alcohol is the entire *product* of distillation, and not the *educt*. *It is not a poison*, sir; it is very easy of *digestion*, and *subserves the purposes of alimentation and nutrition*. As to the elements, that may be present, *the prophylactic energies of combination* neutralize their virus. Give yourself no uneasiness, whatever; the general will be himself again, to-morrow morning." — "But, Doctor Farrago, what can have occasioned this blood?" inquired Mr. Broughton, with evident anxiety. "Easily accounted for, sir," rejoined the doctor, briskly, "in fifty ways. He may have had a bleeding at the nose, and, when a little corny, he may have wiped it with the back of his hand, and gotten the blood upon his wristband; a portion may have dropped upon his shirt-bosom, &c. As I said before, give yourself no uneasiness; I will call, sir, after breakfast. Good night, my dear sir; good night, madam."

The doctor had departed. — Mr. Broughton sat upon the bed-side, looking intently upon the bloated and distorted features of his son. — "How very comforting it is to have such a visit, at such a time, from dear Dr. Farrago," said Mrs. Broughton. — Her husband made no reply. — "Mr. Broughton," she continued, "you seem to have lost your confidence in Dr. Farrago, and, I am fearful, from his manner, that he perceives it. He is, certainly, a very learned man, and I have been told that he has a whole trunk-full of diplomas. Did you not notice what he said of the energies of confutation?" — "My dear," said her husband, "I will frankly own to you, that I have lost a part of my confidence in the doctor. No man has done so much to impress me with a belief, that wine is harmless; but here is our boy, utterly drunk! He has been in the same condition, before; am I to believe, that this habit, engendered upon the purest wine, can be long continued, without sapping his constitution? Has it not already diminished his respectability, and tended to produce habits of idleness and dissipation? Contemplate the last two hours! I would not undergo, for worlds of wealth, the agony I have suffered in that brief space of time. The doctor tells us there is no alcohol in wine. Dr. Smith assures me there is; and he was once an eminent physician and chemist, before he devoted himself to the ministry. Have I not been strangely and fatally deceived? Have I not suffered my own fondness for wine to lead me into error, and to keep me there? Have I not listened with partial attention to all the suggestions of Dr. Farrago, and other individuals, in favor of this beverage, because I was eager to defend an object of my early and lasting attachment? Ah, my dear, I am satisfied, that, as our good pastor has often said, wine is a *mocker*, a deceiver." — At this moment, the street door-bell rang violently,

and interrupted Mr. Broughton's remarks. He looked at his watch. "It is nearly two o'clock," said he; "what can this mean!" — The bell was again rung, after a few seconds, with redoubled violence. — "God help me!" said Mr. Broughton, in a faltering voice, as he rose to open the chamber door; "bad tidings come rapidly enough; I fear this is some messenger of evil." The door was unlocked by the negro, Tom, whose voice was soon heard in conversation with a stranger. This faithful fellow had collected the impression, from the remarks of one and another, that some species of mischief, of whose nature he had no definite conception, awaited his young master. — "Is General Broughton at home?" said the stranger, evidently in a hasty manner. — "Massa Broughton go out afore dinner, and I no see him since," replied the wary fellow. His answer was literally true, and his code of morals had been acquired, at the feet of "good, honest mistress Gale." — "Do you know where I can find him?" inquired the stranger. "I guess so," replied Tom. — "Let me know, then," rejoined he, with increasing earnestness. "You know, I s'pose, where'bout de Cath'lic church stand," said Tom. — "Very well," replied the other, "make haste." — "Den, I s'pose you know, up treet, tarnal great way, turn two time right about, dere tall big house, wid green blind, don know, zacly, wedder green, or nudder color, all alone, great many house dere, all round him: den you go east, may be, west, don know, half a mile, clear off, tudder way, ——" "Peace, you varlet," said the stranger, throwing his cloak from before his face: "do you know me, now?" — "Goly, gosh! massa Bentley, how you cheat Tom, no tink 'twas a you." — Tom, being satisfied, that the inquirer was one of the general's aids, and most intimate friends, was now as communicative, as he had been reserved and wary before. — "Gin'ral come home, little ober de bay, ha, ha, ha, dat all, massa Bentley: sound sleep, now. 'Cause, got little blood on his hand, missy Gale make great big hullabaloo, and Doctor Thoroughgo been here, and ——" "Hold your tongue," said the major, "and tell the old gentleman, his father, I wish to see him, as soon as possible." — "Yes, massa," replied Tom. — Mr. Broughton had listened to this conversation from the upper landing, and now descended to the parlor. — "For Heaven's sake, major," said he, as soon as the doors were closed, "relieve me from this condition of anxiety, which is driving me mad. Explain this painful mystery, I beseech you, if you can." — "Your son, my dear sir," said the major, "must fly, or be concealed." — "Father of mercy!" exclaimed this wretched parent, leaping from his seat, "what do you mean?" — "Be composed, I beseech you, Mr. Broughton,"

said the major, rising and placing his hand upon the arm of the half distracted man. "Summon up your fortitude, I entreat you. There is really no time for delay, or I would break the matter more gently and gradually. Your son, under the influence of liquor, and probably unconscious of his conduct, has stabbed young Collingwood, his cousin."—"What an idiot I have been!" cried Mr. Broughton, striking his forehead with great vehemence; "is he dead?"—"No sir," replied the major, "but doctor Floyer, who was immediately called, stated expressly, that the wound was, in all probability, mortal."—"And where is he, where is George Collingwood, now?" inquired Mr. Broughton.—"The affray took place not far from his mother's house," replied the major, "and they carried the unfortunate young man immediately there."—"My poor widowed sister!" exclaimed Mr. Broughton, in a paroxysm of grief and anguish, "the only remaining stay of her old age, cut down by a child of mine! Oh, my God, my God, why do I live! can it be required of me to remain longer in this miserable world!"—"I entreat you, sir," said Major Bentley, with much emphasis, "to compose your feelings. Will you not, before it is too late, proceed to adopt such measures as may secure your son from the pursuit of the officers of justice?"—"Never," exclaimed Mr. Broughton, stamping his foot with great violence upon the floor; "I will not shield even my own son from the arm of the law, since he has made a devoted sister, the dear companion of my early days, childless in her old age." The decided tone, in which these words were delivered, so entirely at variance with the general character of Mr. Broughton, satisfied his visitor, that all further interference would be vain.

Mr. Broughton continued to traverse the apartment, with great agitation of manner, occasionally stopping for an instant and placing his hand upon his forehead.—"Ah, Major Bentley," he exclaimed, "how much of all my present misery is attributable to the influence of that dissipated society, with which this unhappy young man has been connected. These military associations have brought him to his ruin. Why could you not have interposed, and stayed my misguided son in his mad career?"—"Mr. Broughton" replied this amiable young man, for such in reality he was, "I perceive that you have not a correct impression of the painful relation, in which, for some time past, I have been placed towards your son. You will do me great injustice, if you suppose that a participation in these unhappy scenes has been a necessary consequence of our military connection. A common friend roused me from my bed to communicate this distressing event. I have urged your son, by every con-

sideration, to abandon his perilous career. I have a sister, my dear sir, whom you well know; — whether you also know, that your son has repeatedly offered her his hand in marriage, I am ignorant, of course. Had she been left to the influence of her own affectionate heart, she would, probably, be now the chief sufferer among those, who deplore over this terrible catastrophe. As it is, she will sympathize most truly, with those who may be called to suffer. I confess to you, that, however an alliance with your family would have been a source of happiness to us all, under other circumstances, I have been, myself, the chief instrument in opposing the wishes of your son. And it is a mere act of justice, to declare that his highly honorable feelings have induced him to treat me with undiminished regard, notwithstanding I have frankly avowed to him the agency I have had in the disappointment of his hopes. My own example of entire abstinence, enjoined upon me in early life, by a kind father, has been added to my earnest solicitation, when conversing with your son, as I frequently have done." — "Father of mercy!" exclaimed Mr. Broughton, as he clasped his hands, and burst into tears, "how devoutly I now wish my poor Frederick had been blessed with the precept and example of such a father." ——

At this moment, Mrs. Broughton entered the parlor; she had been informed, that the gentleman below was Major Bentley, and, very naturally concluded, that his visit, at this unusual hour, had some immediate relation to the present condition of her son. It was not easy for Major Bentley to conceal from her the real occasion of his visit. The painful recital of the facts, which it was impossible to avoid, produced a repetition of that distressing scene, which had occurred an hour or two before, at the period of the young gentleman's return. Mrs. Broughton fell again into hysterics, and was conveyed to her chamber. The treatment of this malady had, from long experience with her mistress, become perfectly familiar to Mrs. Gale. Upon the present, as upon many similar occasions, she recovered in a short time, and sunk into a deep slumber.

It was half-past eight o'clock, before she awoke; and she was delighted to learn from Mrs. Gale, that Frederick was still under the influence of profound sleep, and that her bosom friend and trusty counsellor, old madam Frattle, had been waiting impatiently to see her, for more than an hour. This incomparable old lady had acquired the earliest intelligence of the catastrophe. — "You should have waked me sooner, Gale; show madam Frattle into my chamber, immediately. But where is Mr. Broughton?" — "He went over to his sister's, Mrs. Collingwood's, madam," replied Mrs. Gale, 'with Major Bentley, about half-past three o'clock, this morning.

and has not since returned." — "I hope," rejoined her mistress, "that young Collingwood's wound will not prove mortal, though I am sure he was in the wrong to put Frederick in a passion, as I have no doubt he did. But I hope he will not die; it would be such a disagreeable thing to his mother; — help me to dress, Gale, but first show up Mrs. Frattle." — The visitor was soon shown into the apartment. — "Bless you, dear Mrs. Frattle, how good it is in you to take this trouble, at such an early hour, too." — "How could I be absent from you at such a time, my dear?" replied madam Frattle; — "How is our dear Frederick?" — "He is doing very well, Dr. Farrago says. We were a little alarmed, when Frederick first came home, on account of some blood upon his hand and bosom, so we sent for the doctor; but he made very light of it, and told us not to be alarmed. He said it was nothing but a frolic, and that Frederick had been drinking a little wine, which could not possibly hurt him. Dear Mrs. Frattle, what a learned man Dr. Farrago is; I wish you could have heard what he said about the popylactic energies of confutation." — "But, my dear Mrs. Broughton, if poor Collingwood's wound should prove mortal, it would be a sad affair." — "Dear me, Mrs. Frattle, you don't think Collingwood will die, — Gale, give me some lavender compound, and my eau de cologne." — "I hope not," replied her friend. — "Oh, I cannot think it is much more than a flesh wound," rejoined Mrs. Broughton. — "Why, as to that, my dear, Dr. Floyer says the dirk has pierced the lungs," rejoined this blessed comforter. — "Why, dear Mrs. Frattle, you frighten me out of my wits," cried Mrs. Broughton; — "Gale, pour more cologne upon my handkerchief." — "But Dr. Floyer says," continued Mrs. Frattle, "that there have been repeated instances, in which persons, wounded through the lungs, have entirely recovered." — "And so you think the wound is not mortal," inquired Mrs. Broughton, anxiously. — "Why, my dear, I am not a judge, you know," said her visitor; "Dr. Floyer has expressed his fear that it is." — "Mercy upon me, what then will become of my poor dear Frederick!" cried Mrs. Broughton. — "Don't take on so, my dear," replied Mrs. Frattle; "Dr. Floyer is as apt to be mistaken as any other physician. You know he gave his opinion, last April, that old Colonel Guzzler would not live a year; and it is now the middle of May, and the colonel is still alive, though he had a terrible paroxysm of gout in the stomach, last Friday. Physicians ought to be very guarded in pronouncing these opinions; for, when they prove erroneous, they are apt to produce a great deal of confusion in our domestic arrangements, you know, my dear."

"Ah, my dear friend," said Mrs. Broughton, after a short pause, "I am terribly afraid, that Mr. Broughton will be prevailed on to join the temperance society, and try to induce Frederick to do the same thing. What a sad effect it would have upon our rank in life! I should be ashamed to show my head, after that. My husband has long thought very favorably of this outlandish society. Good old parson Smith, who is a kind of puzzlepot, you know, has more than half converted Mr. Broughton, already, and I am afraid this unlucky affair will bring him completely over. Dr. Smith is really getting troublesome, my dear Mrs. Frattle. He is continually sponging my good husband out of his money, for Bible societies and missionary societies. Only think of it, Mr. Broughton went out the other day to purchase me some splendid porcelain vases, and came back without having bought them: and told me he really could not afford it, for parson Smith had met him on the way, and prevailed on him to give him a couple of hundred dollars to convert some wild heathens in Athens, or some such place, in the East Indies. What a foolish waste of money! But all this I can bear tolerably well, only let me be spared the mortification of seeing the name of Broughton among a parcel of poor, ignorant, vulgar people, who compose the temperance society. I believe it would be the death of me, indeed I do, Mrs. Frattle. I have no doubt the thing is well enough for the vulgar, and I was pleased to hear so sensible a man as Dr. Farrago say the very same thing, in Mr. Broughton's hearing. Then, my dear friend, what a humiliating thing it is to pledge one's self. It looks as though we had such a poor opinion of ourselves."—"Ay, my dear," replied Mrs. Frattle, "you have a just view of the matter. They tell us that our example is needed, and some of these fanatical people have gone so far as to say, that we should give up our wine, to induce vulgar folks to give up their rum. How very ridiculous! My views are just these, my dear; *'Is it not impossible that any drunkard, awakened to a sense of his whole danger, of the poverty, the disease, and the disgrace he was bringing upon himself and his family, could, for a moment, suspend his decision upon the question, whether another man would give up drinking wine? The very supposition is absurd on the face of it. Who, that has a sense of virtue, would look round for a price for which to practise it? What has my virtue to gain or lose from all else in the whole universe? By what tenure can I hold it, but by the still small voice within me, which is more than the echo of that, which speaks from Heaven?'*"—"It is really a treat to hear you, dear madam Frattle," said Mrs. Broughton, "you talk so precisely like a book. Your idea of the echo is singularly beautiful; and your argument is perfectly unan-

swerable; for everybody knows that all the drunkards in the land are awakened now, by the exertions of the temperance society. These drunkards, now they are all awakened so thoroughly, would spurn, I should think, to be actuated by any but the highest and holiest motives. It is much the same thing as it is with children: if we only lay down good precepts, example is quite unnecessary, of course. These drunkards should rely upon their moral power; the still small voice is quite enough for them; and, if it is not, it is their own fault, to be sure."—"You are perfectly right, my dear," said her visitor; "this practice of signing pledges is highly censurable; it is a trap, my dear, a terrible trap for the conscience. It destroys one's individuality; it is a species of bondage. Our old friend, Noodle, the distiller, is not a Solomon you know, but he, now and then, says a clever thing, I assure you. He was at a temperance meeting not long ago, and, when the pledge was handed round, he went about very quietly among the congregation, whispering to the people, to be very careful how they signed away their liberties."——

The door-bell rang; Mrs. Gale announced the arrival of Dr. Farrago; and madam Frattle took her leave. Mrs. Broughton repaired to her son's chamber; she there found her husband, who had returned a few moments before from Mrs. Collingwood's She had no time for inquiries, before Dr. Farrago entered the apartment.—"Good morning, madam, good morning, Mr. Broughton; how is he, to-day?" proceeding to feel the young gentleman's pulse. —"He appears not to know me, sir," replied Mr. Broughton, with evident emotion, "and I find him apparently in a high fever." —"Bless me," cried the doctor, "this is not as I anticipated. We must attend to this, without delay. Pen, ink, and paper, madam, if you please, and I will write a prescription; or I can do it in the parlor." The doctor followed Mrs. Broughton to the parlor, where they found the Rev. Dr. Smith. They were soon joined by Mr. Broughton. The good parson took him by the hand with an expression of the greatest benevolence, but without uttering a word. Mr. Broughton turned towards the window to conceal his agitation. —"Pray, doctor, how is young Mr. Broughton, this morning?" inquired the clergyman.—"At your service, in one moment, sir," replied the doctor, folding up his prescription:—"to be sent for, and administered immediately, madam," addressing Mrs. Broughton. "Why, sir," continued he, turning to the clergyman, "the young gentleman has taken a little too much wine. I relied, strongly, when I was first called, upon the prophylactic energies of combination; but I have reason to fear that he has taken into his stomach some-

thing beside the pure juice. There is at present a considerable excitement of the sanguineous function." — "You think he has a fever, doctor?" said the clergyman. — "I say not so," replied the doctor; "there are, indubitably, symptoms of pyrexia present. but you are aware, sir, as you were once a member of our profession, long enough at least, to comprehend its perplexities, you are aware, sir, that the theories have been very various: there is that of the Greek schools, founded on the doctrine of a concoction, and critical evacuation of morbific matter; then there is that of Boerhaave, supported by the theory of a peculiar viscosity or lentor of the blood; next comes that of Stahl, Hoffman, and Cullen, founded on the doctrine of a spasm on the extremities of the solidum vivum; then we have that of Brown and Darwin, supported by the doctrine of accumulated and exhausted excitability, or sensorial power; in addition to these, we have the opinions of ——" "Dr. Farrago," said the clergyman, "I did not intend to trespass upon your valuable time; I only wish to inquire if the patient is dangerously ill." — "Pshaw! my dear sir," replied the doctor, taking an enormous pinch of snuff, "the young gentleman has been engaged in a frolic, taken a little too much wine, nothing more. He 'll be out in a day or two, sir. I examined his breath, with great care; no brandy, no gin, no whiskey, nothing of the sort; wine, sir, nothing but wine. Wine is a wholesome, gentlemanly beverage; no poison in wine, easily digested, and subserves the great purposes of alimentation and nutrition. No evil consequences are to be expected from wine."— "Doctor Farrago," said the clergyman, "have you not heard of the affray which took place last night?" — "Not a lisp of it, sir, I assure you," replied the doctor. — "This unhappy young man," continued the clergyman, "under the influence of wine, stabbed his cousin, George Collingwood, through the lungs." — "Shocking, to be sure," cried the doctor, "bad enough, bad enough, never heard a word of it; not a mortal wound, I hope." — "Dr. Floyer," replied the clergyman, "upon the first examination, last night, believed it to be mortal; but Mr. Broughton and myself have had the happiness to learn from him, this morning, that there is a fair prospect of young Collingwood's recovery." — "Happy to hear it," cried the doctor, "very happy, — narrow escape, — a miss is as good as a mile, — might have been rather a disagreeable business." — "A very disagreeable business," rejoined the clergyman, with a significant and solemn expression. "The kind providence of an all-merciful God has spared an amiable young man, to be still, I trust, for many years, as he has been, since he came to manhood, the support of a widowed mother: and the same protecting power has preserved

the son of our worthy friends here, from the gallows! A very disagreeable business, to be sure! All this, but for God's special favor, would have been the effect of drinking wine, from which you say no evil consequences are to be expected. Had the point of the deadly weapon varied in its direction the tithe of a hair, I fear," continued the clergyman, dryly, "the prophylactic energies of combination, upon which you rely, would not have saved these two unhappy families from unspeakable distress." — "You mistake my meaning, sir, altogether," replied the doctor. — "Not at all, I apprehend, Dr. Farrago," rejoined his opponent; "you say, that no evil consequences are to be expected from wine, and that you rely upon the prophylactic energies of combination, whereby the virulence of the alcohol is supposed to be neutralized. Now, it seems, that the evils of drinking wine are twofold, — those, which affect the health and happiness of the drinker, and those, which affect the safety of other persons, who may fall under the wine-drinker's displeasure, during the paroxysm of drunkenness. The energies of combination seem not to be of much avail in furnishing additional security from the wine-drunkard's wrath." — "This is a very interesting topic," said the doctor, looking at his watch; "I should be happy, nay, delighted, to discuss it with you, Dr. Smith, if I had time, but my hour draws nigh for a consultation with Dr Floyer, on old Col. Guzzler's case, which is exceedingly perplexing, and will occupy us more than an hour." — "Dr. Farrago," said the clergyman, "I can save you the trouble of an unnecessary visit Dr. Floyer informed me, at Mrs. Collingwood's, this morning, that Col. Guzzler died suddenly, just before day, of gout in the stomach." — "Is it possible!" said the doctor; "why, sir, he dined out, only two days since, with the Terrapin Society, and drank his bottle of Madeira, as cheerily as ever." — "The prophylactic energies of combination do not appear to have saved the old colonel from the horrors of the gout, nor from death itself, Dr. Farrago." — "Hem, — why, no sir, no sir, — but there's another side to that story," replied the doctor. "Between ourselves, the old colonel was not a first-rate judge of wine. He had no small amount of poor stuff in his cellar. Ay, sir, had he confined himself to the pure juice, it would have been otherwise. The pure juice never hurt anybody. I have my suspicions, that our young friend here has been drinking some vile compounds, at the hotel; cannot believe the pure juice would produce such ill effects." — "Ah, my dear sir," replied the clergyman, "it is high time the public mind should be disabused of a great amount of error, in relation to the properties of this pure juice, which you consider so entirely innoxious. Dr. Farrago, you

of course agree, that the beverage employed by Noah, when he began to be an husbandman, and planted a vineyard, so many hundreds of years before distilled alcohol was known, was the *pure juice*. Yet the *prophylactic energies* availed him not; they averted not the consequence of drinking an intoxicating liquor; they appear to have had no power, in preventing the first quarrel after the flood, nor in averting the curse which fell upon Canaan. These *energies of combination*, do not seem to have had the slightest influence in quelling those horrible disorders, which sprang up in the family of Lot, when he became drunk with wine. These neutralizing energies saved not the inebriated Belshazzar, and his drunken lords, from rushing on their fate, when they flung insult against the majesty of heaven. Nor did they preserve the primitive Christians from being drunken around the table of their Lord." — "Very true, all very true, sir, very true, indeed," cried the doctor; "but we refer, you know, to the prophylactic energies of combination, in regard to the physical effects of pure wine upon the drinker himself." — "I had always supposed, sir," said the clergyman, "that drunkenness, and its consequences, were among those physical effects. But if you refer to the supposed effects of these energies of combination, in relation to bodily health, do we not all know, that the gout is, proverbially, the wine-drinker's portion? That dyspepsia, and several other grievous diseases, are produced by the use of wine, and frequently, when otherwise produced, exacerbated thereby, is not to be denied." — "This may be true, sir, now and then," replied the doctor. — "Nay, my dear sir," rejoined the clergyman, "it is very frequently true." — "But, my good sir," resumed the doctor, "what are the very worst effects of wine, under any circumstances, compared with the effects of alcohol?" — "And pray, sir," inquired the clergyman, "do you question the existence of alcohol in *wine?*" — "Nothing but the elements," replied the doctor, "nothing but the elements of alcohol, sir, I assure you. *I insist on the distinction, I insist upon it, sir.*" — "Dr. Farrago," said the clergyman, "it is needless to argue about that, which is definitively settled. The chemists, Rouelle and Fabbroni, supposed that alcohol was the *product* of distillation, and not the *educt*, and that the elements of alcohol, and not formed alcohol, existed in simply fermented liquors. This supposition has been abundantly disproved. If it were correct, alcohol could not be drawn from fermented liquors, without raising the temperature to the point necessary for distillation. But Mr. Brande has separated the alcohol from all pure wines, by the aid of chemical agents, without any distillation whatever, and without raising the temperature of the vinous liquor; and so, doctor, can you and I.

Now, if this alcohol will make men drunk, and, if men, thus made drunk, will commit every variety of crime, it seems to me a very unprofitable employment of talent and time, to draw distinctions, as fine as gossamer, where no real difference exists, between the alcohol in wine, and the very same alcohol, separated from that wine, either by distillation, or any other chemical process. It is a remarkable fact, that, when the Almighty denounced drunkenness, against all the inhabitants of Jerusalem, as a national curse, he bade the prophet prefigure the great calamity, by telling them that *every bottle should be filled with* WINE; the pure juice, doctor, containing no other alcohol, than that produced by its own fermentation." — "A great deal in what you say, sir, no doubt; very plausible, very plausible, indeed," cried the doctor, rising quickly, and looking at his watch; "I will step up, madam, and look at the patient a moment before I go. Good morning, Mr. Broughton, good morning, Dr. Smith."———

Frederick Broughton was confined to his chamber for several months. His debauch terminated in a brain fever, from which his recovery was, for some time, exceedingly doubtful. At length, by the aid of a vigorous constitution, he escaped from the very jaws of death, and the hands of Dr. Farrago. Young Collingwood's recovery was more rapid. The world, as usual, sat in judgment upon the affray between these young gentlemen, and the decision was extremely unfavorable to Broughton. Even his military associates began to shrink from his society. Major Bentley, soon after the general's recovery, sent in his resignation, and General Broughton began to realize the practical effects of his intemperate career.

The prohibition against wine and games of chance is contained in the same passage of the Koran. We are instructed by Sale, in his preliminary discourse, that the word wine, as employed in the Koran, is intended to comprehend every kind of intoxicating liquor.* There would have been little wisdom in this prohibition of the false prophet of Mecca, had it been limited to one instrument of intoxication, or to any particular game of chance, leaving his followers at liberty to indulge themselves in drunkenness and gambling, in a variety of unforbidden forms. It is very manifest, therefore, that the professors of temperance, who have pledged themselves to abstain from ardent spirit alone, have by no means attained to the wisdom of the prophet.

The career of the unfortunate young gentleman, who is the subject of the present narrative, presents a forcible illustration of Ma-

* Sale's Preliminary Discourse, sec. v.

homer's sagacity, and of the wisdom of a comprehensive pledge. Wine is abundantly sufficient for the production of all drunkenness; and, when the habit of intemperance is effectually formed, it is not likely to be corrected, by the most rigid abstinence from that identical beverage, by whose employment it was first engendered.

The elder Mr. Broughton's views, in relation to the innocency of wine, as a customary beverage, had undergone an important change. He had, for some time, halted between two opinions. The sound reasoning of Dr. Smith at one moment almost persuaded him to abandon his indulgence; but the long-fostered appetite for a single glass of his pure old wine, — the presence of a visitor, before whom he was not quite prepared to avow and defend the conclusions of his own mind, — the unutterable expressions of Mrs. Broughton, which seemed silently to say, — not a syllable of temperance, — it is well enough for the vulgar, — all these considerations prevailed, and he commonly drowned his feeble resolutions in the social glass. In short, the dictates of his better judgment were less efficacious than the influence of his better half. His recent domestic trial, however, had turned the scale; and, if any additional motive were necessary to confirm him in his good resolution, it was abundantly supplied by a severe paroxysm of the gout, which, even the *prophylactic energies* of the costliest and purest old Madeira had been utterly insufficient to prevent.

Shortly after the recovery of Frederick Broughton, he gave his father a solemn promise, that he would abstain entirely from wine; upon which occasion, his mother remarked, that his word was as good as his bond; such, indeed, had already become a generally received opinion. Frederick Broughton kept his word; from that time, he turned from all wine with loathing and disgust.

At the expiration of a fortnight from the period of his return to his ordinary pursuits, and to the society of such of his former associates, as still adhered to him, he was brought home in a hackney coach, superlatively drunk, a harmless and helpless mass. It would be needless to describe an additional fit of hysterics, which befell his incomparable mother, or the terrible exacerbation of his father's gout, which followed, as a natural consequence of this event. The young gentleman had made a very valuable discovery, and was carrying his theories into successful operation. His prompt acquiescence, when his father demanded a promise for the abandonment of wine, arose, in no small degree, from his growing experience of its disagreeable, acescent effects upon his stomach. He was delighted, beyond measure, to perceive the stimulating power, possessed by a much smaller quantity of brandy, without that unpleas-

ant disturbance of a debilitated stomach, produced by the tartaric acid in wine. A fatal and ruinous relish for strong drink had become a part of his second nature. The opinion of his parents that his only danger was from the employment of a *gentlemanly* beverage, and that his appetite was too refined to resort, for its gratification, to vulgar inebriants, proved, and will almost universally prove, where a vehement appetite for any kind of intoxicating liquor is already fixed, a miserable delusion.

A consecutive series of tears and entreaties, reiterated promises of amendment, brief intervals of sobriety, returning fits of drunkenness, and tears and entreaties, again had established the fact, that General Broughton was a common drunkard. The return of this wretched young man to his father's dwelling, in a state of beastly intoxication, under the civil guardianship of a watchman, or some companion of his revels, less drunken than himself, had become a common-place affair. Such occurrences were no longer confined to those hours of darkness, which are commonly selected by all but inveterate drunkards, as the season of their loathsome debauchery.

One morning, about eleven o'clock, Mrs. Broughton's attention was arrested by a violent rapping at the front door. Its immediate repetition induced her, without waiting for the domestic, to ascertain the cause of this violent knocking. Upon opening the door, she instantly recognized the person of Ashur Jennison, her old discarded coachman. He was dressed in sailor's apparel, and manifestly tipsy. — "Why, Jennison," said Mrs. Broughton, "is it you?" — "No, it is n't, my leddy," he replied, doffing his tarpaulin; "I 'm a bit water-logged, as your leddyship sees." — "Where have you been, Jennison," continued Mrs. Broughton, "since you left us, and what is the occasion of this violent knocking?" — "I 've been round Cape Horn, my leddy, and got ashore this blessed morning, ye see, and have gotten a gill or so more than was convenient." — "Well, well, Jennison, you had better go your ways; nothing will save you from destruction, unless you join the temperance society: it 's well enough for the vulgar, and may possibly suit one, in your condition." — "Bless your leddyship, one good turn deserves another; I 've just been knocking at the rapper, to let my old master know, that the first acquaintance I met, after I got ashore, was the gin'ral. He was in a sad pickle, my leddy, drunk as a hum-top, and a parcel of landlubbers poking fun at the poor fellow. The temperance society may be well enough for the vulgar, as your leddyship says, but I 'm afraid 't would puzzle any such craft to overhaul such a genteel clipper as my young master. However, I thought I 'd just be after letting you know the young gentleman

was in trouble."—Mrs. Broughton scarcely waited for the last words, but slammed the door in Jennison's face, who put a quid of tobacco in his cheek, and turned upon his heel, muttering, as he left the door,—"The same old painted fire-ship that she was five years ago."

Shortly after Mr. Broughton's return at the dinner hour, his attention was attracted to the window, by a mob of men and boys, who were approaching his dwelling. Two men were apparently sustaining the steps of a third, who was evidently too drunk to walk unaided, and who appeared to be an object of derision and thoughtless mirth to the mob, who followed, hooting, and hissing, and occasionally assailing the miserable sot with stones and dirt. It was just at that hour, when gentlemen usually return home from their places of business. Mr. Broughton's residence was situated in a fashionable quarter of the city, and several of his acquaintances were passing at the very moment, when the two assistants, who appeared to be charitably disposed, were vainly attempting to silence the drunkard's voice, and dragging him, evidently against his will, towards the door. His apparel was torn, and covered with the mud, in which he had wallowed; his face had been severely cut against the curb-stone, on which he had fallen; and his countenance was shockingly disfigured by the blood, which still continued to flow. The narcotic influence of the alcohol he had swallowed, had not yet perfected its work of stupefaction; the poor drunkard's brain teemed with the fantasy, that the individuals, who were humanely conducting him to a place of safety, were his military aids, and that the rabble, in his rear, was no other than the identical brigade, which he formerly commanded; and he appeared particularly anxious to form them into a hollow square, and return them his thanks for their soldierly behavior, and dismiss them for the day.

At this moment, the door was opened by Mr. Broughton, and, scarcely had he presented himself before the assembly without, when his worthy partner was at his side. She had no sooner shut the door in poor Jennison's face, and despatched the coachman and footman in pursuit of their young master, than she put on her bonnet, and betook herself forthwith to madam Frattle, for comfort and consolation. She had returned, just in season to contemplate this miserable spectacle. It was no difficult task for a father or a mother to discover, in the wretched being before them, covered with blood, and dirt, and rags, as he was, their only child, the object of their fond parental hopes. What a stay and staff was here, for that period, when life is on its lees, and even the notes of the happy grasshopper become a burden to the ear of a feeble, old man! Mrs

Broughton was immediately conveyed to her chamber, in a fit of hysterics, which so constantly, upon every occasion of unusual excitement, served for a discharge in full from all immediate responsibility. So readily, however, were all other considerations absorbed in those of caste and fashion, in the bosom of this poor lady, that her paramount concern, upon her recovery from the brief paroxysm, was an apprehension, that her husband might be persuaded, by the recent exhibition of drunkenness in their son, to become a member of the temperance society. Least of all did it occur, in the midst of her reflections, to associate this awful and disgusting consummation, with her own early endeavors to teach her poor boy to *take his glass like a gentleman!*

The measure of callous indifference, which is here described, will appear to many entirely inconsistent with the maternal character, unless among scenes of extremely coarse and vulgar life. This, however, is a faithful transcript from the book of nature and of truth. In that class of society, which is equally removed from the follies and vices of the rich and the poor, the devotees of fashion, and the victims of ignorance and vulgarity, the lords of palaces, and the tenants of hovels,— the best and purest affections of the heart are most likely to be faithfully developed. In the midst of gayety and fashion, there are not more convenient opportunities for serious contemplation than among those scenes of coarse, common-place debauchery, which are peculiar to the lowest grades of society. Whatever be the subject matter of affliction, unless, alas, it be the loss of wealth, — whether it be the death or degradation of a parent, or a wife, or a child, the mourners must remember that they have no occasion to mourn as those without hope, so long as the courts of fashion are open for their reception again. In the estimation of the gay, it is an unpardonable evidence of weakness, to grieve beyond the fashionable term. The bereaved is summoned, by the voice of a giddy world, to repair his loss, from among those happy hundreds, who are more than half ready to soothe his sorrows. The heir is expected to find a balm of consolation for the death of an honored father, in the reflection, that the estate remains for his enjoyment. Those ten thousand occasions of joy, and merriment, and festivity, which belong to fashionable life, are so many absorbents, which take up the particles of sorrow, in the bosom of a devotee, with wonderful celerity. The vulgar sot becomes not more effectually drunk with his ordinary beverage, than the votary of fashion with its continual fascinations. A diminution of natural affection, an indifference to the calls of suffering and sorrow, an unwillingness to participate in the benevolent operations of the day,

are common to them both; and both are equally remarkable for their eagerness in pursuit of their respective means of intoxication. It furnishes, therefore, no legitimate occasion for surprise, that the son of fashionable parents, an unconquerable drunkard, lost to himself, and to the world, should occupy his solitary apartment, under the paternal roof, while the glittering saloons beneath resound with all that unmeaning noise and nonsense which invariably proceed from promiscuous assemblies of fashionable people; and while the parents of this unhappy victim are regaling their numerous guests, with that very thing, which made their son a drunkard.

Let us return to our narrative. Mr. Broughton, by repeated occurrences of a similar nature, had become, in some measure, familiarized to these painful exhibitions. He caused his son to be conveyed to his chamber, and, closing the outer door, the rabble speedily dispersed from before his dwelling. After a slight repast, he walked the apartment in silence, for hours, reflecting upon his domestic misfortunes, and revolving a variety of expedients, which might afford a measure of relief.

When Mrs. Broughton, who had quite recovered from her hysterics, took her place at the tea-table, she was particularly struck with the composure apparent on the countenance of her husband. He had commonly, upon such occasions, evinced a greater degree of anxiety. She remarked upon the circumstance. — "I have long," said he, in reply, "been doubtful, in regard to the course, which it is my duty to pursue, in relation to our unhappy child. I have given this painful subject my serious consideration, for the last two hours, and my resolution is fixed. Distressing, as the alternative may prove, Frederick shall either go to the house of correction, or sign ———" "Lord have mercy upon us, Mr. Broughton," cried his partner, dropping the tea-pot from her hand, "what do you mean? sign the pledge of the temperance society! dear me, that ever a Broughton should do that!" — "I mean nothing of the sort," said Mr. Broughton, "and if you will listen, I will proceed. He shall sign the shipping paper of a whaling vessel, that is just ready for sea." — "Dear me," cried Mrs. Broughton, "how you frightened me. I was in the twitters, for a moment, for fear you meant he should join that vulgar society."

Mrs. Broughton had long been persuaded, that her pride was likely to be continually humbled, by the misconduct of her son. Beyond the matter of a few animal tears, shed in advance, at the thought of a separation, her maternal tenderness was thoroughly exhausted. Her affections were riveted elsewhere. The gay world

was enough for her; and she readily acquiesced in the determination of her husband.

The next morning, after breakfast, Mr. Broughton entered the apartment of his son. He had already dressed himself, and was sitting upon his bed. His whole countenance and manner were those of a drunkard, after a severe debauch. He raised his eyes upon his father's, but was unable to encounter their unusual expression of calm severity. Mr. Broughton, upon all former occasions, and until his mind had settled down into a state of quiet decision, had either given vent to ebullitions of anger, or lamentations and tears. This profligate young man had become perfectly familiarized to both, and had met them with apparent contrition, and promises of amendment.

"Frederick," said Mr. Broughton, after a solemn pause, "I have suffered more on your account than I think I ever can suffer again. I believe I have shed the last tears I shall ever shed on your account, unless I should hear of your death, or your reformation. You are now a notorious drunkard, and I am resolved no longer to endure the disgrace, which you bring upon me daily. I have formed my resolution. No promises, nor tears, nor entreaties shall induce me to change it. You shall go to the house of correction, as a common drunkard, upon the complaint of your own father, —or you shall proceed, this day, on board a whaling ship, which will sail to-morrow. You are fit for no office, and must enter as a green hand, before the mast. You must now take your choice."—Frederick raised his eyes upon his father's, once more, and he there read a clear confirmation of his statement, that the decision was unchangeable:—he lowered his eyes upon the floor, and, after a brief pause, expressed his willingness to go to sea.

Arrangements were speedily made. The captain was made acquainted with the habits of this young man, and with the wishes of his father. The vessel, in which he embarked, was a temperance ship. It is not necessary to detail the particular circumstances of his departure. The reader will, of course, suppose, that Mrs. Broughton had a fit of hysterics, though he will scarcely believe that she attended a crowded party that very evening; such, however, was the fact. Mr. Broughton took leave of his son without a tear, but with an assurance, that, should he thoroughly reform, he would take him to his arms, with tears of joy.

The ship, having been towed by a steamer to the Balize, soon got under way, and stood out to sea, with a favorable wind. Before night, however, the wind came fresh ahead, and it became necessary to close haul. Poor Frederick, utterly ignorant of a

sailor's duty, was knocked back and forth by the men, as they ran to and fro. At last, rather than appear utterly helpless, he laid hold of a rope; but, instead of belaying it, in a proper manner, he gave it a landsman's round turn, or, as the tars call it, a cow-hitch. He had scarcely taken his hand off the rope, before he felt a smart slap upon the shoulder, and a jack-tar bawled in his ear, — "Avast, gin'ral, I 'll show ye how to belay." — Here, then, was an end of his incognito, and he had no longer the satisfaction of believing that his humiliation was a secret of his own. But what was his surprise, when, looking round upon the speaker, he beheld the well-known features of Ashur Jennison, his father's cast-off coachman, a companion of the same forecastle with himself, for a three years' voyage!

We know nothing more of Frederick Broughton; and, as death ensues for the want of breath, our narrative must close for the want of additional materials. Enough, however, has probably been presented to the mind of every reflecting reader, to satisfy him that temperance societies are not only WELL ENOUGH FOR THE VULGAR, but for the educated, the opulent, and the refined.

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NANCY LE BARON.

The faithful delineation of reality and truth will sometimes produce a picture, which the boldest weaver of romance would scarcely venture to indite, — if it were the wild creation of his fancy. In the preparation of the following narrative, the writer has carefully selected, from the mass of curious materials, which have been communicated to him, from authentic sources, such as were least likely to offend, on account of their apparent improbability. Certain incidents, which, of strict right, belong to this painful account, have been sacrificed, upon the altar of decency and taste. However interesting to the mere anatomist of drunkenness, they would undoubtedly shock the sensibility of some, and stagger the confidence of others. — It may shrewdly be asked, however, if any extravagance be too gross or too fantastical, to form a legitimate result from such a cause? When rum, gin, brandy, whiskey, and other intoxicating liquors, are the well-known premises, who will pretend to set any limit to the conclusions? Drunkenness is madness; and, when the mind is brought thus low, all, of course, is riot and misrule; and one species or type of extravagance may be as rationally expected to supervene, as another.

As a body, no one of the learned professions has more reason to thank the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for any precious blessing, than the professors of the healing art, for the temperance reform. Few men were more exposed to daily and hourly trial and temptation, in this respect, than medical men; particularly those, whose sphere of duty lay among the broadcast population of country towns. It is, indeed, matter for astonishment, that country physicians, some twenty or thirty years ago, were not more frequently intemperate men. Hard service, by night and by day, long rides, cold weather, abundance of liquor, ever in full view, and the fashion of the times, all conspired to stupefy the physician; and fortunate was the sufferer, who received his attention, at an early hour of the day. It was hard and rare practice when the doctor *gave* physic, and *took* nothing in return, beside his fee. It was impossible to resist the good wife's importunities, whether the temptation consisted of the city lady's glass or two of the choicest old Madeira, *kept expressly for the sick*, — or the poor country woman's hot toddy, stirred up *expressly for the dear doctor*. Pride and jealousy had so thoroughly mingled with our ancient hospitality, in the rum department, at least, that the physician, who had partaken of the rich patient's *bonne bouche*, could not decently reject even the sick beggar's bottle.

It is eminently disagreeable to be the only intelligent and tolerably well-informed person, in a well-filled stage-coach, during a long, dusty ride, of a summer's day. Your companions will, somehow or other, discover the fact, that your intellectual cistern is more capacious than their own; and each one, in his turn, will be sure, with a little turbid water from his contracted reservoir, in the shape of a searching interrogatory, "*to fetch your pump*," and keep you at it, from dawn till dark.

We had been wholly exempted from this travelling abomination. Half a dozen better tonguesters, and more mannerly companions, have seldom passed the whole day together, within the walls of a stage-coach. If we had "*made up a party*," we should have done worse, beyond all doubt. We fell into conversation, almost as readily, as though we had been comrades from our cradles. We certainly were very agreeable to one another, for we disagreed about nothing. We soon made the discovery, that we entertained the same political opinions; upon some allusion to the subject of religion, it became equally apparent, that we were of one mind, in relation to the loathsome and heartless doctrines of infidelity; and, when we entered the dining-parlor, at the half-way house, a prompt

and universal requirement, for the removal of the brandy-bottle from the table, established the fact, that we were, one and all, cold-water men. It was one of the shortest and pleasantest days of my existence.

The sun was now about to bathe in the ocean, after a hot day's work. We had just reached the summit of a wearisome acclivity, and there lay before us the little village of ————, and the hills and the valleys beyond. We caught no glimpse of the noisy river, but we knew, by the rushing sound at the bottom, among the dark, tangled wood, that the wild Amonoosuck was hurrying downward, with its lately-gathered tribute of mountain waters. — We had become suddenly silent; and, as I had borne something more, perhaps, than my share of the conversation, and entered as heartily, at least as any other, into the innocent pleasantry of the day, my companions began to rally me upon the change. "It is sad to part," said I, "from one's friends, even after so brief an acquaintance." This was a sufficient explanation for them; but my heart had a reason of its own, which was no concern at all of theirs: — I was, at that moment, entering the little hamlet, where I was born, after an absence of fifteen years! ———

We now began to descend the hill, and the driver, whose whole soul was swallowed up in the desire of exhibiting the spirit of his horses, cracked forward with a velocity, that put an end to all thoughts, but those of our personal safety. We soon alighted, at the tavern door; the horses were instantly shifted; and I took leave of my companions, who went a stage further on their way. — In the dusk of the evening, I found it impossible to identify the landmarks of my youth. The old meeting-house, however, was not to be mistaken; and the tavern was the same, kept by Colonel Rumrill, twenty years ago. After looking at my accommodations for the night, and swallowing a *potion* of bohea, sweetened with brown sugar, and stirred up, if I am not mistaken, with a rummy spoon, which a round, red, little hostess provokingly hoped was "*perfectly agreeable;*" I resolved to reconnoitre the tenants of the bar-room, and ascertain, if any of the wretched, old grasshoppers, who used to chirp and sip sling, in that very place, some twenty years ago, were still upon their legs. Accordingly, carefully muffled up in my travelling cloak, with my hat drawn over my eyes, I elbowed my way through the noisy throng, and took my seat quietly in a corner. The atmosphere was perfectly saturated with the effluvia of rum and tobacco. Fortunately I was sufficiently supplied with fresh air, through a broken pane or two in the tavern window. As the smoke occasionally passed away, I caught a view, between the puffs, of

the different individuals, who composed the several groups. Now and then, I discovered an old standard; but I was greatly surprised to behold so many faces, which were entirely new to me. The host himself was a stranger. He was a sedate-looking personage, and appeared to understand himself and his affairs exceedingly well; and it was truly surprising to mark the quantity of toddy, and flip, and sling, and julep, and drams of all sorts, which he could prepare in a single evening. I particularly noticed, that he invariably drank off, and it appeared to me, unconsciously, all the *heeltaps* or sugared *reliquia* at the bottom, which were left by his customers; and his countenance was, by no means, indicative of total abstinence. A miserable object, very gray and very ragged, edged his way through the crowd towards the bar, and stood, in the attitude of one, who scarcely dares to give utterance to his wishes. — He turned his face towards the lamp; — I knew him at once: it was old Enoch Runlet, who worked on my father's farm, till my parents died, when the farm (for my father died poor) passed into other hands. Enoch was a sad dog. He was the wag of the village; and the villagers often got him garrulously drunk, for the sake of enjoying his humor. He was eminently useful on training days. On such occasions, he would commonly seat himself on the lee side of the pail of punch, for the sake, as he said, of the perfume. — At weddings and ordinations, he always contrived to be in attendance; and no shark ever followed a *slaver* upon the high sea, more assiduously, than Enoch followed his vocation of mourner-in-general for the dead. Hundreds of times I have seen him enter the dead man's apartment; stroke down his hair upon his forehead; walk up slowly to the coffin; look down upon the corpse with a mournful shake of the head; and then, turning to the table within a few feet of the receptacle of death, pour out and swallow a liberal glass of the very poison, which had too frequently demolished the defunct. — Enoch was evidently determined, with an air of mock humility, to attract the attention of the host. Every glass of spirit, that was consumed, seemed to increase the beggar's importunity of manner. He could no longer be disregarded. — "What are you here for, Runlet?" said the host, with rather a repulsive tone of voice. Enoch reached forward, and whispered in the taverner's ear. "You've got no money," said the host. "No, deacon," said Enoch, "but I'm expecting a little, in a day or two." — "You won't get any rum here to-night," said the deacon, "so, the sooner you go about your business, the better." — "Do, Deacon Mixer, let us have a gill," said Enoch, with a winning and beseeching air. — "I won't," said the deacon. — "Half a gill

then," continued the beggar. — "I tell you I won't," replied the deacon, with increasing energy. — Enoch held on like a leech. "Dear Deacon Mixer," said he, "just let us have a taste." — "Not a drop, Runlet," answered the deacon, stamping his foot, and breaking his toddy-stick as he struck it, in his anger, against the bar. — "Well then," cried Enoch, running his nose in the taverner's face, "just let a poor fellow get a smell of your breath. Deacon Mixer!" — This stroke of humor caused such peals of laughter, as made the old house shake to its very foundations. The deacon lost his temper, and threw a whole glass of toddy, which he had just compounded, with particular care, for Squire Shuttle, at the beggar's head. Enoch avoided the compliment, with singular adroitness, and the squire himself, who was standing directly behind him, received the whole glass of toddy in his face and eyes. This circumstance, while it excited the squire's anger, increased the uproar of this respectable assembly. The deacon made a hundred awkward apologies, and a fresh glass of toddy, which he presented in the most humble manner imaginable. This scene had scarcely passed, when old McLaughlin, the sexton, whom I well remembered in my youth, entered the room, and, putting a gallon jug upon the bar, exclaimed, in his well-known accent, "Dacon Mixer, I has come, for the Communion woine." — It was Saturday night. — Is it possible, thought I, that this man will have the heart or the hardihood to officiate at the table of his Lord upon the morrow! — I quitted the apartment, and retired, in disgust, to my chamber for the night.

On the morrow, I attended the village church, and there, in the deacon's seat, I beheld the very same toddy-making Pharisee, whose performances, upon the preceding evening, I have already recounted. And, when the minister named his text — "What is man?" — truly, thought I, *what is man!* — I found myself surrounded by strangers. A new generation had sprung up, and there were very few, of whose features I had any recollection. — Chloe was yet alive. She sat in a corner of the gallery. She was an old scoffer, and I had never expected to see her in the house of God. She lived on the skirts of the village, and got her livelihood by selling cake and ale, and telling fortunes. When I was eighteen, a giddy, thoughtless boy, I was fool enough to lay out the better part of my savings, in propheeies and predictions, which Chloe had ever ready for those, who would part with their money in return. Upon the faith of this old impostor, who, by inquiries of others, had discovered the secret aspirations of my boyish heart, I was induced to make my suit to the squire's daughter, who speedily sent me

away with a flea in my ear. — Through the influence of a religious companion of her youth, she was the pious daughter of infidel parents, though they were among the first people of the village, and owned the very best pew in the church. I was a poor ploughboy, whose parents had nothing to balance the account withal, but willing hands and honest hearts. The decided, but kind-hearted manner, in which she rejected my exceedingly awkward demonstrations, my very first overtures of love, were enough to settle the question of her excellent good sense, and my own incomparable folly. —And yet I have never blamed myself severely, for this innocent mistake of my youth; for, though there were many who wanted courage to acknowledge the fact, there were few of our village lads, who had not, at some time or other, fancied themselves in love with Nancy Le Baron.

After the death of my parents, having received a good school education, and being held down for life to the little hamlet, in which I was born, by no consideration of interest; I determined to seek my fortune in the metropolis. By the assistance of a fellow-townsman, who had pursued a similar course, with remarkable success, I obtained a situation; which became the stepping-stone to all my future good fortune. By unremitting activity and application, for fifteen years, I had become the master of a "*pretty property.*" If the reader has any curiosity to ascertain the connection, between this portion of my history and the visit to my native village, it is but fair that he should be gratified. I had begun to put a few profitable interrogatories to my own heart: — In what way shall I employ these riches? Am I not getting weary of this interminable accumulation? I felt, at the age of thirty-five, that I had lived alone long enough; and, if there were a person upon earth, to whom I desired to say so, that person was Nancy Le Baron. Ten years before, I had heard some rumors of misfortunes in her father's family; there was a mighty difference between the poor ploughboy, and the man of handsome estate; Nancy might have become less fastidious withal; and, perhaps, I might count, in some measure, upon the effect of that constancy, which had flourished for fifteen years, without even the poor solace of hope deferred. Such then confessedly was the main object of my visit. It was my intention, if Nancy Le Baron were unmarried still, to offer her, once more, the hand, which she had already rejected.

I was very forcibly struck, by the change, which, in so short a space, had taken place among the inhabitants of the village. After I had taken my seat in the meeting-house, and kept my eyes steadily fixed upon the squire's pew, for a quarter of an hour, I had the

mortification, at last, to see it occupied by strangers. I looked in vain for Nancy, in every corner. I scarcely noticed an individual, of whom I should have been able to gather any information, in regard to an old standard, excepting Major Moody, the miller, whose expression was always about as sour, as a great portion of the meal, which he sold. On my return to the tavern, I ventured to interrogate the landlady: "Pray," said I, "is Squire Le Baron yet living?" — "Le Baron," said she, "I have heard that name; we have lived here only a few years; the factory business has brought a great many new-comers to the village, who have taken the places of the old folks." — "How long have you resided here?" I inquired. — "We have kept the tavern about seven years, sir, and have had a good run of business. The deacon is very particular about his liquors, and gives general satisfaction, for he never waters his rum. He has it direct from Deacon Gooseberry's distillery. It 's a great pity, sir, that the whole business was not confined to deacons and church-members; it would then be done upon honor. Sha'n't I fetch you a little spirit before dinner, sir? it 's very cheering after a long sermon." — "But, my good woman," said I, "I have not been preaching." — "That 's true, to be sure," replied this talkative hostess, "but I often say so to Parson McWhistler, and he always takes it very kindly." — At this moment, the good woman was called away; and, taking my hat and coat, I walked forth into the village. I bent my course towards the squire's mansion. It appeared not to have undergone any remarkable alteration. As I walked on the further side of the street, I observed several children looking forth from the windows. — Nancy is married! thought I. Those are her children! — I strolled forward, endeavoring to reconcile myself to a disappointment, which I had certainly gathered, before it was ripe, as men, of a certain temperament, are prone to take up trouble, at an exorbitant rate of interest. I had walked on, till I came to the village grave-yard. Almost unconsciously, I found myself within the melancholy pale. My recollections of many, who had gone entirely from my memory, were readily recalled by the simple memorials around me. According to the prevailing custom of mankind, some twenty years ago, almost every adult, whose name I noticed upon the head-stone, had been a moderate drinker in his day. A very large proportion had been incorrigible sots. What a motley group, thought I, in the great day of the resurrection, shall arise together from the drunkard's grave!

While I was thus engaged, my attention was aroused by the footstep of a person, who had approached within a few feet of the place where I stood. — It was old Enoch Runlet, who had excited,

the deacon's indignation, on the preceding evening, by his importunity for grog. He was apparently sober, and his smooth chin and general appearance indicated some little regard for the outward observances, at least, of God's holy day. He knew me at once. "Why, Mr. Lawder," said he, "what, in the name o' natur, has brought you here? I thought, as I was a going by, that it was so much like Isaac Lawder, that I must needs step in and see. We heard that you had got to be quite a fine body, and we never thought to see you in these parts again, among us poor folks, in the old village. If a body may be so bold, what in the world, Master Isaac, has sent you this way?" — I was perfectly aware, that nothing could surpass this fellow's insatiable curiosity, unless it were the skilful exercise of that power of rapid combination, which enables a Yankee to reach the mark with the accuracy of a patent rifle. — "You always was a leetle kind o' melancholy, Master Isaac; I 've seen ye walk in this here place afore, of a moonlight night, when you was a younker. I *guess* you haant come up here a speculating, arter lands or the like?" — "No, Enoch, I have no such design," I replied. — "I *guess* you 've made a sight o' money already," continued he. — "Why, as to that, Enoch," said I, "I have the substance of Agur's prayer, neither poverty nor riches. Pray, good Enoch, who occupy the old mansion-house, where Squire Le Baron used to live?" — "Why, I *guess*," replied Enoch, "they 're the same, what has occupied it for the last five years: I *guess* you haant got a mortgage on it, have you?" — At that moment, this inveterate guesser fell over one of the foot-stones, in the grave-yard, and the writhing of his features assured me, that he had bruised himself severely. — "I *guess* you have hurt your shin, Enoch," said I. — "I *guess* I have," said he. — "Well then," I resumed, "I hope you will leave off *guessing*, and give me a few direct answers to some very plain questions. I perceive, that you tumbled over Bill Tillson's grave; it is better so, than to tumble into it, for Bill was an awful drunkard." — "I guess you 're a cold-water man, Master Isaac," said he. — "Well, Enoch," I replied, "for once, you have guessed right, and I hope you will rest satisfied. I wish you to inform me where Squire Le Baron now resides." — "Why, Master Isaac, did n't you know, as how the squire had been on Deacon Gooseberry's farm these six years, come next April? did n't you know that?" — "On Deacon Gooseberry's farm? — Who is Deacon Gooseberry?" — "Why, Deacon Gooseberry has been a distiller in this village, for twelve years, and this grave-yard is called the deacon's farm, and here, — step this way, Master Isaac, a piece, — here is the squire's head-stone." —

"Is it possible!" said I, as I read the "*Sacred to the memory.*" — "Was he intemperate at last?" I inquired. — "Very, very," said Enoch, with a ludicrously solemn expression upon his countenance, and a deaconish shake of the head; little suspecting that I had witnessed his own performance on the preceding evening; and, like many drunkards, unapprized of the full extent of his own unenviable fame. "The squire used to be a temperate man, Enoch," said I, "in my father's life-time." — "And long after, Master Isaac," he replied. "About seven years ago, he delivered a temperance address, in the next county, against ardent spirits; but the temperance folks blamed him very much, for going to the tavern, in the evening, after the lecture, and calling for his bottle of wine. We poor folks, who take a little rum now and then, don't see the wit o' that, Master Isaac. I guess you take a little wine yourself, now and then." — "No, Enoch," said I. — "A little ale then, or porter," continued he. — "Not a drop of any intoxicating drink," I replied: "I am a consistent cold-water man, and have no more belief, that intemperance will be entirely abolished, by the abandonment of ardent spirit, than that the vice of gambling would be rooted out, by the abolition of the game of all-fours. But pray tell me, Enoch, what has become of the squire's family?" — "The old lady is gone," he replied; "she took a little spirit herself, in a sly way. The old gentleman did pretty well, till he lost his property, and then he left off wine pretty much, and took to the other things. He was n't used to it, ye see. It never hurts me, and I don't think it ever will; but it fixed the squire right off. It did n't seem to agree with him." — "What became of Miss ——, the squire's daughter?" — "Why, Master Isaac, you have n't forgot her name, I guess; Miss Nancy, you mean. She was your old flame, you know: I guess you 've got married afore this, Master Isaac." — I fairly wished myself rid of the fellow; but, putting the best face upon the matter, I observed, with an air of indifference, that I had seen some children at the mansion-house window, and that I had conjectured Nancy was married, and that those children might be hers. — "I guess they are n't," answered Enoch; "Master Isaac, I always thought, that you and the squire's daughter would have made a good match; but Miss Nancy thought she could do better; so she went further and fared worse by a great chalk. It 's about nine years since she was married; and, for so good a young lady, and one, who was brought up so delicate, she has had a hard time on it. She married a Doctor Darroch, who soon lost the chief part of his business, and treated the poor creature roughly enough. She has three little children, and they 're as poor as snakes in winter.

He cheated her, by a great show of religion. Maybe, Master Isaac, for the sake of old acquaintance, you 'd be willing to give 'em a lift." — "Poor Nancy," said I, after a short pause. "Good Enoch, tell me if this unprincipled brute, this Doctor Darroch, that you speak of, continues to use her unkindly?" — "Ha, ha," he replied, "he has n't given her much trouble of late; why the doctor 's been two years at least upon the deacon's farm here. He fell off his horse one winter night, and was found dead in a snow-drift, next morning. Some folks thought he died o' the rum palsy, and others that he had swallowed some of his own physic by mistake; but the general opinion seemed to be that he broke his neck. Nobody was sorry for his death, though his wife, notwithstanding he used her like a brute, said it was her duty to remember, that he was the father of her poor little ones, and so she gave him a decent funeral, such as it was. 'T was melancholy enough, you may be sure, for there was n't a drop o' liquor, from the time we went in to the time they lifted the body. Old McLaughlin, our sexton, said 't was the driest corpse he ever buried, by all odds. It was so plain a case, that everybody rejoiced, because his poor wife was relieved from such a drinking tyrant. Rum, Master Isaac, you may depend upon it, has done a mortal sight o' mischief in this town." — "But, Enoch," said I, "where do they live at present, and what means have they of support?" — "Why," said he, "you know where Long Pond is; they live in the old cottage, upon the skirt of the pine wood. The mother knits and sews; and, now and then, gets a chance to wash and iron, when her strength will let her, though she 's quite down of late; and two of the children are old enough to pick berries in summer; and, in one way and another, they make out to rub along." — What a reverse! thought I. The old squire and his lady were the *nobility* of the village; their wealth alone was enough, some fifteen years ago, to give them rank and importance; poor Nancy, preëminent in the little circle of the parish, for her sweetness of disposition and personal charms, was their only child. The parents have died, poor and degraded; and their daughter lives, the widow of a worthless drunkard, encumbered with three starving children. — Nancy Le Baron reduced to such extremities as these! Winning her bread by the sweat of her brow! It is impossible! — "No it is n't," cried Enoch, "and that 's not half the misery on 't neither. Poor soul, she 's had to run for life afore now, and hide her children in the wood, of a snapping cold night. Why, he used to flog her like a sack, and then drive her down cellar, and kick the children round the room, like so many footballs. She bore it, they say, like a saint, and never told of it for a long spell. Old Chloe, the fortune-

te.ler that used to be, first brought it out. She was passing by the house one night, and heard her scream, and peeped in at the window. Old Chloe was always as bold as a lion, you know, and she 's about as strong as a three year old steer. You remember Bijah Larkin, Master Isaac; — well, Bijah 's called pretty smart, but she trimmed him like a sapplin. He got a running on her about telling his fortune, and raised her temper; so says she, 'Bijah, I 'll tell your fortune for you — you 'll get a thrashing afore you 're a hair grayer, if you don't let me alone.' Bijah made her a saucy answer, and she gave him a real drubbing. Folks have n't left off, to this day, asking Bijah if old Chloe was n't a good prophetess. — Well, as I was a saying, the old creature pushed open the door. This devil's bird of a doctor was hauling his poor wife about by the hair of her head, and the children were crying for their lives. He ordered the old negro woman out of the h use. But the good creature's feelings drove her on. She flew at him like a tiger; 'Let her alone, you dirty rum-sucker,' she cried. 'Many 's the good meal of victuals I 've had in her father's kitchen, and her old mother 's been kind to me many a time, and I won't see her abused by man or brute.' So she caught him by the throat, and drove him up in a corner among a parcel of gallipots and bottles. She was a match for any sober man, and could whip a rigiment o' drunkards afore breakfast, any day. A neighbor came in, and took away the wife and children for the night. The doctor was in a boiling rage, and threatened to bring old Chloe up afore the court, for a vagrant and a fortune-teller. The old woman never wanted a ready answer; so she told him she was afraid of nothing but his physic, and that she would tell his fortune right off, without a fee: 'You 've sarved the devil,' said she, 'in this world; and, when you die, you 'll go where they don't rake up fire o' nights.' " — "What an infamous villain!" said I, involuntarily raising my stick as I spoke, "I wish I had him here." — "I 'm glad you have n't," said Enoch; "take my word for it, Master Isaac, the deacon's farm 's the very best place for him."

I inquired if this poor woman had no neighbors who were kind to her. "Oh yes," replied Enoch, "as far as they are able, but we 've no rich folks in these parts. Old Chloe is the nearest neighbor, and, like enough, the best friend into the bargain: her hut is n't a gun-shot off from their cottage." — I thanked Enoch for the information he had afforded me, and was about giving him a trifle; — my hand was already in my pocket — the coin was between my fingers. But, thought I, why should I put my silver on the highway to Deacon Mixer's till? If I wish to do this poor fellow a

service, I may be sure, after my last night's experience, that I am not likely to accomplish it, by affording him the means of drunkenness. I was about to withdraw my empty hand, when a glance of my eye assured me, that I had already raised his expectations. I took the coin from my pocket. "Enoch," said I, "I shall be happy to give you this trifle, if you will promise me, that you will not spend it in liquor." — "Master Isaac," said he, with his eyes riveted upon the silver, "I should despise the very thought of it; why, I've heerd two temperance lectures, and have pretty much given up that thing of late. I haven't got the relish for it I used to have." — "Well, well, Enoch," said I, "I shall probably pass a few days in the village, and, perhaps, we will talk of this matter again: remember your promise." — Drunkards are very commonly liars. Under the influence of liquor, their declarations are strongly tinctured with the spirit of extravagance and falsehood; and when they become sober, it appears to them a more agreeable task, to maintain their statements, by accumulating falsehood upon falsehood, than to retract them; because such retraction would most commonly involve the admission, that such statements were the extravagances of a drunken hour. In this manner, intemperate persons commence playing at fast and loose, a game of hazard, as it were, with truth and falsehood; the pride of conscious veracity is speedily annihilated; and, ere long, whether drunken or sober, the boundary lines of falsehood and truth are entirely obliterated, in the mind of an intemperate man.

I returned to my inn, with some little misgiving, in regard to poor Enoch's powers of self-restraint, and the propriety of my own conduct. How many shillings, thought I, have been given to save one's own time; — how many to avoid the beggar's importunity; — how many from a sort of hap-hazard benevolence, or to avoid the reputation of meanness; — of all these, how many have contributed to the production of broken heads and broken hearts! It is really surprising, how much sheer misery a misapplied shilling will occasionally purchase, for some poor family. He, who bestows his money upon every supplicant, without any guaranty for its useful employment, embarks in a lottery, where there are many more blanks than prizes. It would be no grateful task to harden the heart of man, sufficiently obdurate already, against the cries of his fellow, in distress; but the practice of money-giving, in the street, to mendicants, whose distresses and necessities are unstudied and unknown, is equally mischievous and absurd. It is equivalent to bandaging the eyes of Charity, and sending her forth to play at blind-man's-buff, among the worthy and the worthless of mankind.

My thoughts were soon recalled to the subject of Enoch's narra-

tive, and the hard fortunes of Nancy Le Baron. I should certainly have paid a visit to old Chloe, that very evening, had I not been prevented by a tremendous storm of wind and rain, whose violence was not sufficient, however, to prevent a dozen worthies or more of the village, from collecting in the bar-room of Deacon Mixer. I, by no means, approve of spending a Sabbath evening in the bar-room, even of a deacon; but, upon the present occasion, my curiosity prevailed, and I resumed my former situation, muffled in my travelling cloak, as before. I soon perceived, that the deacon and his guests were of the same opinion with the framers of the statute, that God's holy day goes down with the setting sun. No trace of its solemnity appeared to remain. Drinking and smoking were the amusements of the evening. Parson McWhistler and his lady took tea, as I discovered, with Mrs. Mixer, and the deacon's time was divided, in an ecclesiastical ratio, between the minister and the people, nine tenths of it to his customers, and a tithe to his spiritual guide. The concerns of both worlds were strangely mingled, in the mind of this extraordinary man; and, so far was he from appearing to perceive the slightest incongruity, between his office of deacon, and his calling, as rum-seller to the parish, that he really seemed to account his ministration in the bar-room, as sanctified, at least in the eyes of his fellow-men, and in his own, by his holier vocation. During his short, occasional visitations to the apartment, where the Rev. Mr. McWhistler and his lady were taking tea, the affairs of the bar were managed by Moses, the deacon's son, a sprightly lad of about fourteen years of age, who, I remarked, was quite as expert as his father, in taking off heeltaps. This interesting youth appeared to have some system in his business withal, for, whenever he put one lump of sugar into a glass of rum and water, he invariably put two into his own mouth.

I had not been long in my position in the corner, when two men entered the apartment, who appeared to be immediately recognized, as personages of some importance. They were very wet, and one of them, who carried a pair of small seal-skin saddle-bags upon his arm, I soon ascertained to be the physician of the village. Room was immediately made for the new-comers, by the tenants in possession. — "Let 's help ye off with your great-coat, Dr. Lankin," said a tall old man, with a wheezing voice. — "Thank ye, Mr. Goslin," replied the doctor. — "Here 's a peg for your hat, doctor," said another. — "Obliged to ye, thank ye, thank ye, neighbor Hobbs; how 's your wife?" — "Why, she keeps her head above water, and no more, doctor. I was a telling Mr. Bellows here, just afore you come in, that I wanted nothing more to put down the whole tem-

perance society, than my old woman's case. I know, for sartin, that spirit 's the salvation on her. Nothing less than a pint a day keeps body and soul together. One day, last week, I jist put in about a gill o' water to her Hollands, and, my soul, you never see how she fell away: she'd ha' gone off, as sure as a gun, if I had n't gin her tother gill right away." — "Don't believe a word on 't," said a fellow with a rough voice and a voluminous countenance, as he rolled his ponderous person to and fro, after the manner of Dr. Johnson; "no faith in that, none at all." — I was rejoiced to find an advocate for temperance in such an assembly as this. The whole air and manner of this individual, was inauspicious, to be sure. I had seldom met with a countenance more decidedly alcoholic; but I conjectured that he might have recently reformed. — "Why, Bellows," cried old Goslin, who could scarcely articulate, for the asthma, "'kase you don't like spirit, you've no faith in it. I know as how it's saved me. My asthma's dreadfully helped by three or four spunfuls o' old rum, when nothing else will do me a mite o' good." — "Don't believe it," said Bellows, "no more than I believe my old anvil's made o' cheese curd." — At this moment the parlor door was opened, and the deacon, who had been absent a few moments, returned; he held the door, for an instant, in his hand: I heard the strong voice of Parson McWhistler, — "What, dear Deacon Mixer, what is faith without works?" — "Sure enough," said the deacon, as he shut the door, and stepped back into his bar. He soon perceived the new-comers, and said, in a half whisper, to his son — "Quick, Mosy, a pitcher of hot water; the doctor always takes it hot." —

The individual, who came in with Dr. Lankin, had thrown off his coat, and, having lighted a cigar, stretched himself at length on a settle. He was a short, round man, in rusty black; and, as he lay upon his back, sending columns of smoke directly upward, with regular intermissions, he somewhat resembled a small locomotive engine. He uttered not a word; but, during the controversy, in which Hobbs, Bellows, and Goslin had been engaged, each speaker was cheered, at the conclusion of his remarks, by the short, round man in black, with ha, ha, ha, or he, he, he, or ho, ho, ho; and yet, such an excellent management of his voice had he, that it was utterly impossible to ascertain, to which side of the argument he inclined.

Dr. Lankin sat in the midst of this assembly, masticating tobacco, twirling his thumbs, and with an unvarying smile upon his features. — Hobbs was not disposed to relinquish the contest. — "Deacon," said he, "I 'll take a tumbler of your gin sling, if you please." —

"Directly, sir," said the deacon; "Mosy, reach me the Hollands." —When Hobbs had received the glass from the deacon's hand, "Here 's your good health, Mr. Bellows," said he, and turned off the liquor with a triumphant air, as though he had overwhelmed his antagonist with an unanswerable argument. — "Ho, ho, ho," cried the round man in black. — "You 've swallowed liquid fire," said Bellows, "and it 'll do ye jest about as much good as live sea-coal out o' my furnace." — "Ha, ha, ha," laughed the round man. — "I 've thought a good deal over this here business o' drinking spirit," said an elderly person, who sat with his hands clasped over a very high stomach, and whose utterance appeared to be frequently checked by a very troublesome flatulency. — "And what 's your opinion about it, Farmer Salsify?" inquired Hobbs. — "Why, no offence to anybody, but I think it 's mor——— morally wrong." — "He, he, ho, ho," said the little round man. — Well, thought I, here are two friends of temperance at least, and where I had but little expectation of finding any. — "How long is it, neighbor Salsify, since you joined the Temperance Society?" inquired Goslin. — "Why, don't you know?" replied Salsify. "'T was jest arter you fell off your mare, and broke your leg, town-meeting arternoon, four years ago." — "Ha, ha, ha," said the round man in black, in which he was joined by several of the company, while Goslin was seized with a violent fit of wheezing. — "You may say jest what you please," continued Salsify, "I believe ardent spirit 's rank poison. There 's no wholesomer drink than good ripe ——— cider. Deacon, I 'll thank, I 'll ——— ——— thank ye for a mug." — "He, he, he," said the little man. — "Vile trash," cried Bellows, "no nourishment — full o' windy colic — I 'd stand a lawsuit afore I 'd touch a drop on 't. Deacon, I 'll task a mug o' your good draught porter, or, if you 're out, a mug o' strong beer will do: there 's some substance in that." — "Ha, ha, ha," said the little man. — It is well, thought I, that the cause of genuine temperance is the cause of God, for its fate would be a sad one, in the hands of such deplorable defenders as these.

It was understood by the company that Parson McWhistler was in the house, and it was resolved by Hobbs, Bellows, and Goslin, to consult him on the subject. Moses, having been sufficiently instructed, was commissioned to give their respects to the minister, and ask his opinion of the temperance cause. Moses returned in about twenty minutes, with a response from the parish oracle, substantially as follows: "Parson McWhistler says, as how he thinks very well on it. He says he thinks it wrong to drink ardent spirit, and beer, and cider, for they 's very apt to intosticate, but if folks

will drink, that 's their business, and not the person's what sells it." — "Moses," said Dr. Lankin, "did he say anything of wine?" — "No, sir," replied Moses, "he 's a drinking some now with my mother." — "Ho, ho, ho. ho, ho," said the round man, and the room shook with laughter. The little round man now arose and put on his coat; and, as he turned his face to the light, I recognized the features of Squire Shuttle, whose toddy had been administered rather unceremoniously, on the preceding evening. The doctor took his flip, and the squire his toddy; one after another the deacon's customers departed; and, as I rose to leave the room, he was engaged in emptying his till, and calculating the gains which he had gathered in exchange for his own soul.

Three important personages, in every village, whose dealings respectively are with the souls, bodies, and estates of their fellow-townsmen, have the power of exerting a prodigious influence, in relation to the temperance reform; and, according to the measure of their favor or dislike of this mighty enterprise, it is frequently fated to succeed or to fail. The minister, the physician, and the lawyer are the fuglars of the parish. Show me the village, in which the clergyman will not grant the use of his pulpit to a temperance lecturer, because the temperance cause is a "*secular matter*;" — in which the doctor has refused to sign the pledge of the society, because it is "*a trap for his conscience*;" — and in which the lawyer drinks toddy, and talks loudly of "*the liberties of the people*;" — and I will show you a drunken and a worthless township. Parson McWhistler, Squire Shuttle, and Dr. Lankin, were gentlemen of a very different order. Yet the cause of temperance appeared not to flourish here. Squire Shuttle and Dr. Lankin were never known to utter a syllable in opposition to the reformation: for there were some wealthy farmers and respectable mechanics, among whom their practice lay, and who were its decided friends. Yet they never gave it a good word in their lives, for it had been ascertained, upon some occasion, in a public meeting of the town, that there was a strong alcoholic majority, or, in the cant phraseology of the day, that the rum ones had it. There was a common bond of interest, between these village functionaries; for the doctor bled and blistered in the lawyer's family, and the lawyer collected the physician's demands, in the way of his profession. They agreed upon all important matters save one — the lawyer drank toddy and the doctor drank flip. The clergyman, however, had acquired the reputation of a devoted friend of the cause. He had lectured, himself, in opposition to ardent spirits, beer, and cider, but he accounted it a very wicked thing to call that a poison, which our Saviour wrought

by the miracle at Cana. Some how or other, the parson's habit of indulging in wine became, as I afterwards heard, a matter of notoriety in the parish, and utterly destroyed his influence as an advocate of the temperance cause.

Upon the following morning, after a slight repast at the inn, I bent my steps in the direction of Long Pond. It was one of those delightful mornings, near the end of June, of which so much has been sung and said in every age. The storm of the preceding night had entirely passed away, and the bright beams of the sun were playing among the varnished leaves of the forest. — The measure of wretchedness, into which Enoch had represented this ill-fated young woman to have fallen, in consequence of her alliance with an intemperate man, had appeared to me incredible. No small portion of it all I had ascribed to that disposition to deal in the marvellous, which is so common among those, who have no other avenue to a short-lived aggrandizement. Enoch Runlet was one of those persons, who, however incompetent to draw the bow of Ulysses, can readily draw long bows of their own. — It is impossible, thought I, that Nancy Le Baron, by any weight of sorrows, can be reduced to such a state of dependence. And yet the name of the family was nearly extinct, at the period of my departure from the village. Her parents were solitary and unsocial in their habits; and I found no little difficulty in recollecting any early associate or intimate friend, yet living, who would be likely to take a deep interest in the fate of poor Nancy. Though I had not seen her for fifteen years, the impression, such as she had made, and left upon my memory, remained, unabated of its power and freshness. Her jet-black hair and eyes were contrasted with one of the fairest complexions I ever beheld. The rose upon her cheek was not that universal tint, which speaks of health and many years; but the concentrated, and almost hectical flush, which seems to say to the gentle spirit within — Thy light bark may glide securely down the smooth current of life, but it cannot live long upon its troubled waters.

Occupied with such reflections as these, I had strolled, almost unconsciously, beyond the borders of the busy hamlet. The splash of a lonely sheldrake, as she rose from the water, roused me from my reverie, and I paused, for a moment, to gaze upon the little lake, which was now discernible through the intervals of the pine forest. I pretend not to analyze the matter, but I have never, after long absence, gazed upon the hills and valleys, with the same interest, as upon the lakes and rivers of my youth. It would be no easy task to describe the various emotions of pleasure and pain, with which I now surveyed these glassy waters, in which I had so frequently

sported when a boy. How often had I guided my little shallop over their bosom, upon a summer holiday, having converted a portion of my mother's bed-linen into a temporary square-sail! A thousand associations were gathering rapidly about me. My eye fastened itself upon the very rock, near which, at the age of ten, I caught my first pickerel; an achievement, which gave me as much importance, at the time, in the estimation of my little compeers, as the victory of Austerlitz procured for Napoleon, in the eyes of all Europe. — The whirlpool, as we used to call it, was yet visible. This was near the centre of the pond, and the spot was indicated, by the troubled surface of the waters. There poor Bob Carleton was drowned. If Bob was not a poet, our village parson was mistaken. There was an ancient oak in our village, of gigantic size, which grew near the common, and overshadowed a part of it. It was the property of a private individual, who thought proper to cut it down for fuel. There was no little popular excitement upon the occasion; and the conduct of the proprietor, who had been offered a very considerable sum of money to spare this favorite tree, was considered equally obstinate and sordid. "I am almost of Evelyn's opinion," said good Parson Riley, in the hearing of Bob Carleton, "that, sooner or later, some evil will surely happen to those, who cut down ancient trees, without good provocation. It is enough, Master Robert, to excite the indignation of your muse." — Bob Carleton was absent from our sports for two or three days, when he produced his lines upon the fallen tree. Bob was sixteen, and Parson Riley said they would do credit to a man of thirty; and Mr. Brinley, the village blacksmith, who had a library of more than fifty volumes, asserted that these lines were nearly equal to Bloomfield. Poor Bob gave me a copy of these verses himself.

THE MIGHTY FALLEN.

Mighty monarch! peerless heart!
Gallant, o'er thy fellows, thou!
All majestic as thou art,
  Yet doomed, alas! to bow!
No more to brave the wintry north!
No more, in spring, to bourgeon forth!

Thy giant form, by pigmies slain,
Lies, as erst it fell; for they,
Who stripped thy glories, strive in vain
  To bear thy trunk away.
I knew thy doom, and sighed to save
Those verdant honors from the grave!

Sick at my heart, alone I sate,
While, echoing far, the woodman's blow,
Across the vale, proclaimed thy fate,
And laid thy beauty low.
I marked those echoes, one by one,
Until the ruthless deed was done!

I marked that fatal pause, and then
That short, confused, and fearful cry,
Which seemed the shout of victory, when
The recreant turn to fly;
While those, who mark the mighty low,
Shun the death-grapple of their foe.

When, like Colossus, from thy throne,
Cast down at last, and earth, and air,
And ocean, caught thy dying groan,
"O, what a fall was there!"
Thy shivering trunk, thy crashing branch
Seemed some enormous avalanche!

Or like Missouri's rapid tide,
Just when the gathering torrents, first
Spreading, like ocean waste and wide,
Their feeble barriers burst;
And o'er the planter's house and home
The mighty waters rushing come!—

Sordid spirits! selfish! cold!
Mark the havoc ye have made,
Where your worthier sires of old,
Their weary limbs have laid,
Sheltered from the noonday sun,
When the mower's toil was done!

Haply, those, from whom ye sprung,
Here, on love's first errand came!
And those, to whom for life ye clung,
First owned a kindred flame!
Here, beneath the moonlit boughs,
Gave true-love knots and plighted vows!

Have ye marked those branches green,
Waving in the silver light;
Murmuring breezes heard between,
And pearl-drops glittering bright;
While the broad moon sailed on high
Midway through the cloudless sky?

Have ye seen this wreck forlorn
Bourgeon forth, with early spring,

In the flowing robes of morn,
Wreathed, like forest-king;
While songsters came their court to pay
With flourish, glee, and roundelay?

Have ye seen the champion's height,
Naked, 'mid December's sky,
Like gladiator, stripped for fight,
Whose arms aloft defy;
While, rushing on, the roaring North
Led his blasts in riot forth?

Have ye seen, in winter day,
The giant, with his armor on,
Mail of ice o'er doublet gray;
Sparkling in the sun,
More than all Golconda's gems,
Wreathed in Persia's diadems?

Have ye? cruel and unjust!
More relentless than the storm,
Thus to level with the dust,
To mar so fair a form!
For paltry gain your hands to raise
'Gainst the seer of ancient days!

There thou li'st! the village pride!
Hadst thou spread thy branches, where
Tiber rolls his sacred tide,
Rome had vowed to spare!
Classic honors to thy shade,
Rome, imperial Rome had paid!

Till the Goth and Vandal power
Seized the sceptre, stripped the crown
From Grandeur's brows, in evil hour,
And hurled her statues down!
So thy trunk dishonored stands,
By Gothic hearts and Vandal hands!

The savage of the desert spared,
And left thee here to reign alone;
No rival then thy glory shared,
No brother near thy throne!
'Neath thy broad, symmetric shade,
Indian peace and war were made!

This, perchance, is holy ground!
Here they formed their belted ring!
Sagamores, encircling round
Massasoit, their king,

Smoked the pipe of peace, and swore
Friendship with your sires of yore!

Mighty monarch! peerless heart!
Sunk thy glories are forever!
These, thy leaves, before we part,
For memory let me sever!
These at least shall never die,
Till, like thee, thy poet lie.

Poor Bob Carleton! he was very much beloved by his school-fellows, and there was not a dry eye among us all, as we crowded round the shore, on the following morning, when his lifeless body was found, and laid upon the bank, until suitable arrangements could be made for its removal.

In the midst of these painful recollections, I broke away from the scene before me, and pursued my path to old Chloe's cottage. Enoch Runlet, as I have stated, had lived many years in my father's family; and it was not a matter for surprise, that he should recollect the son of his former master; but I doubted if the old fortune-teller would remember me. Time and my fashionable tailor had wrought an essential change in my personal appearance, since the period, when I expanded the ungloved hand of a poor plough-boy, for the inspection of this sable prophetess. I had also gained flesh and color. I soon drew near the cottage, and perceived, at the distance of two or three hundred rods beyond, a low tenement, which, from Enoch's description, I supposed to be the residence of poor Nancy and her children. I tapped once or twice at old Chloe's cottage door, and, receiving no answer, pulled the bobbin, and entered the apartment, which had served the old creature, so many years, for parlor, chamber, and kitchen. I perceived very little change, from its appearance some fifteen or twenty years before. No one was within, and I took a chair, determined to wait, till the occupant returned. Though Chloe could read, she was never at all inclined to be religious. She had been even disposed, at times, to scoff at the professors of Christianity. I was therefore agreeably surprised to find a Bible and a hymn-book upon her table. As I took up the former, I observed her spectacles, which had been left as a mark, at the chapter she had been reading. Turning to the title-page, I read in a neat hand, "*The gift of Nancy Le Baron, to her friend, Chloe Dalton.*" — Ah! thought I, it was always thus; she suffered no fair occasion, for doing good, to pass unemployed. As Enoch stated, she has probably found a friend in this poor African; and she has repaid the debt, ten thousand fold, by feeding her

famished spirit with the bread of eternal life. Ill-fated girl! whose amiable and interesting qualities might have made a Christian and a gentleman supremely happy, doomed, alas, to have thy gentle spirit broken, by an intemperate brute! compelled to call a drunkard — *husband!* As I sat silently, in the midst of these meditations, my attention was arrested, by the voices of children: I listened attentively — there were more than one, and they were evidently endeavoring to sing in concert. As the sound appeared to come from the rear of the cottage, I stepped out, and, walking round the corner of the tenement, I came, unobserved, upon the little group. It consisted of three barefooted children, a boy, who appeared about eight years of age, and two girls, who were considerably younger, of whom the smaller was a cripple. They were very meanly clad, in coarse clothes, with numberless patches. — Enoch informed me that poor Nancy had three children, thought I. — "Come," cried the boy, "come and sit upon the log." — The girls accordingly took their seats upon a fallen pine, in which position their faces were presented fairly to my view. I had no doubt they were Nancy's children. The elder resembled her, in a remarkable manner. I drew back, that I might not disturb the operations of these young choristers. "Come," said the boy, — clearing his little pipes, and raising his hand, like the leader of a choir, he set the tune, and the girls promptly joined in. They sung the morning hymn: —

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run:
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Their voices were inexpressibly sweet, and the accuracy of their performance was remarkable. Nancy Le Baron had been the sweetest chorister of our village; and I have often been struck with the extraordinary contrast, when I have seen her slight and delicate figure, in the gallery, by the side of old Major Goggle, the butcher, who was our head singer, and the fattest man in the county. — I have heard music in my time. — I have listened to fair damsels, pouring forth those hour-long strains of Beethoven, amid crowded saloons, while drowsy dowagers nodded out of time. I have never listened to the notes of Paganini's violin, but I have heard the incomparable Pucci call forth the varying notes of King David's harp, till I could almost believe myself before the great harper of Israel. I have opened my ears to imported organists and hireling choirs, while they have performed "*To the Glory of God*," for so much lucre, *per diem*. But I would not exchange the vocal concert of these three little children, upon the pine log, for them all. —

"Well," said the boy, "it 's almost time for granny to come." "Yes," replied the elder girl, "and, maybe, dear mother is so much better, that she will let us come home, if we don't make any noise." — "There comes granny now," cried the little cripple, as she jumped from the log, and, seizing her crutch, scampered off towards the road. Turning my face in that direction, I immediately recognized Chloe Dalton: her general appearance was unchanged. She still held in her hand her old oaken staff of unusual length, and walked with long and hasty strides. I observed, however, as she drew near, that she had lost somewhat of that erect carriage, for which she had been remarkable. Time had compelled her to bow the neck, and look downward upon that kindred dust, to which she must ere long return. The children greeted her with strong evidences of attachment; and, slackening her speed, to accommodate the little cripple, whom she led by the hand, she soon arrived with her charge at the cottage door. I had resumed my seat within. — She gazed upon my features intently, for a moment; — but it was evident that she did not recollect me. "I was enjoying a walk from the village," said I, "this fine June morning, and I have taken the liberty to rest myself, for a short time, in your cottage." — "You 're welcome, sir," said she. — She then placed three bowls upon the table, with a pitcher of milk, and a loaf of brown bread. "Here, children," said she, "you 've waited long for your breakfast." They sat round the board, and began their meal, but I observed that the elder girl was deeply affected; her eyes were filled with tears. — "Don't cry, Nancy," said the old woman, "maybe you 'll see mother to-morrow. Dr. Lankin is with her now, and I hope she 'll be better." A deep sigh escaped her, as she uttered these words. "Whose children are these?" I inquired, after they had finished their breakfast, and gone forth to play. "They are the children," she replied, "of a young widow lady, who lives in the next cottage, and is ill of a brain fever; and I have taken them home for a while, that she may not be disturbed by their noise." — "Are not these the children of Nancy Le Baron?" said I. — "Yes, sir," said she; "did you ever know her, or the old folks?" — "You do not remember me, Chloe," I replied; "I am Isaac Lawder." — The old creature sprang from her seat, and seized my hand with great earnestness. — "It 's the Lord," she cried, "that has sent you here; for my old head is full of care and trouble. Ah, Mr. Lawder, if you had only had your heart's own way, poor Nancy would not have come to such misery." — "You remember," said I, "that you set up for a true prophetess, Chloe. You told me, that I should, one day or another, be the husband of Nancy Le Baron; and, when I told you,

that she had rejected my offer, you bade me wait and be patient, for the time would surely come. And what do you say now, Chloe?" —"Ah, Mr. Lawder," she replied, "those were foolish times, and wicked times too they were, when a short-sighted mortal, like me, pretended to look into futurity. Nancy might yet be your wife, if you were saint enough to match her in a better world, and there were such things as marriages there. But, in this, I am afraid her course is nearly finished. It is wonderful how the poor thing has borne up so long against so many troubles."—"Pray tell me, Chloe, how she came to marry such a brutal, drunken creature."—"Oh, Mr. Lawder," she replied, "it 's a long story, and I 'm afraid it would prove a wearisome one: but I knew you loved Nancy, in her better days; and, if you 've the time to spare, I 'll give you some account of the matter."—I assured her, that I desired not only to hear the account of Nancy's sufferings, but, as far as possible, to relieve them.—"You never used to despise the poor, Mr. Lawder, when you was a stripling," said old Chloe; "and now, if the Lord has made you steward over many things, as maybe he has, I dare say you 'll make ready to render a true account."—"I desire to know, Chloe," said I, "before you proceed, how you gathered all these good and just impressions. I well remember the time, when you had very little regard for serious things; and here I see a Bible in your cottage; and, as I find your glasses between the sacred pages, I suppose your eyes and your thoughts have been there."—"Even so, Mr. Lawder," she replied; "the Lord has been good to me, and sent me an angel of mercy to lead me to the clear light—none other than the mother of these poor children, who, I 'm afraid, will be left alone, before long, in a cold world. It 's now fourteen years, since I had my fever and expected to die. Miss Nancy used to come to my cottage every day, and she brought me a hundred little comforts; she also made Dr. Lankin visit me; and, when, at length, I got a little better, she gave me that greatest comfort of all, that Bible. She made me read a chapter with her every day. At first, I did so, because I was desirous of pleasing her; but it was not long before I began to do the same thing, to please myself. I never told any more fortunes, Mr. Lawder, but I tried to find out my own, from the word of God. I was born in this village. Eight-and-seventy times I have seen these woods cast off their leaves in autumn, and those banks yonder covered with violets in spring. For sixty-four years of my life, I lay down without any prayer, and got up without any thanksgiving It is a little less than fourteen years, since I bent my stubborn old knees in prayer, that never bent before in the service of the Lord

Miss Nancy knelt at my side, and, with an angel's voice, thanked the God of all comfort for my recovery. She prayed often with me after that, and taught me to pray for myself. When I feel so happy, as I always do, after my poor prayers, I often think how many years I have lived prayerless and comfortless before. Poor Nancy was a happy, light-hearted girl then, Mr. Lawder. — It 's about ten years, maybe a little more, since Dr. Darroch first came to the village. He came, recommended to old Squire Le Baron, and, in that way he got into the family at once, and was there a good part of his time. The squire never liked Dr. Lankin, and was willing enough to set up the new doctor. The squire used to lecture about temperance. Dr. Lankin made fun of his lectures, and used to say. that practice without preaching was better than preaching without practice; and that a man, who preached to other folks about total abstinence, ought never to wash his mouth with wine, unless as a medicine. This made the squire angry; and, though he was an unbeliever, he used to quote Scripture, and swear dreadfully in favor of temperance. The new doctor pretended to be very religious. He was a teacher with Miss Nancy in the Sabbath school; and he and the squire disagreed, of course, about religion; but they agreed perfectly about temperance. They were both members of the society, and used to sit down very often after dinner, and drink their wine, by the hour together, and get dreadfully worked up in favor of the temperance society. — The squire was then thought to be amazing rich. He used, at that time, to go very often to the city, to attend to his business there; for he was concerned largely in a number of new corporations. People thought him the wea thiest man in the village. They said he owned more than a third part of the stock, in what they called the Elastic Beeswax Company. Then there was a plan for tanning shoe-leather by steam; the squire owned a part of that. There was no end to his speculating and trading. The new doctor proposed to the squire to take an interest in the great pill-machine, which made a million of pills in a minute. The squire made nothing of that, but bought up the whole concern. Many folks thought there was no end to the squire's money. When anybody spoke of these speculations to Dr. Lankin, he never uttered but one word, and that was *moonshine*. — This Dr. Darroch won Miss Nancy's affections. He was a good-looking man, and, no doubt, took with her mightily, because of his attention to the Sabbath school, which was poor Nancy's hobby, Mr. Lawder. By the squire's means, he had got a good deal of practice, though folks did n't seem to think much of his skill. But pretty near one half the people owed the squire money, and the rest were afraid of

getting his ill-will. 'T was soon known, that the doctor was to be married to Miss Nancy; and, when he felt pretty sure of her, he began to do a good deal less doctoring. She was the squire's only child, you know, and the doctor was thought to be a terrible lucky man. They had n't been married two months, before the squire's affairs began to trouble him very badly. There was a dreadful pressure for money, they said; and he could n't pay his notes. The treasurer of the Steam Tannery failed, and he had been supposed to be so very rich, that they had not thought it worth while to ask any bonds of him. The Elastic Beeswax Company found, after laying out a deal of money, that there was no demand, of any consequence, for their wax. The folks, that managed the Company, had sent off into all parts of the country a monstrous sight of the elastic beeswax, to be sold; and they were so sure of selling it, that they made a grand dividend, and Dr. Lankin said they borrowed the money of the banks to pay it with. The squire was full of cash after the dividend. He sold ten shares of the stock to poor Billy Buckram, the tailor, at an awful profit, they said. Billy sold everything off, goose, shears, and all, to buy the squire's stock; and resolved to live upon his income. Not long after the dividend, great lots of the elastic beeswax came back. Nobody wanted it. The concern came to nothing, and poor Billy Buckram lost his senses. As for the pill-machine, it worked, everybody agreed, a great deal better, and turned out more pills than they expected; but there were so few patients to take them, that the machine was given up for a bad job.

"The squire went on, from bad to worse, and the doctor followed Then Nancy's troubles began. Everybody soon saw, that Darroch had married the poor girl for her money. As wine was costly, the squire lectured no more for the temperance society, but soon took to brandy. So did the doctor. They quarrelled. The doctor called the squire a liar and a cheat; and the squire called the doctor a quack and a villain. — At last they both became common drunkards, and Nancy's heart was almost broken. When her father and mother were both dead, this vile man took no pains to conceal his abuse of her. There was no kith nor kin of the family then living, far nor near. Darroch knew this well enough, and he treated her like a dog. He run down to heel very quick. Nobody employed him, and nobody trusted him. Brandy and gin soon got to be too dear for him, and, whenever he could get it, he was very glad to get drunk on rum. He sold the furniture by piecemeal; and, when he had drunk up the chairs and tables, he stole her clothes and sold them. I 've seen him drag her about the room by her hair; and,

if I had n't heard her screams as I passed by, and gone in to help her, like enough he would have killed her. When he came home, drunk and raving, she used to take her children and fly to my cottage. One night, she spent the chief part of it in the wood, with her little ones, when I was absent, and had fastened up my house. He broke the leg of the youngest child, that you saw with a crutch, by kicking it about the room. This poor woman, Mr. Lawder, has shown me her body, covered with black and blue spots, where he has kicked, and beat, and pinched her. Once, when she had a sharp pair in the stomach, he gave her a wine-glass of laudanum, and made her swallow it, telling her it was red lavender. It nearly destroyed her, and would have put the poor thing out of misery, if she had not, directly after, discovered what she had swallowed, and taken a powerful emetic. The story got abroad, and Darroch would have been tarred and feathered, if there had been a pailful of tar in the village; though he solemnly swore he did n't mean to kill her. At last, he broke his neck, and Beelzebub was chief mourner. But, for all this, Mr. Lawder, before he took to liquor in such a way, he was as civil and obliging, as any other man. Liquor changed him into a brute beast. After his death, which took place a little over two years ago, she came to live in the cottage yonder; and, with the aid of her children, and such little assistance as I could give her, she has been able to rub along, poor creature. Deacon Mixer, who is chairman of the selectmen, has often said they ought all to be sent to the poor-house. But I told him last town-meeting day, that they would n't go there while my two old hands could keep 'em out. I told him so, afore all the folks, on the steps of the town-house; and Enoch Runlet, that used to work for your father, threw up his hat, and said I ought to have three cheers for it. — I can work hard yet, old as I am, and I've laid by a trifle, enough to bury my bones, at least, Mr. Lawder."

At the conclusion of this sentence, the elder girl ran into the room, quite out of breath; — "Granny," said she, as soon as she could speak, "you must go to mother directly." — "I hope, Nancy," said old Chloe, "that you have not been home to disturb your sick mother." — "No, granny," the child replied, "I only went and sat down outside the cottage to listen. Mother is a great deal better, I know she is. I heard her sing sweetly, first one tune and then another. Why, granny, she sang a part of Auld Lang Syne, that you 've heard her sing so often, and then a little of the Sicilian Hymn. Then, granny, you can't tell how merry she was; she laughed out loud; then she cried out — 'Oh, husband, spare my life; don't kill the poor children;' and then she 'd laugh and be so

NANCY LE BARON.

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merry, granny. I heard Dr. Lankin trying to stop her. I wonder what he wants to prevent her from being happy for. He came to the door, and looked about, as though he wanted to see somebody; and, when he saw me, he told me to run and tell you to come there as soon as you could." — "Poor child!" said Chloe, aside, as she put on her bonnet, and, taking her tall staff, beckoned me to the door. I followed a few steps from the cottage. — "Will you watch over these children," said she, "till my return? I am afraid it 's all over with her. Dr. Lankin said she could not survive, unless she slept." — I assured her, that I would remain with the children; and she strode away, with the vigor of youth, towards the humble dwelling of her sick friend. I returned to the cottage, where the group had collected, to hear little Nancy's account of their mother. Her favorable report had inspired them with great glee. It would have been impossible to contemplate these innocent, unsuspecting children, and contrast their high hopes, with that dreadful reality, which was probably near at hand, without a feeling of deep pity, had they been the offspring of strangers. I had known their mother from her earliest infancy. — I had loved her, when the impulses of my heart were fresh and strong, — I had never loved another. As I gazed upon these little ones, and more than imagined, that, ere long, they would be the motherless children of that ill-fated girl, my eyes filled with tears. I turned to the window to conceal them — for why should I endeavor to prepare these little ones for that terrible blow, whose force would not be diminished, the tithe of a hair, by any preparation of mine; and which — for I had some faint hope still — might yet be withheld through the infinite mercy of God? — "Let 's go, Susan," said the elder sister to the younger, "and gather some violets for mother." — "I wish," cried Susan, "the wild strawberries were ripe, mother is so fond of them." — "My dear children," said I, "Chloe will not be pleased to have you go far from the cottage." — "Oh, sir," said the little boy, "it 's only a short way; the violets are plenty on the bank there." — "Well," said I, "we will all go together." — The mournful spirit gathers additional sadness from the untimely gayety of others. I could scarcely suppress my emotion, while I surveyed these happy children, sporting upon the flowery bank, and collecting bunches of violets for their mother. — Ah, thought I, never, perhaps, to gratify her earthly sense, but to wither on her grave! — They grew weary of their pastime. "It 's almost noon," said the little boy, looking up at the sun; "I wonder Chloe does not come back." I drew them together, and told them some interesting stories. — In a few moments, little Nancy sprang up, exclaiming, that Dr. Lankin was

coming. I saw, on horseback, advancing along the road, the same person, whom I had seen in Deacon Mixer's bar-room. The children would have run to inquire of him after their mother, but I bade them remain upon the bank, while I went forward to meet him alone. "Pray, sir," I inquired, "how is the poor woman in the next cottage?" — "She 's dead, sir, — they 're laying her out, sir, — a very fine day, sir." — And forward went the busy man, to whom death was an every-day affair. He troubled not his head with matters, that were not connected with his profession. It was his office to battle with the king of terrors; and, in this brief manner, to convey to every inquirer the tidings of death or life, defeat or victory. — My heart was full, as I returned to these unconscious orphans. I could not muster resolution to acquaint them with the fatal result. I resolved, if possible, to hold them in suspense, till old Chloe's return. — "May I carry my flowers to mother now, sir?" said little Susan. — "Not now, my dear child," I replied. — I could not, at that moment, have articulated another word. — "Is dear mother any worse, sir?" inquired her brother. — "Chloe will be here soon," I replied; "and then we shall know all."

An hour or more had elapsed, when I saw old Chloe, coming homeward. Her whole manner was changed. She walked very slowly, with her face toward the ground. The children ran to meet her. I did not restrain them, but remained seated on the bank. When they had reached the spot, where she was, the good old creature threw down her staff, took the little cripple in her arms, and bathed it with her tears. She, no doubt, at the same moment, announced the solemn tidings; for the elder sister clasped her hands together, and I distinctly heard her cries, as she sat down upon a stone, at the road-side. The boy ran back to the place where I sat, and with a wildness, almost alarming, exclaimed, "My mother 's dead!" In an instant after, as I took him in my arms, he cried, "My poor dear mother," and burst forth in a torrent of grief. — I uttered not a syllable, but pressed the poor child closely to my bosom. The bitter anguish of this orphan boy would have smitten a heart of adamant, till the waters flowed. — At length he became rather more composed. His sobs would, now and then, be interrupted with half-uttered ejaculations — "My poor mother!" — "Poor, dear sisters!" — "What shall we do now?" — "God will provide for you and your sisters, my poor boy," said I; "but I perceive, that Chloe and they have gone into the cottage. Let us go to them." — I took him by the hand, and led him thither. I took my seat, and placed the boy in my lap, while old Chloe held the girls upon her knees, with an expression of the deepest sorrow.

After some time, I asked Chloe if I could be of any further service to her, or the children, that day. She shook her head, and told me that a clever man, a carpenter, lived half a mile beyond; and that he would attend to such things as were necessary. I took her by the hand, and, kissing these poor orphans, promised to see them the next day, and departed.

I returned to my lodgings at the inn, and retired to my chamber, deeply solemnized by the scene, through which I had passed. I had never contemplated a case, in which cause and effect were more intelligibly related to each other. The destruction of this young physician; the long series of sufferings which his wife, once a lovely and delicate girl, had undergone; her extreme poverty, and sickness, and delirium, and death, and the forlorn condition of these hapless orphans were plain matters of fact. Intemperance, on the part of the husband, was the manifest cause of them all. — I was too solemnly and painfully affected, to go from my lodgings, during the remainder of the day. — On the following morning, I went once more to Chloe's cottage: I arrived at an early hour: when I raised the latch, she was on her knees, with the children around her. I immediately closed the door, and dropped upon my own, by the bed-side, till she had finished her supplication to the throne of grace. I have certainly listened to prayers, far more eloquent than old Chloe's; but never to a more natural and touching appeal to the Father of the fatherless. — The children appeared much gratified to see me again, as a partner in their affliction. — Chloe informed me, that the funeral would take place on the next day, at one o'clock, the usual village hour, upon such occasions; and that Parson McWhistler would make the prayer. I perceived, that she had several little arrangements to make for herself and the children, in connection with the solemnities of the following afternoon, and I forbore to occupy her time any further. I talked to the little orphans, for a short time, urging upon their young minds, such matters, as were adapted to their situation and their years. "Be good children," said I, at parting; "and God will surely be a father to you." — "I know he will," said little Susan, "for dear mother told me so."

As I was sitting at the open window of my chamber, on the following day, waiting for the appointed hour, I was attracted by the sound of voices beneath; one of which was somewhat familiar to my ear. I looked forth, and saw Enoch Runlet, in conversation with the inn-keeper. — "Well, Enoch," said the deacon, "what are you shooling after now, with your bettermost clothes on?" — "Why, deacon, I'm a-going to Nancy Darroch's funeral"

—"Ha, ha! Why, Enoch," the deacon replied, "you 'll get nothing there, I reckon, stronger than cold water."—"Never mind," rejoined Enoch; "maysobe, I 'll make it up, when I have the pleasure of coming to yours, Deacon Mixer."—"You 're an ungodly dog," rejoined the deacon, with no little agitation in his countenance; for there are not many rum-selling deacons, to whom the idea of their last, great change is altogether agreeable.—"Come now, deacon," said Enoch, "don't be angry with a poor fellow; I should really like a little something to whet my whistle with." At the same moment he drew a piece of silver from his pocket—it was the identical dollar,—I had not the shadow of a doubt of it,—that I had given him, upon condition that he should not exchange it for liquor. The exhibition of a monarch's signet-ring never produced a more instantaneous effect, when unexpectedly presented before the eyes of his astonished vassals, than was manifested by good Deacon Mixer, at the sight of Enoch's bright dollar.—"I am not angry, Mr. Runlet," said he, "not at all, not at all; you have an odd way, you know, that takes a body rather suddenly, to be sure; walk in, Mr. Runlet,"—stepping back within the door—"what 'll ye please to take?"—Enoch stood grinning at the deacon, with an expression of frolicsome contempt, as he slowly put back the dollar into his pocket.—"Dear Deacon Mixer," said he, "with your leave, I 'll take a draught of cold water out of a clean tumbler, and as all yours are rummy, I can suit myself best elsewhere." He then turned upon his heel, with a chuckling laugh, and walked off in the direction of Chloe's cottage. I was agreeably surprised to find that my dollar was still in his possession.

He had not been gone many minutes, before the village bell sent forth its short, sharp sound.—I walked slowly forward, on my way to the house of mourning. When I arrived at Chloe's cottage, it was closed, and the door was fastened. I moved onward, and soon came to the late habitation of poor Nancy, whose mortal remains were about to be consigned thus prematurely to the grave. As I approached the cottage, I heard the voices of several singers; and there were some persons standing uncovered around the door. Among them I recognized Enoch Runlet. His deportment appeared so grave and becoming, that I ventured to inquire of him, if it were usual to have singing at funerals. He replied, in a whisper, that it was not very common, and that these singers were Miss Nancy's Sunday scholars, whom she used to instruct, until her sickness prevented her from going to meeting any more.—He had scarcely replied, when old Chloe came to the door.—"I have been expecting you," said she; "though the room is quite full, I have kept a

seat for you." — I entered softly, and sat down among the group. There were about fourteen boys and girls, who were occupying the time, before the clergyman's arrival, in singing appropriate hymns, under the direction of a grave young man, who, as I was afterwards informed, had taken charge of Nancy's scholars, in addition to his own class, during her severe illness. There was something absolutely overpowering in the scene around me. I could scarcely command my feelings, as I listened to the notes of this infant choir, at the obsequies of one, who, if purity of life and the love of God could furnish wings for a heavenly flight, had gone to touch an unearthly harp, before the throne of Jehovah. — In the centre of this little apartment, upon a small table, was a coffin of stained pine; at its head sat old Chloe, with Susan on her lap; upon each side of her were the two other children. They were tidily dressed in their Sabbath apparel. — We had waited long for the minister. At length, as the afternoon was waning away, Chloe evidently became uneasy; and finally despatched a messenger to the village. When the messenger returned, he stated that Parson McWhistler was very sorry; — he had forgot all about it, and was just then stepping into his chaise to attend the wedding of Captain Faddle's daughter, in the next town. — There was a solemn pause, upon the announcement of this answer. It was finally interrupted by old Chloe. "The good book tells us," said she, "that it 's better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting. Tell me," she continued, with a trembling voice, and quivering lip, "if the body of this dear saint shall go into the grave without a prayer!" — The young man, of whom I have spoken, rose from his chair, and, advancing to the foot of the coffin, lifted his hands and his eyes to heaven; and, if his fervent supplications reached not the throne of grace, they penetrated the hearts, and drew forth the tears of every listener: at the close, he could scarcely articulate, for his own.

For a short time we sat in silence; at length, the sexton came in, to perform his last office. The coffin was of the most inexpensive kind; it was without any tablet to designate the tenant within; and its cover was of one entire piece, which had been slid down from off the face, that all, who were so disposed, might take a parting look of the deceased. The sexton, with the assistance of the carpenter, was proceeding to adjust the cover, and secure it with common nails, a process not unusual in some of our remote villages, where, even upon such occasions as these, the superior cost of a screw is taken into consideration, at the funerals of the poor. "Stop," said old Chloe, as she raised little Susan in her arms. The poor child took its last look, and dropped a tear upon the cold forehead of its mother

and placed upon her bosom the bunch of violets, which she had gathered, with so light a heart, but yesterday. Little Nancy and her brother followed the example, and they deposited their bunches of flowers within the coffin. — During these moments, I had gazed upon the features of the dead. There was not enough, amid the wreck, to remind me of the lovely fabric, that I once admired. The forehead, sadly checkered, but less by time than care, the cheek, hollow and pale, the sunken eye, the bloodless lip, and the hair, prematurely gray, had no part nor lot, among my vivid recollections of Nancy Le Baron.

The painful process was at last performed, and the sound of the death-hammer — for such it may well be called — had ceased. — While the sounds were ringing in my ears, I could not expel from my mind the recollection, that, among the inhabitants of Padang, intoxicating drink is called *Pakoe*, which, in the language of the Malays, means a *nail*, because, as they affirm, it drives *one more nail into their coffins*.* It may be truly said, that every nail was driven into the coffin of this ill-fated woman, by the demon of intemperance, whose vicegerent was a degraded, drunken husband.

The body was now placed upon the bier. There was not a follower, save her children, who claimed a drop of kindred blood with the deceased. No other herald marshalled the array than common sense, which well enough determines the fitness of things. Old Chloe wept next the body, with the two elder children; I led little Susan by the hand; the Sabbath scholars came next, with their leader, whose admirable prayer I never have forgotten, and trust I never shall forget. The remainder fell in, according to their inclinations. — The body was committed to the ground, and I was about returning with old Chloe and the children, when I overtook Enoch Runlet, who was rubbing his eyes with the cuff of his coat. "This is too tough for me, Mr. Lawder," said he; "all this here misery comes of rum. I'll have no more to do with it."

After I had left the grave, I observed the members of the Sabbath school, and several other persons, gathering together near the grave-yard. Old Chloe informed me the next morning, that they had made a collection for the little orphans. "Enoch Runlet," said she, "gave more than any other; he gave a bright silver dollar."

For the reader's gratification, it may be proper to state, that these little children have found friends, abundantly able and willing to shield them from want, and to guide them in the paths of virtue and religion. — About a year after this event, old Chloe sunk to rest

* Eighth Report American Temperance Society, p. 34.

requesting, with her last breath, that she might be buried by the side of her friend. "There 's difference of color," she used to say, "in this world, but I don't believe there 'll be any in the resurrection."

Deacon Mixer had frequently admonished Enoch Runlet, that he would die of the liver complaint. The deacon was mistaken; he died of that very complaint himself, leaving his wife and two sons exceedingly poor, and all three addicted to spirit. Enoch is yet living; his reformation appears to be complete; he works hard and lays up money; and his generous contribution, for the benefit of poor Nancy's children, has obtained for him a good name, which is better than riches.

The energies of man can never be more wisely or beneficially employed, than for the construction of beacons, upon those points of danger, where sunken ledges lie concealed, and upon which many have ignorantly rushed, as upon certain destruction. It is designed, by this simple story, to hang out a light for the guidance of those, who are just embarking upon the voyage of life. If, by the perusal of this little work, one alone of my fair readers shall be effectually preserved from all that complicated wretchedness, which is the inevitable lot of her, who weds an intemperate man, I shall not regret the time, as lost, which I have devoted to the narrative of Nancy Le Baron.

KITTY GRAFTON.

Among the most favorable notices, which have been so kindly bestowed upon the Temperance Tales, there have been occasional strictures upon the exhibition of deacons, church-members, and clergymen, in an unfavorable light. The story now offered to the world, may be read without disquietude, by those, who are sensitive upon this point. A respectful regard for the opinions of others has prompted the writer to offer a plain exposition of his own.

If, in these humble efforts to promote the welfare of mankind, *the holy office* of pastor and its correlative *offices* of deacon and church-member had *anywhere*, on *any page*, been otherwise approached than with affectionate respect, there would assuredly have been good ground of offence. But it has been far otherwise. Not only have these *offices*, as such, been presented in the most respectful point of view, but examples can readily be found, over the length and breadth of the Temperance Tales, of individual deacons, church-members, and clergymen, of the most pious and exemplary lives and conversations.

The stricture must therefore be considered, as limited to the occasional introduction of an anti-temperance minister, a rum-selling deacon, or a drunken church-member.

Nothing can be more pertinent here, than a few extracts from a late letter to the Rev. Dr. Edwards, from the Rev. Leonard Woods, D. D. Professor of Christian Theology, in the Theological Institution, Andover, Massachusetts.* "*When I entered on the work of the ministry (thirty-eight years ago) it was the general and almost universal practice for ministers to make a frequent use of stimulating drinks, especially on the Sabbath. They considered this practice an important means of promoting their health, sustaining them under fatigue, and increasing the vigor of their constitution. The generality of physicians approved of this practice, and often recommended brandy, wine, gin, etc., as the best remedy for diseases of the stomach and lungs. Every family that I visited, deemed it an act of kindness, and no more than what common civility required, to offer me wine, or distilled spirit, and thought it a little strange, if I refused to drink. At funerals, the bereaved friends and others were accustomed to use strong drink before and after going to the burial. At ordinations, councils, and all other meetings of ministers, different kinds of stimulating drinks were provided, and there were but few who did not partake of them.*" * * * * * * * * * * "*The state of things which I have referred to, among men of my own profession, together with its manifest consequences, began, early in my ministry, to alarm my fears. I remember that at a particular period, before the temperance reformation commenced, I was able to count up nearly forty ministers of the Gospel, and none of them at a very great distance, who were either drunkards, or so far addicted to intemperate drinking, that their reputation and usefulness were greatly injured, if not utterly ruined. And I could mention an ordination, that took place about twenty years ago, at which, I, myself, was ashamed and grieved to see two aged ministers literally drunk; and a third, indecently excited with strong drink. These disgusting and appalling facts I should wish might be concealed. But they were made public by the guilty persons; and I have thought it just and proper to mention them, in order to show how much we owe to a compassionate God for the great deliverance he has wrought.*"

The *offices* of the church are not more likely to come into disrepute, at the present time, by an intimation that drunkenness may be found among the professors of Christianity, than was the profession of Christianity itself, when an inspired apostle rebuked the drunkenness of the primitive disciples around the table of their Lord. But these *offices* may well be considered of doubtful dignity, whenever the concealment of corruption shall be deemed essential to their well-being.

It is desirable to show, that there is no other absolute security from the evils of intemperance, than in the whole armor of a cold-water man. It is not possible more forcibly to exhibit this truth, which such multitudes appear unwilling to believe, than by exhibiting, in a striking light, the insufficiency even of the offices and professions of religion to protect those teachers and disciples of Christianity, who, while they pray not to be led into temptation, obviously prefer the path of danger to that of safety.

My ministerial labors commenced in the village of Heathermead, about nine years ago; and, in these times, when a love of change appears to be almost epidemical among ministers and people, it may seem somewhat remarkable, that I still preach where my pastoral life began, to many willing ears, and, I trust, through God's mercy, to some sanctified hearts.

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* Ninth Rep. Amer. Temp. Soc., p. 49.

I was first called to the ministry as the colleague of a very aged man, the Rev. Adrian More. He was my father, — not after the flesh, — my own natural father I never beheld; he perished at sea, a few months only before I was born. — This aged minister was my father in the Lord. I was placed under his care, to be prepared for the university; and the good old man prepared me, I trust, for the faithful service of the best of masters. When I quitted the university, I was instructed for the ministry under his direction; and, subsequently, at his own request, I became associated with him in his holy office. This venerable man, at the age of eighty years, gave me the charge upon my ordination; and my first public discourse, on the ensuing Sabbath, was a sermon over his lifeless remains. He was ripe for the sickle, and longed to be gathered in. The energies of a good constitution and the grace of God had sustained him for six and fifty years, in the performance of his sacred trust; and when, in God's good time, his spiritual guard was relieved, by the institution of another at his side; this faithful old soldier of the cross laid down his armor of the present world, and went to that rest, appointed for the dead, who die in the Lord.

During the period of my pupilage, we had many pleasant rambles together, and I never failed to gather some useful instruction by the way; for his conscientious impressions of duty, as my instructor, forbade him to be satisfied with affording me the mere technicalities of education; and our conversation, at such times, was eminently useful, in the improvement of my reasoning and colloquial powers.

Upon one occasion, we had strolled almost to the confines of the next village; in which it was a matter of painful notoriety, that the clergyman consulted his own comfort, rather than the spiritual wants of his parishioners: "Let us turn," said my old master, — with a smile upon his benignant features, in which the slight touch of pleasantry, that first arose, was speedily chased away by an expression of sadness; — "let us turn," said he; "let us not press further upon our brother's domains, lest we be suspected of coming to see the nakedness of the land." — Upon the very borders of the adjoining village, though within the limits of our own, there stood an ancient cottage, of peculiar structure, with its multiplied gables, and its second story projecting over the first. From its broken windows and doors, I supposed it to have been abandoned. It is yet standing, and is the very last cottage, as you leave Heathermead, on the north. In the rear of this building, there were, at that time, the remains of an uncommonly large barn; the timbers and roof were then in existence, but the boards and the lower part of the interior had been removed. As we drew near, a female came forth, and

stood, without any apparent motive, looking steadily towards us, as we passed. — "I did not think it was inhabited," said I. — "It is not," replied my old master, "excepting by that lone woman." — As we drew nigh, I had an opportunity of observing the solitary occupant more closely. Her person was tall and thin; her eye, sunken and haggard; and her hair, which was wholly uncovered, and quite gray, bore no evidence of personal attention. The expression of her countenance was decidedly bitter and malevolent. When we came in front of the cottage — "Good morning, Mrs. Grafton," said my old master. The effect of his salutation would have been as perceptible upon the features of a statue. She stood perfectly still, gazing upon us with unabated severity, and in perfect silence. — "I will try once more," said he, aside. — "I hear excellent accounts of your children, Mrs. Grafton." — "Umph! — the poor-house!" — she replied, with a sneering expression, and walked back into the cottage, without uttering another word. — "It is in vain," said he, as we walked slowly away; "this unhappy woman is utterly impracticable; I can do nothing with her, though I have made many and various attempts, for several years." — "Is she crazy, sir?" I inquired. — "There are some persons who think so, but I do not," he replied. "Here she has lived all her days. That cottage was built by her father; she was born there; her parents died there; there she was married; and there she gave birth to five children; and she is resolved to die there. No — she is not crazy — she is *desperate*. Her case is one of the most extraordinary that I have ever known. The story is too long to be told during our walk home; but, if I have no particular engagement this evening, I will relate it to you."

My old master had scarcely returned thanks after our evening repast, and seated himself in his arm-chair, when I drew near, and looked up in his face with an expression which he readily understood. — "Well, my child," said he, "you shall not be disappointed of your story, though it may cost me some pain in the relation." — "How old was that woman, sir," said I, "whom we saw this morning at the cottage door?" — "I cannot tell you precisely," he replied, "without a recurrence to my records; she is well advanced in years, though somewhat younger than you would be led to suppose from her appearance. Harrowing care and bitter disappointment will sometimes lay hold of time's checkered signet, and suddenly fix the impression of old age, as effectually, as though it were done by the more dilatory process of time itself. But I will tell you the story from the beginning. — Very many years ago, there came to this village a man, whose name was Gotlieb Jansen: he

brought with him his wife. They were of that class of persons, who have been called redemptioners. They came to this country from a village on the borders of the Rhine. They were extremely poor, and embarked with an understanding, that, when they arrived in America, they should voluntarily bind themselves to servitude, for the advantage of the ship-owner, until their passage-money should be paid. They arrived at the port of Philadelphia; where, at the present day, there are some opulent and fashionable families, who have good sense enough to trace, with pleasure, their origin to those redemptioners of Germany, who brought nothing hither from their native shores, but honest hearts and willing hands. Gotlieb Jansen and his wife, upon their arrival, were young, healthy, industrious, frugal, and strictly temperate. He was an expert gardener, and well skilled in agriculture, in all its departments. In the metropolis of Pennsylvania he soon found employment for his talent in horticulture. As wages were proportioned to experience and skill, Jansen's compensation, and the perquisites and privileges of the garden and green-house of a private gentleman, in whose service he labored, soon procured him the means of redeeming himself and his young wife from their voluntary bondage. He continued to labor in his vocation, with uninterrupted health and indefatigable industry for seven years. His employer was a member of the society of Friends, of whom Jansen never spoke but with affectionate respect. At the end of this term, his earnings, which had been judiciously invested, under the counsel of his Quaker friend, amounted to no inconsiderable sum. He was desirous of trying the virtue of his faithful share and pruning-hook upon acres and orchards of his own. He has often told me how much he suffered, when he came to break the matter to his kind master. The Quaker paused for some moments; and at length observed, that he owned a tract of fair land in that part of the village of Heathermead, which is called Heathermead End; that he might go and look at it; and, if he liked it, he should have a deed of it for a certain sum. Jansen lost no time in making a journey to Heathermead, and examining the land, which was manifestly of an excellent quality. He discovered, however, that the tract could readily be sold, for a greater sum, to the farmers of Heathermead, who best knew its value. Here, as he failed not to perceive, was an admirable chance to cheat the old Quaker; but double-dealing was not one of the secrets, by which Gotlieb Jansen's prosperity had arisen. He faithfully represented the matter to his master: — 'Thee likest the tract?' said the Quaker. — 'It is as fine land as I ever saw,' said Jansen, 'and I am greatly pleased with it.' — 'Thee hast served me seven years,' rejoined the Quaker, 'and

thee hast pleased me right well. I well know the value of that land, but thee shalt have a deed for the sum I said unto thee.' — I have seen Gotlieb Jansen shed tears of gratitude, as he described his separation from his old Quaker master, when, with an affectionate pressure of the hand, and 'Fare thee well, friend Jansen,' he put into his hands the deed of this valuable tract, for not more than three fourths of its real value.

"Gotlieb Jansen's first care was to erect upon his land the house and barn, the remains of which we passed this morning. The peculiar structure of the one, and the unusually large dimensions of the other were subjects of much conversation in the village; and, if all the strictures, which were made upon Jansen's proceedings at the time, had been collected together, we should have quite a volume of commentaries. The general impression, for a while, ran decidedly against him, as a whimsical fellow. At a short distance from his dwelling, he had erected, rather for pleasure than profit, a little conservatory for plants. At that time, probably, not an inhabitant of Heathermead had ever beheld a green-house; and the good people of the village were exceedingly perplexed in relation to the proprietor's design; but, as Gotlieb, while his buildings were in progress, was busily engaged in planting an extensive orchard, the farmers' wives were almost unanimously of opinion, that the new structure was designed for drying apples. They were not a little disposed to laugh in their sleeves at poor Gotlieb, for erecting such a building, so long before he could possibly expect to gather apples from his young trees. The farmers themselves were not altogether without good cause, as they esteemed it, for a little chuckling, at Jansen's expense. Underneath every apple-tree, as he set it in the ground, he had placed a large flat stone, which, they pleasantly observed, was not likely to afford much nourishment. This was a German custom, designed to prevent the roots from tapping, or striking downward, and to compel them to take their course along the upper and richer soil.

'Gotlieb Jansen was a man of few words. Those precious hours, which so many disinterested people devote to the affairs of others, this honest German bestowed upon his own: he labored on, contented with the proverb, which bids those laugh, who win. Matters soon however began to wear a very different appearance. His intercourse with the people of Heathermead speedily established his reputation, as an obliging, good-natured man; he seemed not desirous of wrapping himself, or his affairs, in unusual mystery; and the farmers' wives were particularly inclined to think well of Gotlieb Jansen when he expounded the riddle of the green-house,

by telling them, that it was meant as a plaything for his '*good woman*,' who was extremely fond of cultivating flowers. In a few years, his agricultural success had thoroughly established his reputation, as an excellent husbandman; and Jansen's farm became not less an object of attraction to the farmers of the village, than his green-house and flower-garden to their wives and daughters. He had readily assimilated and become one of the people; and was universally beloved and respected. About a year after his arrival in this village, his wife gave birth to a daughter. Gotlieb and his wife, in the progress of time, became members of our church, and they were pious Christians. Their daughter, Christiana, grew up an uncommonly beautiful young woman. She was their only child; and, if the parents were particularly censurable for any fault, it was for their doting partiality towards this interesting girl. They were more than willing to gratify her, in all her desires. Her spirit was high, and her temper extremely quick; but her heart was full of generosity, and her disposition, towards those she loved, was amiable and kind. She inherited the partiality of her parents for the cultivation of flowers; and the garden and the little green-house were her chief delights. Her features were characteristic, in no very remarkable degree however, of her foreign origin; but, at the age of eighteen, she was singularly attractive. Kitty Jansen was, at that time, deservedly styled the beauty of Heathermead End. Her surpassing comeliness was universally acknowledged, in our parish, with a single exception. There was a Miss Pamela Mickle, who had herself been handsome in her day, but was then in her wane, who solemnly protested, that she never could see it. After the description, which I have given you of Kitty Jansen," continued my old master, " you will scarcely be able to trace a vestige of that lovely girl, in the miserable creature, that gazed upon us, as we passed the cottage. But it is even so. That was Kitty Jansen. That desolate wilderness was the same, which my poor friend Gotlieb once made to blossom like the rose. That abandoned dwelling was then the habitation of joy, and love, and peace, and prayer. In all my parish, — and my parishioners love me above my deserts, — I have nowhere been more kindly greeted than in that cottage. Whenever I came, and however they were occupied, all things were gladly sacrificed for the sake of a little conversation with their pastor. Gotlieb would leave his plough in the furrow, and the good wife would hasten from her dairy; and even Kitty, though she never seemed to rely upon the only sure foundation, like her parents, would not suffer me to depart, without an offering of her choicest fruit, or a bunch of her finest flowers. By the aid of a mischievous

memory, it is all before me, for an instant — and now again it is gone. What a curse has fallen upon poor Gotlieb's little Eden! — The simoom could not have wrought the work of destruction more effectually.

"There was living in Heathermead, when Kitty Jansen was about eighteen years of age, a young man, a farmer's son, whose name was Ethan Grafton. He was a very capable and industrious young man. While his father cultivated a small hired farm, adjoining Jansen's, Ethan availed himself of his proximity, and cultivated the affections of the old man's daughter; and it soon began to be whispered about, that young Ethan's crop would be worth more than his father's, should they be successful in getting in their respective harvests. Pamela Mickle said it never would be a match in the world; and, after that, the most incredulous began to believe it. The popular prophecy was correct; and, in less than two years, Ethan Grafton wedded the beauty of Heathermead End; upon which memorable occasion, poor Pamela Mickle laughed herself into a violent fit of hysterics. It was thought to be an excellent match. I certainly thought so myself," said my old master. "Grafton was apparently an amiable man, and wonderfully popular in our village. He was active, and intelligent in his business; and, under the instruction of such a teacher as Jansen, it was augured that he would, in time, become the most accomplished farmer in the county.

"Old Gotlieb and his wife had stipulated, that their only child should not leave them in their old age; so Ethan married on, as we say, when a woman takes a husband, rather than a man a wife. For years, the happiness of this family appeared to be as complete, as any earthly thing can be. How often," continued my old master, "have I seen Gotlieb, of a summer evening, sitting on the green before his cottage door, with the good book open upon his knees, and surrounded by his little grandchildren! — He was an even-tempered old man, and his whole life was free from every appearance of ostentation. It is true, when his old friend and patron, the Quaker, came to visit him, as he did, once at least in every year, there was commonly, for a few days before his arrival, no little bustle and preparation, in the cottage at Heathermead End. The Quaker was a noble-looking old gentleman, arrayed in a suit of the finest broadcloth, cut, to be sure, according to the fashion of the society of Friends, and of course without cape or supernumerary button. I never shall forget the magnificent pair of horses that he drove. They cost him, as Gotlieb said, one thousand dollars. I once asked old Jansen, what induced him to make such a parade for his Quaker friend, particularly in the culinary part of his arrangements. 'Vy,'

said Gotlieb, 'de old gentleman ish von of de kindest and pest men in de voorld, and he ish temperate in his eating and drinking, but he like de roast duck vary vell, and he know ven he ish done to a turn.'

"Gotlieb and Theresa Jansen, his wife, were stricken in years. There was nothing like morbid sensibility in the attachment of this couple, yet they were devoted to each other. They appeared to be governed by a sober conviction, that two heads and two hearts are better than one, when their efforts and their energies are concentrated for the creation of a joint stock of domestic happiness. They were reasonable people, and understood aright the process, which God employs to wean his children from the present world; they read volumes of wisdom in the storm and tempest, and found a meaning in the flickering cloud, as it takes somewhat from the splendor of the brightest mid-day; they submitted with the confidence of devoted children to the discipline of their teacher; and, when age and its wearisome retinue of cares and infirmities were at hand, they were not compelled to make a hasty preparation for heaven. The tyrant and the usurper have occasionally worn their armor beneath their robes of state, in the spirit of fear: in another spirit, old Gotlieb and his worthy partner, however occupied, whether in their Sabbath clothes or working apparel, by day or by night, had worn their armor of righteousness upon the right hand and upon the left. — The old man had grown too infirm for the labors of the field, but I have seen him," said my old master, "of a spring morning, sitting upon the green bank, and looking down upon his goodly acres, with two or three of his grandchildren about him, while Ethan Grafton, his son-in-law, held the plough, and his oldest boy Elkanah, who was not over seven, rode the mare. No warhorse was ever fonder of the fields of his youth than old Gotlieb; nor did the former ever turn his ear to the trumpet, more eagerly than this old man to the first full drops of pattering rain, as they fell, after a long interval of drought, upon the parching ground.

"One fine morning in May, old Gotlieb walked forth with little Elkanah, to whom he was particularly attached, taking his pocket Bible, as was his constant practice, to read upon the way. The old man used to say, that he loved most to worship God in the fields, where he could have a full view of the works of his hands, and where he could gaze upward, without anything of human creation to obstruct his view. He returned much earlier than was his custom. Little Elkanah came first into the house, and brought the tidings, that his grandfather had been very faint. — The good old wife received him at the door. He sat down in the stoop before

the cottage; and, as he gave her — it had been his custom for many years — the first branch that he could find of the dogwood in full flower, — 'Dat ish de last,' said he with a faint smile. Old Theresa turned away, for an instant, to conceal her emotion. As she came back to him with a glass of water, 'Gotlieb,' said she, 'Kitty says the new rose, in the green-house, that you wished to see flower, is just coming out. The garden looks finely, this morning; and, when you feel stronger, you and I will go and walk in it, Gotlieb.' — The old man shook his head, as he placed both hands upon his heart. — They sent for me," continued my old master. "He was very low, when I arrived; and the physician, who had been previously summoned, proclaimed his end to be near. He said little. 'She tells me,' said he, pointing to his wife, 'that we shall walk in the garden together: so we shall, but it will be in the garden of Eden.' — After he had lost the power of speech, he drew Elkanah towards him, and put into the child's bosom the little pocket Bible, which had been the companion of their rambles.

"In two days after, this good old man yielded up his spirit. For many years, Theresa had cherished a strong hope, that they might be permitted to commence their heavenly walk together. This hope had operated upon her mind with such force, as to produce something like a belief, that it would be so. What there may be of philosophy in such matters — how far the force of a powerful and long-cherished presentiment may physically operate in the production of such results, I pretend not to comprehend. I have nothing to do, but with the fact. Good old Theresa performed the last offices of love; she closed those eyes, that had never looked upon her but with affection. — The next morning she rose not as usual. When her daughter entered her chamber, her features were so perfectly composed, that, at first, she seemed to be in peaceful slumber: — it was not thus — the corruptible was there, but the spirit had fled. During the still watches of the night, it had quitted its tabernacle, and already commenced its passage with that of her husband to the garden of Eden, for a closer walk with her Saviour and her God. Their bodies were buried in the same grave."

When my old master had arrived at this point, he drew a heavy sigh. "Ah," said he, "it would be refreshing to rest here, but truth, however painful in its progress, presses us forward. — After the death of the old people, Ethan Grafton and his wife continued, for some time, to live happily together. Excepting in the ordinary allotments of Providence, it would have been a very difficult matter for a common observer, to have anticipated the cause, which should annihilate their happiness, or even deprive them of any material part

of it. Old Gotlieb had such unbounded confidence in the wisdom of his son-in-law, and in his affection for his daughter, that he gave him his entire property by will. — When the old man planted an orchard, he probably no more imagined, that he was laying the foundation of the temple of discord, within the precincts of his peaceful cottage, than Noah supposed, when he planted a vineyard, that, by an abuse of its products, he should bring down the curse upon Canaan. But it fell out, in the course of time, that, as the patriarch drank of the wine and was drunken, so Ethan Grafton's incomparable cider and perry were found abundantly capable of producing the same mischievous result. Gotlieb Jansen's orchard had long been an object of universal remark. The old man had spared no pains, in its culture and preservation. In the words of Bayley McGrudy, the Scotch schoolmaster, who taught the school in Heathermead, when displaying his library of two hundred and forty volumes, — 'There was nothing like it in all Heathermead.' Ethan, as I have said, was a popular, and, of course, a very hospitable man. The quantity of cider, which he annually manufactured, was enormous, and its quality so very superior, as to insure a ready and extensive market. The liberality of old Gotlieb had made his son-in-law the sovereign master of many broad acres, a capital homestead, an excellent stock, and some ready money. When a young man, somewhat abruptly, steps into an estate, so entirely transcending his primitive aspirations, he is commonly liable to an *épanchement du cœur*, an opening of the heart. No sooner was the legitimate period of mourning at an end, than Ethan Grafton began to invite his friends to come and see him. And, long before, there were not a few, who used to say, 'The Graftons must be very lonely; let us go and sit an hour or so with Ethan, and taste his cider.' It must not be supposed, that Ethan Grafton's cider was such miserable, vapid trash as is occasionally met with, upon the dinner tables of country taverns, whose employment sets the teeth on edge, and brings tears into the eyes, and deprives the human countenance, for the time, of all its rational proportions. There was no more resemblance than between the waters of Helicon and those of a washtub, or between nectar and the very smallest of small beer. Ethan Grafton's far-famed cider, like the wine, so fatally administered by Ulysses to the Cyclop, was truly

'Mellifluous, undecaying, and divine.'

He had a prodigious amount of cider and perry in bottles, of different years, marked and numbered, and arranged with the greatest care, on their respective shelves, in his cellar. When he enter-

tained his friends, and despatched little Elkanah for some particular bottle, it was impossible to shut out the comparison, if it be lawful '*parvis componere magna*,' between the young farmer of Heathermead End, and some metropolitan entertainer, with his steward of the wine-cellar at his elbow, book in hand, ready, at a word, to proceed to any specified compartment, section, and range of the subterraneous treasure-house, and select the identical bottle, which the master requires.

"Certain it was, as Bayley McGrudy used shrewdly to remark, that, when the tears ceased to flow at Heathermead End, the cider began. Ethan used to boast that he had cider in his cellar, that was '*full as good as any wine.*' Whether its effects were evidences of its goodness or badness, it became matter of demonstration, within a couple of years after old Gotlieb's death, that it would produce drunkenness about as soon; and that drunkenness, so produced, would as readily steal away the brains, and sour the temper, and blunt the kindlier affections of the heart. Ethan's cider was certainly very much like Noah's wine in its operation and effects. It soon began to manifest, in its influences, the truth of his assertion, that it was *quite equal to wine;* and, as the first domestic quarrel, after the flood, and the curse of Canaan were the almost immediate consequences of drunkenness on wine, so the first harsh treatment, which Gotlieb's grandchildren received from their father, was a severe kick, bestowed upon little Elkanah, for selecting the wrong bottle of cider, while his father was endeavoring to prove to some young associates, the correctness of his frequently repeated assertion, that his cider was *equal to wine.* Poor Elkanah, who had become weary of his repeated embassies to the cellar, and was somewhat sleepy withal, had mistaken the direction, and produced a stale bottle from a range, which had proved worthless; and, when Ethan, who was waiting for the applause of his guests, whose glasses he had filled, found himself repaid with shouts of laughter, and perceived the cause, he could not restrain his anger, highly excited as he was already, by the cider he had drunken. He dealt the poor child a terrible kick with his cowhide boot, and was in the act of stepping forward to repeat it. — At that moment, Kitty was stirring up the fire; she had the tongs in her right hand. She marked the harshness of her husband, and heard the cry of her favorite child; in an instant she seized the boy's arm with her left hand, and drew him behind her, out of the reach of her husband's grasp; at the same moment, she raised the tongs over her head, and, with a single but effectual sweep, cleared the table of its contents in the twinkling of an eye; bottles and glasses were broken to atoms upon the floor.

The contending parties stood, for a few seconds, fiercely eying each other. 'What do you mean by this?' cried Ethan, in great anger. — 'You 're a brute,' replied the exasperated wife. — 'Dare you say this to me, in my own house! I 'll make you pay for it,' cried he, holding up his finger. — 'Your own house!' she exclaimed, with a look of ineffable derision. 'Has n't my father paid for it, already?' she continued, with an expression of taunting bitterness. — 'You shall answer for this,' cried Ethan, boiling over with anger, and stamping his foot upon the floor. — 'I 'll never answer a drunkard,' she exclaimed, as she hurled the tongs upon the hearth. — He stepped towards her in great wrath, but his companions interposed, and held him back, while his highly-exasperated wife walked slowly out of the room, leading off the terrified little Elkanah, who, never having witnessed such a scene before, was now made acquainted with a new code of sensations. Farmer Grafton's friends pacified him, as well as they could, and took their leave. As they walked homeward, one of them observed that Ethan was in the wrong to kick the little boy as he did. That was readily admitted; but another remarked, that he had as lief be one of Samson's foxes, as to have such a firebrand tied to him for life. A third suggested, that he did not believe there had ever been any serious disagreement between them before. All three agreed, however, that Ethan was entirely right in one particular, and that his cider was certainly *equal to wine*. Pamela Mickle soon heard of the affair, and nearly wore out a pair of new shoes, in spreading intelligence of this domestic uproar from one end of Heathermead to the other. The match had turned out, as she affirmed, precisely as she expected from the very beginning.

"The better sort of people in Heathermead, I mean not the wealthier, but the Christian aristocracy of the village, were grieved, that old Jansen's descendants should be visited with any serious affliction. They had remarked, with regret, that Farmer Grafton was not so attentive to his business as he used to be, and that he was getting somewhat engaged in horse-racing. In regard to his wife, it was admitted, on all hands, that her temper was exceedingly violent, when excited by a sense of injustice; but it was agreed, that it did not exhibit itself upon ordinary occasions. Indeed," said my old master, "Kitty Grafton had, not only a generous, but a magnanimous spirit. She was an admirable housewife, and devotedly attached to her husband, so long as he deserved her affection. With her, it was love for love: yet her affections were not governed by any selfish principle. There are gentle spirits, that can suffer all but death, and yet love on. There are

not a few, who still love those barbarians, with whom marriage is a milder name for tyranny — they love and cling to the very brutes, that rule them with an iron rod, and why? — because they are the fathers of their children! And, with such, this is cause enough why love should never die. There are some, who adhere to their drunken husbands, and seemingly with the same increasing measure of devotion, which they themselves bestow upon the vile objects of their idolatry. They love the very shadowy recollections of their brighter days; and, while those heartless wretches, who led their confiding steps to the altar, yet crawl, like diseased and degraded reptiles, upon the earth, the doting affection of their fond hearts is sufficiently powerful to beget a moral ophthalmia, and they can perceive nothing to paralyze their love. The heart of Kitty Grafton was cast in a different mould; and, though kind treatment would probably have preserved its affections, in all their original warmth and freshness, neglect could not fail to chill them through — abuse would certainly convert that heart to stone.

"By what process the reconciliation between Ethan and his wife was achieved, I cannot tell. They were at church the next Sabbath; their conduct towards each other was apparently civil and becoming; but I thought it was not so affectionate as it had been. — When describing the Rhone and the Arve, an agreeable writer observes: '*The contrast between those two rivers is very striking; the one being as pure and limpid as the other is foul and muddy. Two miles below the place of their junction, an opposition and difference between this ill-sorted couple are still observable; these, however, gradually abate by long habit, till, at last, yielding to necessity, and those unrelenting laws that joined them together, they mix in perfect union, and flow in a common stream to the end of their course.*'* But for these unrelenting laws, how many ill-fated alliances would be severed! How many wretched beings would delight to break away from their loathsome, drunken yoke-fellows! Kitty Grafton had no ordinary share of pride withal; and, next to being happy, came the desire of being thought so. For a time, she bore her afflictions in silence. If Ethan was more from home than formerly, she consoled herself with her children, and filled her time and her thoughts with her domestic concerns. Her little green-house and garden, in the care and cultivation of which, she had been abundantly instructed by her good old father and mother, still afforded her a source of rational satisfaction; and, could she have been permitted to enjoy them, and to see her children rising into life, with a rea-

* Moore's View of Society in France, &c., Vol. I., Let. 24.

sonable prospect of happiness, she might have lived on contented, though not absolutely happy, and accommodated herself to her lot, as the wife of a drinking, prodigal husband — for to this degrading appellation Ethan Grafton now bid fair to establish an indisputable claim.

"Among his acquaintances, there were some, who were not entirely willing to allow, that Ethan's cider was *equal to wine;* and, after a fair trial at the Little Black Dragon, a tavern in Heathermead, upon thanksgiving night, (on which occasion, the judges were so drunk, that it was impossible to obtain anything like a righteous decision of the question,) it was determined to continue the matter, for further advisement, at Ethan Grafton's cottage, upon the ensuing Christmas eve.

"In the course of those unprofitable years, which had followed one another, like billows upon the ocean, since old Jansen died, Ethan Grafton had frittered away the estate in an unaccountable manner. Under the old man's will, the fee, or full property of the estate, was in himself; and his wife had no other claim upon the soil, which her father had won by the sweat of his brow, than her right of dower. Even this partial interest, Ethan had induced her, upon various pretences, to relinquish, from time to time, until it remained to her in the cottage only, and a few acres around it. The ready money, which old Jansen had left, had begun, after six or eight months from his decease, to disappear. The stock, in the course of a few years, were either sold, or had died off; and, as Ethan neglected his farm, their places were not supplied. In about seven years after Jansen's death, although there was some show of property, and the stock of cider was still kept up, (for the apples grew without culture, and it cost little to grind them,) yet it was pretty well understood, that Ethan Grafton, to use the village phrase, was getting dreadfully down to heel. It would have been better for Ethan, if the real extent of the small residuum of estate, that he yet possessed, had been more clearly defined, in the eyes of his neighbors. But he was still supposed to be a man of property, though his affairs had, somehow or another, become embarrassed. He accordingly, on the strength of this delusion, continued in tolerable credit; and was able, now and then, with a little swaggering, to borrow a few hundreds; and thus, by increasing the burden upon his already broken shoulders, to complete the work of his destruction. For one, that knew how much of Ethan's property was deeply mortgaged, and how little was clear, hundreds in the village of Heathermead were entirely unacquainted with the facts. He still, like most other mortgagors, was himself in possession,

exercising visible acts of ownership over the property. How often do we witness the evil consequences of such a condition of things as this! The man, who frequently reiterates a lie, is not more liable, at last, to fancy it is true, than the proprietor of mortgaged premises to believe they are his own. How frequently such estates are found, after the death of such nominal proprietors, inadequate to pay the debt, for whose security they were conveyed! Yet how frequently is it the fact, that such nominal owners of estates, such *bona fide* proprietors of nothing, have eaten, and drunken, and arrayed themselves, for years, upon the strength of this imaginary wealth! Poor Ethan Grafton actually believed himself, even then, to be a man of considerable property; and employed no small part of his time, — when not occupied in the demonstration of his everlasting problem, that his cider was *equal to wine*, — in unsuccessful efforts to obtain additional loans, upon his overburdened estates.

"It was long a mystery, in the eyes of those, who really knew that Ethan Grafton had deprived himself of three fourths, at least, of all his estate, by what means he had squandered his possessions. The secret was well known to a few. Neglect of his business readily accounted for his not growing richer. Horse-racing, betting, and drinking had undoubtedly diminished his property, in a very sensible degree. Still, however, the rapid loss of his wealth, especially during the two last years, was an enigma, which the wiseacres of Heathermead were utterly unable to explain.

"As the destruction of the outer works is commonly among the earliest operations of an enemy, so the first manifestations of the power of that evil demon, which warred against the peace of this once happy family, were the fallen fences, and dilapidated walls, and broken windows, about the cottage at Heathermead End. Kitty had long found it extremely difficult to obtain money from her husband, for the common occasions of herself and her children. Debts accumulated rapidly, and duns became importunate and troublesome. One morning, Ethan had just finished his breakfast, of which a portentous pitcher of cider formed a component part, when he perceived Mr. Bagley, the grocer, riding towards the cottage. Ethan comprehended his object, and concealed himself in the cellar, previously directing Elkanah, whose mother had stepped out, to say, that he was not at home. Old Gotlieb had not read the Bible to his grandchild in vain. To the grocer's inquiry, the boy therefore replied, that his father had told him to say he was not at home. This, of course, produced an unpleasant eclaircissement; and, when the grocer had gone, Elkanah received a buffet, which brought him to the ground. This broken-spirited boy, who had

repeatedly witnessed the dreadful uproar, which arose between his parents, in consequence of his complaints, suffered in silence, and crept, for refuge, to the garret.

"Notwithstanding the immense quantity of cider, which Ethan's farm produced, of which he sold a large amount, in barrels and bottles, he never seemed to have any ready money; and, whenever his wife attempted to get an insight into his affairs, he told her that women were fools, and knew nothing of business. They had, at this time, one girl and four boys; and their mother, though frequently exasperated by her husband, still retained her maternal feelings, and patched and repatched the ragged remnants of their little apparel; and, as yet, though hopeless of their father, gave not all up for lost. Ethan Grafton had, for some time, delivered large quantities of his cider at the distillery; and, of late, he had been in the habit of receiving a few barrels of cider brandy, in part payment. For more than a year, he had suffered severely from the operation upon his system of that malic acid, which abounds in cider, and whose effects are perfectly well understood by medical men. He had become habitually subject to severe colic; he had even indicated no equivocal symptoms of partial palsy. But he began to feel essentially better, from the occasional employment of the cider brandy. Christmas eve was drawing nigh, upon which occasion the question was to be fully settled and determined, whether Ethan Grafton's cider were or were not *equal to wine;* and, as he was determined to establish its reputation beyond the possibility of all future doubt,—having selected the bottles which he designed to produce, he abstracted thirty-three and a third per centum of their contents, and then filled up the bottles with an equal amount of cider brandy.

"When old Gotlieb Jansen perceived himself to be surrounded by a little progeny of the second generation, he introduced into the cottage at Heathermead End a custom, associated with his boyish recollections of 'Fader Land,' on the borders of the Rhine. A small tree, commonly the box, in its pot of earth, was introduced into the best room of the cottage, upon merry Christmas eve; and the old man, with the assistance of Theresa, scattered some gold leaf upon its deep green foliage, and attached to its branches those little presents, which were designed for their grandchildren. These annual arrangements had been, for years, a source of heartfelt satisfaction to Gotlieb and his wife; and to their youthful descendants an object of delightful anticipation. After the death of her parents, Kitty Grafton had never omitted the custom, upon the return of this happy festival. The golden tree had never failed, once in every

year, at the appointed time, to spread its luxuriant branches; and their little ones, happy, at least for a brief season, had been permitted to approach in order, and, with their own hands, to gather its valuable fruit. Hitherto, Ethan himself had appeared to feel some degree of interest on these occasions; and, although with increasing indifference to the happiness of his children from year to year, he had commonly contributed a small sum for the purchase of those toys, which were essential to their short-lived carnival, upon Christmas eve. — Upon the present occasion, Kitty's suggestions and hints were of no avail. Ethan turned a deaf ear to them all; and, to her direct request for a very trifling sum, to purchase the means of happiness for the children upon this occasion, he replied, with great harshness, that he had not a shilling; and knew not where to get one; and that it was a stupid, German custom, and had lasted long enough; and that he would hear no more of it. Though highly offended by Ethan's answer, which contained something like a reflection on her parents, she, for once, restrained her temper, and walked silently away. Her husband, probably, would not have opposed her wishes, and denied his children these long-expected pleasures, which came but once a year, had he not made an important engagement for that very evening. He well knew, that more than a dozen of his associates were then to assemble in his cottage, for an object of no less importance, than the decision of a question, in which his feelings had become deeply involved — whether Ethan Grafton's cider were *equal to wine*. His best apartment would be required for the use of this convention, and Elkanah's services would be indispensable. But of all this his wife suspected nothing. We are not prone to call those to participate in our privy counsels, who are well known to be heartily opposed to our practice and our principles; and, it is a mere act of justice to state, that, however excitable and violent, the temper of Kitty Grafton received no adscititious stimulus from any intoxicating liquor. No pledged member of a thoroughgoing cold-water society ever abstained more rigidly from all inebriating drinks. The occasional flashings of her natural fire were said, by those, who had witnessed them, to be sufficiently alarming — the stimulus of alcohol would probably have driven her, sooner or later, during her domestic troubles, to madness or to murder.

"When her husband had thus refused to assist her, in furnishing out the Christmas festival for their children, she went up into her chamber, and sat down with her arms folded, and an angry cloud upon her brow. She had not continued long, ruminating upon her misfortunes, (for every new affliction naturally served to revive the

gloomy record of the past,) when Elkanah, who had been present during the conversation between his parents, crept up into the apartment. — 'Mother,' said he, 'I would n't be worried about it; we can have our tree just as well as we had it last year.' — She gazed upon her first-born; — her features, for an instant, changed their expression of anger for that of sadness; and her eyeballs were glazed by the gathering tears, which oozed from the natural fountain too scantily to fall; like the moisture, which occasionally floats over the brassy sky, during the burning solstice, but descends not in showers, and is speedily absorbed. 'You can have your tree, Elkanah,' she replied, 'that your poor old grandfather took so much pleasure to prepare for you, and whose leaves he tipped with gold leaf. That is in my closet; but I have nothing to hang upon it for you all, as I used to have.' — 'Never mind, mother,' said Elkanah, 'we can do very well; Richard has got his hum-top that he had last year, just as good as ever; and Rachel has got her doll; Eli says he will hang up his whistle; and, before to-morrow night, I can whittle out a go-cart for Robert.' — 'And what will you have to hang up for yourself, Elkanah?' inquired his mother; she seemed, for a brief space, to forget her misery, while listening to Elkanah's ingenious device for the celebration of the festival. A faint ray of sunlight beamed upon her features, as she contemplated the contented disposition of her child, who could thus volunteer to be sufficiently happy in the enjoyment of second-hand pleasures. — 'And what,' she repeated, 'will you hang upon the tree for yourself, Elkanah?' — 'I 've been thinking, mother,' said he, 'that I should like to hang up the Bible that grandfather gave me.'

"Christmas eve at length arrived. The tree had been placed in the centre of their bettermost room, its appointed place upon such occasions, for many years; and already its branches bent beneath the burden, in part, of its last year's fruit. Kitty Grafton, surrounded by her five children, who were resolved to be happy, upon any terms, was busily engaged in directing the simple ceremonials of the *fête*. Her countenance had even lost that expression of bitterness and anxiety, which, of late years, had predominated there. The strength of the maternal principle had subdued all foreign recollections for the time. The almost unvarying custom of her husband to return, of late years, at an advanced hour of the night, had relieved her entirely from all fear of interruption. The sound, therefore, of his well-known tramp, on the entry floor, filled the assembled group with consternation. Even the mother became pale for an instant. Her husband's voice, calling loudly for Elkanah, summoned the poor boy from the apartment. In a short time he

returned with his father, bringing in as many bottles of cider, as they could conveniently carry. No sooner did Ethan discover the preparations for the festival, and the tree in the midst, than he inquire l, with a terrible oath, addressing himself to his wife, who had risen from her seat, if he had not told her that he would have no more of such German trumpery in his house. — 'Have n't I a right,' said she, as the color mantled into her face, — 'have n't I a right, in my old father's house, to make his grandchildren happy?' — 'Your old father,' said he, 'was an old German beggar.' — 'You are a liar,' she quickly replied, as she clenched her fist, and her eyes shot fire. — Ethan hastily put his bottles on the floor, and all the children but Elkanah ran screaming in terror from the apartment. — 'There,' said he, with another horrible oath, breaking the tree to pieces, and hurling the little tokens in every direction — 'that 's to begin with, and now, if you give me another saucy word, I 'll whip you to a jelly.' — During this ebullition of wrath, Elkanah, unperceived by his father, had picked up his little Bible, and concealed it in his bosom. — 'O, father,' cried the agonized child, 'beat me, father; I did it; don't beat poor mother.' — 'Get out, you ill-begotten brat,' cried the infuriated father. — 'Grafton,' exclaimed his wife, with an expression of mingled rage and scorn, 'I wish I was a man for five seconds, I 'd strip your tawny hide from neck to heel!' — 'Father, father,' cried Elkanah, 'look up the road; there 's folks coming.' — 'I see 'em,' said Ethan Grafton to the boy; 'clear off this rubbish right away, and set out the table; and as for you,' turning to his wife, 'if I was n't agoing to have company, I 'd jest cut a saplin, and strip you to the skin, and tie you up by your two thumbs, and, if I did n't cool your German blood for you, my name 's not Ethan Grafton.' — 'Grafton,' she replied, in a steadier tone, moving slowly towards the door, 'I 'm glad to be gone from you and your gang. There 'll be time enough to cut your saplin when they 're gone; but, if you lay the weight of it on my body, I 'll die in the struggle but I 'll have your heart's blood.' — The guests were at the door; Ethan had no time to reply; and he bit his lip, and doubled his fist at his enraged wife, as she proceeded up stairs. Elkanah had cleared the room, and set out the table, and stood trembling in the corner, awaiting his father's commands.

"After such vulgar greetings, and horse laughs, and slappings of shoulders, as commonly mark the first gathering of a rustic club, the company assembled around the table, upon which Elkanah had been directed to place several bottles of cider and a sufficient number of glasses. It would be an unprofitable task to attempt a description of those individuals, who were convened in Ethan's cottage,

for the purpose of settling the 'cider question.' Next to Dick Dagget, the butcher, who had relinquished business, and retired upon a handsome reserve, after cheating his creditors out of seven eighths of their lawful demands, the most important personage was Dr. Pullet, a rubicund, full-favored, notable blackleg, who had a local habitation and a name, in many towns and villages, in which he had exercised his skill, by filching the unwary of their cash in hand; and, if it better comported with the convenience of his cullies, the doctor was exceedingly accommodating, and would try a rubber, for almost any stake, from a stout gelding to a gooseberry tart. The residue of the group consisted chiefly of young farmers and mechanics, who had long shown a preference for Ethan Grafton's cider, before the pleasures of their own firesides. — 'What 's the matter, Grafton?' inquired one of the company, soon after they were seated; 'you look down in the mouth.' — 'O, no great affair,' replied Ethan, scratching his head, — 'Elky, my boy, fetch the corkscrew.' — 'I guess he 's thinking about the cattle that Pullet won of him last night, at the Little Black Dragon,' said one of these boors, with a reckless laugh. — 'I hope a little matter like that don't trouble ye, Mr. Grafton,' said Pullet. — 'The dogs take the cattle,' replied Ethan; 'if a body had n't nothing more to be vexed about than the loss of a yoke of oxen, he 'd be pretty well off, I reckon — there, tell us what ye think o' that,' filling their glasses and pushing them round. — 'That 's royal cider, Grafton,' cried Dagget, smacking his lips. 'But, for pity's sake, tell us whose grave you 're agoing to dig to-night? you 're as solemn as an owl, Ethan; what 's the matter?' — 'Why,' said Grafton, 'there 's a skillinton, you know, in every house.' — 'Ha, ha! that 's it, is it?' cried Dagget; 'the old black mare kicks up, does she, Ethan? why don't ye switch the jade as I do mine?' — 'That 's well enough for you, Dick,' Ethan replied, 'but it won't work quite so well with the German breed, I tell ye. I shall have to try it though, I guess, afore long. — But let 's hear what ye think o' that cider.' — 'Why, Mr. Grafton,' said Pullet, pouring out a fresh tumbler, 'this is super-excellent cider; there can be no better; but, upon honor, it is n't quite *equal to wine*.' — 'That 's all you know about it,' cried Ethan. 'You 're up to cut and shuffle, doctor; but I would n't say much about cider an I was you. This here, that you 've been a drinking, is n't such super-excellent cider arter all. The old man, Jarsen, made this, more than ten years ago, and it 's lost its strength, and got a leetle flattish; if you should drink a barrel on 't, you would n't feel a mite brisker.' — 'I don't know about that,' said one of the company, 'I 'se drank only two tumblers and a half,

and it makes me feel pretty comical any how.' — 'I 'll show ye cider,' said Ethan. 'Elky — here — Elkanah — where 's that brat gone?' — 'He 's asleep,' said one of the guests. — 'Wake up, you lazy dog,' cried Ethan, as he pulled him violently by the ear, 'wake up, sir, and, if I catch ye sleeping agin, I 'll give ye something to keep ye awake, I 'll warrant ye; here, take a basket, and bring up ten bottles from the lower shelf, and if you bring the wrong ones, I 'll take both your ears off.' — Elkanah rubbed his eyes on the sleeve of his coat, and proceeded to the cellar. — 'What do you value your gray mare at, Mr. Grafton?' inquired Doctor Pullet. — 'My gray mare,' replied Ethan, 'why somewhere 'twixt one and two hundred.' — 'Well,' continued the doctor, 'I don't altogether want to take away that yoke of cattle, that I won from you, at the Dragon, without giving ye a chance to win 'em back; I 'll put 'em agin your gray mare, and try another rubber.' — 'Done,' cried Ethan Grafton, slapping the table as he spoke; 'but here comes my snail of a boy; let 's try the cider first — what made ye so eternal long, ye lazy brat?' — 'I come as quick as I could, father,' said Elkanah. — 'Ye lie, ye did n't; get into the corner, till I call ye,' said Ethan, shoving him aside. — 'There, tell us what ye think of that,' said he, as he poured out the new specimen. — 'That caps all,' cried Dagget, as he held out his empty glass to be replenished, 'that goes to the right spot any how.' — 'The best cider I ever tasted by all odds,' exclaimed the doctor. 'Still I 'll tell ye what, — there seems to be a — sort of a — want of a — kind of a — ' 'Haw, haw, haw,' cried half a dozen voices. 'It 's pretty good cider I guess,' said Gibbins, the journeyman tailor, 'for it makes your tongue take plaguey long stitches, doctor.' — 'I sha'n't cabbage any on it, Gibbins,' cried the doctor rather angrily. — 'Don't spose ye will,' replied Gibbins, with a sneer: 'how 's your patient, doctor, that I saw you a physicking this morning?' — 'I don't know what patient you mean,' replied the doctor gruffly. — 'Why, don't you remember?' said Gibbins, suppressing an ill-natured laugh; 'I mean Deacon Lumkins' jackass.' — This was too much, before such respectable company, even for a horse-doctor, and Pullet threw a whole glass of this admirable cider in the journeyman tailor's face, who, having nothing in his tumbler, wherewith to return the compliment, hurled the vessel itself at the head of his antagonist. — For five and twenty minutes, the bettermost room in the cottage at Heathermead End was a scene of the most ungovernable uproar. Dagget, the butcher, held back the doctor, who had whipped out his fleam from its leathern sheath, and with the most frightful imprecations was rushing forward to bury it in the tailor's jugular.

—'Don't hold him, Dagget,' cried the little journeyman; 'let him come on, if he wants to; and, if I don't take his measure, my name is n't Billy Gibbins.'—There can be little doubt, if Dagget's strength had not restrained the doctor from close contact with his adversary, that the tailor would have cut out for him, in horrible style. For, though excited by the cider, he was comparatively self-possessed, and, happening to have his shears in his side-pocket, he had grasped them firmly with both hands, and, dropping on one knee, after the fashion of the middle rank, during the formation of a defensive hollow square, he would have awaited the doctor's charge, and, in all human probability, have received him on the point of his professional bayonet.

"After a deal of soothing and persuasion, the contending parties were induced to make the matter up. The tailor admitted, that he did not intend to disparage either of the learned professions; the doctor affirmed, that he considered Mr. Gibbins as respectable a tailor, as he did, before their unpleasant difference; and the company once more resumed their seats around the table.—Dagget, who really appeared disposed to act as a peacemaker, upon the present occasion, readily perceived that the reconciliation was not precisely complete; and endeavored, while Ethan pushed the bottle, to revive the spirit of good-fellowship among the guests. 'I raally love cider,' said he, as he turned off another glass. 'I guess I could get along without water; I should miss cider though, dreadfully. But I 'll tell ye what it is, it 's the beatemost stuff that ever was, to make a body feel crusty. There 's old Miss Belcher, my wife's mother, you never see how it acts on her; two tumblers o' good ripe cider 'll make the old woman as good-natured as a puppy-dog, and she 'll think the children can't have half enough mince-pie and apple-dowdy; when she takes about four, she 'll be as funny as all-possessed; but, when she gets six full tumblers under her skin, then look out for 't, I tell ye. The steam 's pretty well up then, and there 's no safety-valve but the old woman's mouth. She 's lost her teeth, you know, and she does sizzle and sputter away like a fury. She knocks the children about like nothing, and gives nobody no peace, till she 's slept it all off next morning. I ax'd McGrudy, the schoolmaster, who knows a' most everything, what he thought was the reason why cider made folks crosser than any other drink, and he gi'ed me a queer answer to be sure: said he, "If the ould apple o' discord brought sin into the warld in the beginning, is n't the juice o' it enow to kaap up a clish-maclaver to the dee o' judgment, mon?" '—The guests laughed heartily at Dagget's humorous remarks, with the exception of the doctor and the tai'or. Their gorges were evidently still up. Each sat, with a cigar in his

mouth, his chair inclined backward, and his chin pointed towards the ceiling. — Dagget, who had really a great respect for the doctor, was not thus to be baffled, in his efforts to restore harmony. 'Doctor,' said he, 'what is the reason, that, while beer makes a body sleepy, cider is such a cross kind of a drink?' — 'It 's owing to the digestion,' replied the doctor; 'it produces a sort of pulmonary combustibility in the most vitalest parts.' — The tailor cut his eye at Ethan Grafton, with a half-drunken, half-comical expression, as he filled his tumbler. — Dagget, who had ever looked upon the longest words as the outward and visible signs of the greatest learning, was, for a moment, silent. 'Dr. Pullet,' said he, after a brief pause, 'I wonder you confine your practice entirely to horses.' — 'Oh, sir,' replied the doctor, 'the other branches of our profession is overstocked. It is an easy matter to attend to the diseases of the human race. They can tell their complaints, Mr. Dagget. I have always devoted myself to the noble animal, sir; but I believe I must go, Mr. Grafton.' — 'Oh, no,' said Ethan, 'you have n't tasted my best cider yet, by a chalk and a half.' The doctor, however, insisted on the necessity of his departure, as he was to meet a few friends, that evening, at the Little Black Dragon; he promised, however, to recollect the rubber, which he had engaged to play with Ethan Grafton, upon a stake of a yoke of oxen against the gray mare. — 'The doctor 's a man o' great larning,' said Dagget, after he had gone. — 'He 's an ignorant ramus,' said the tailor. — 'Gibbins, you 're no judge,' cried Dagget, somewhat nettled. — 'A tailor 's about as good a judge as a butcher,' retorted Gibbins. — 'I see you want to quarrel with me,' replied Dagget, 'though I saved your bones from being broken just now.' — 'Come, come, don't let 's have any more o' this tarnal gabble,' exclaimed Ethan, in a roaring voice, 'finish this cider, and let 's have another lot. As to the doctor's larning, I 'm no great shakes of a judge myself, but he has a sort of a pleasant, winning way with him.' — 'So he has,' replied the tailor dryly, 'if you 'll let him cut and shuffle himself. He won your oxen, Ethan, and your great white horse, slick enough; and he 's won more money of you than' — 'Do hold your tongue, Gibbins,' exclaimed Ethan, getting rather angry, and nodding his head in the direction of his boy; 'there 's no need o' telling everything to the town-crier. — Here, you sir, Elkanah, if you tell a word you hear in this here room, I 'll skin ye alive.' — 'I won't, father,' said the trembling boy. — It was at this stage of the trial, that some of the junior judges, at the further end of the table, whose voices had not been heard before, above concert pitch, began to be rather up roarious. The removal of a great man from an assembly, whose

presence has been somewhat oppressive, will occasionally liberate inferior spirits from their thraldom. Such was the obvious effect of the doctor's departure. The confusion of voices began to be immense. No one cared a fig to understand his neighbor, and every one strove, by elevating his own voice, to drown the voices of all others, and to be heard alone. It is impossible to produce anything like a faithful description of the scene. Here were ten or a dozen speakers, every one more or less excited by his potations of Ethan's cider, and each in his own way; with some, anger prevailed; with others, pride; and with others, simple good-nature and a feeling of mawkish philanthropy. The continual strife of tongues begat the most unintelligible jargon; words ran foul of one another in every direction; sentences were dislocated, and parts became strangely dovetailed together in the oddest of all imaginable connections. Of the little that was meant almost nothing was understood. The absurdity of the scene must have been surprisingly heightened, by the wildest gesticulations; every vessel occasionally dancing on the table, as the speakers gave it a tremendous slap by way of enforcing their remarks; and, now and then, there might be heard the crash of broken bottles, shattered for sport, or by way of testing their relative strength. —— 'I 've drank wine in my time, I reckon, as well as yourself,' cried a dapper little fellow. — Pshaw! that last bottle was a — Holloa — When I sold meat, I always used to favor the poor — No great shakes neither — I 'll bate ye a dollar — 'T is n't in the like o' you — That are colt will go — Sir, nobody pitches me on the point o' rationality — I feel for the poor — Fill your glasses, my boys, and let 's see if this here cider is n't equal to — Fire and fury, I got the burning eend o' my cigar right into my mouth — Would n't give the vally o' my bodkin for all he knows about — My old mare 's able to — Slam bang — There she goes — Crash — Haw, haw — Crash — More bottles I say — Last town-meeting day I — Hold your yop — I won't — It 's a lie, that 's flat — I say as I said afore, he 's an ignorant ramus — If you say — Come, fill your glasses — That 's what you sha'n't — Say it agin, and I 'll run my fist down your — I say he 's an ignorant ra — Whack — Crack — Take that — Take care, Dagget; he 's got his shears out — I don't care the vally of a sausage for his — Crack, crack, whack. —— Over went the table, lights, and glasses. The butcher and the tailor were in a moment rolling on the floor. —— Take away the villain's shears — I 've got 'em — Pull 'em apart — No, no; let 'em fight it out — Peg him well, Dagget — It 's a tarnal shame — There comes the claret — Cry enough, Gibbins, or you 'll never take another stitch in this world — Gie me my shears — I won't — Well, enough, then.

—— At this stage of the performances, Ethan had seized Elkanah, who had fallen asleep, notwithstanding this uproar, for it was now late at night. The boy screamed aloud, under the severe buffets of his drunken father — the door, at that instant, flew open, — Kitty Grafton rushed into the apartment, and, seizing Ethan by his shaggy black hair, hurled him to the ground. It was the work of a moment. Disabled as he was by drunkenness, he rose for a last effort; and, grasping a junk bottle, he gave her a terrible blow upon the side of her head. She fell immediately upon the floor, and the blood spirted copiously from the wound. Elkanah had rushed into the road, crying murder; and the inhabitants of the nearest cottage soon hurried to the spot. It was at first supposed, that the blow had proved fatal; but, after half an hour, the poor woman uttered a groan, and gradually recovered her senses. Even this brutal husband seemed to be shocked, by the contemplation of his own near approach to the gallows; and, for a whole week, he abstained from intoxicating drink. On the first day after this event, he even labored diligently in the field; and, when he came home at night, Elkanah ran to his mother in amazement, as she lay upon her sick bed, exclaiming, 'Oh, mother, only think, father has come home, and he isn't drunk in the least.'— After this terrible catastrophe, the company dispersed with all possible expedition; and, the next day, when they had slept off the effects of their debauch, they agreed, with the most perfect unanimity, that Ethan Grafton's cider was *equal to wine*.

"During the drunken festival of the preceding night, Ethan Grafton had not found it necessary, for the purpose of maintaining the reputation of his cider, and establishing his boast, in its fullest extent, that it was *equal to wine*, to employ his choice reserve. The bottles, whose contents he had enforced with cider brandy, remained untasted in his cellar. Good ripe cider, containing from seven to ten per cent. of alcohol, was enough for the work. During the week, which immediately followed this domestic outrage, Ethan, who really appeared to show some tokens of compunction, remained at home, or upon the farm. A parishioner," said my old master, "gave me the first tidings of the affair. Neither Ethan nor his wife was at meeting, on the following Sabbath. In the morning and afternoon Elkanah occupied the pew, by himself. I had long remarked the melancholy expression upon the features of this broken-spirited boy. Upon the present occasion, I was particularly struck with it. I had preached on the subject of prayer, as essential to domestic happiness. After the service, he lingered near me for some time. I inquired if he wished to speak with me. He seemed exceedingly embarrassed, and the tears came into his eyes. I asked

him aside what he desired of me: he replied, that he wished me to pray for his father and mother, for they did n't love each other. I inquired if anything had happened: he replied, 'Yes, sir, but I have promised father, that I would not tell.' — I then informed him, that I knew the whole, and should surely pray for them all; and the little fellow seemed to be comforted.

"The next morning, I went to their cottage, and did my best. It was a hard case. Old Gotlieb had often regretted, that Kitty took no interest in her Bible. Religious sentiments had never taken root in the heart of this poor woman, nor in that of her husband; and the present stubborn condition of the soil presented little hope of success in the cultivation of such exotics. I visited them very often, but it was a vain attempt. Each avoided me at last, much in the same manner as I have told you Ethan avoided the grocer, who came for the amount of his bill. When I first called, after the uproar of Christmas eve, Elkanah came running to meet me, at some distance from the cottage, begging me, with an expression of alarm, not to tell his father, that he had asked me to pray for them. Grafton received me civilly, and seemed to be somewhat ashamed of his conduct; but he had already recommenced his vile practices. As I entered, he was coming up from the cellar, wiping his mouth upon his sleeve, and had apparently been once more at his cider. I desired to see them together; and, with evident reluctance, he showed me up stairs. Kitty was lying on her bed, with a handkerchief bound over her forehead. When she saw me, 'I 'm glad you 've come, Mr. More,' said she. — For a moment, I hoped I might be useful, but soon found myself mistaken, when I comprehended her motive. 'I 'm glad you 've come,' she continued, 'to see how this villain has used me: you was a friend of my old father and mother. What would they have said to this! Look here, Mr. More,' — removing the handkerchief, and showing the marks of the blow — and a severe one it must have been. 'There, sir, see what I've got by marrying a drunkard. If there was a thing my old father hated, it was just such a dirty drunkard as he is.' — 'Mr. More,' cried Ethan, as he sat upon a chest, 'jest hear to reason.' — 'You talk about reason!' she cried; 'if I was the devil himself, I 'd just as soon talk about righteousness, — reason — reason to be sure — it almost chokes me to look at you, you base, drunken villain.' — 'You had better suffer your husband to speak,' said I mildly. — 'Husband!' — said she, with an expression of rage and contempt: 'he wants to speak, does he? — He 's so drunk now you can't understand him; besides he can't talk two minutes, to save his soul, without a pitcher or a bottle of cider — don't let the villain have a

bottle — he 'll give me another blow, as like as not.' — 'Mrs. Grafton,' said I, taking my hat, 'if I cannot be of any use to you, I will take my leave; I cannot be of any use, unless I can understand the right and wrong of this matter; and that I cannot do, unless you permit Mr. Grafton to speak.' — 'Well, Mr. More,' said Kitty, in a lower and a milder key, 'you was always kind to me from a child, and I like to look upon the friends of my parents; and, for your sake, I 'll let him speak.' — 'Sir,' said Ethan, 'I 'll tell ye the hull story, if she 'll let me. Ye see, doctor — I mean Mr. More' — 'There now, did n't I tell ye so?' cried Kitty; 'he thought he was talking to Doctor Pullet, the gambler, that cheated him out of his oxen, and his horse, and the watch my old father gave him, to keep for Elkanah, when he grew up, and the' —— 'Stop, stop, Kitty,' said I, 'let him tell his story, as you promised you would.' — 'I was only a going to say,' continued Ethan, 'that I did take rather too much cider a Christmas night, and she pulled me over, afore all my company, by the hair o' my head; and, when I was in a passion, I struck her with the bottle, and I've been sorry ever since. Now, Mr. More, I'm ready to make it up with her afore you. There, if that isn't fair, what is?' — 'Well,' said I to her, 'what do you say to that, Kitty?' — 'I say, he 's a liar, and fool, and a drunkard, that 's what I say, Mr. More,' said she. 'He 's a liar, for he has n't told half the truth; he knows, that I pulled him over, because he was half murdering Elkanah. He 's a fool to think I 'll ever make up with him; not I indeed. I told him long ago, that I 'd never forgive the weight of his finger, laid on me in anger: does the fool think I 'll ever forgive such a blow as this! and he 's a drunkard, as everybody knows. I need n't prove that, I suppose. He 's drunk now; he 's been guzzling cider this morning, though it isn't nine o'clock.' — 'No such thing,' cried Ethan, 'I haven't touched a drop.' — 'What did you go down cellar for? I heard the cellar door open and shut.' — 'What did I go down for? — I did n't go for cider any how — cider 's got to hurt me considerable. It 's jest this, Mr. More, I 'm a giving up cider pretty much, for I find a leetle cider brandy eases my pain, and makes me feel a sight better. But you see how it is, Mr. More; I 'm not a going to call hard names, as she does; that is n't what I calls Christian. You see what a firebrand she is. This is all I 've got to say, you see what she is.' — Kitty knit her brows and compressed her lips, and seemed to be gathering her strength, for an explosion of some sort; and Ethan, as she turned her eyes upon him, seemed to cower before the impending tempest. — 'Yes,' said she, after a brief pause, 'you see what she is' — pointing to her wound, which the

agitation of her feelings had caused to bleed afresh — 'you see what she is — a poor broken-headed, and broken-hearted, but not broken-spirited woman — thank God and the blood of my old German father for the last;' and, as she uttered these words, she set her teeth and clinched her fist, and looked at Ethan, with mingled defiance and contempt. — 'You see *what she is* — the mother of five starving children — the wife of an unfeeling, brutal drunkard. — Ethan Grafton,' she cried, raising herself upon her bed, while her countenance underwent an astonishing change, — 'you once saw *what she was*.' — I confess," said my old master, "with my perfect recollection of her great beauty and many attractions, in her youth, the tone, in which she uttered these words, touched me to the soul. — Her voice faltered; its accents became comparatively gentle; her lips quivered with intense emotion; and her eyes filled with tears. — 'Ethan Grafton,' she repeated, 'you once saw *what she was* — she was young and light-hearted, and the hard earnings of her father — whom you delight to call an old German beggar — God forgive you, for she never will — those hard earnings, and they were abundant, were all marked for her own. When she had given you her heart, this poor, confiding idiot persuaded her doting father to bestow those hard earnings upon you. If you had not broken her heart, she would neither sorrow nor sigh for her wasted possessions. And what has made her the firebrand that you say she is? Was she not always a kind wife and devoted mother, until you took your ill courses? Did she ever give you one unkind word, until you became a drunkard? Did she ever dream of raising a finger against you, until you lifted your own unnatural hand against your unoffending children, the bone of her bone and the flesh of her flesh? Might not the violence of her temper have slumbered forever, if you had not become a spendthrift, and a gambler, and a sot? — Look at him, Mr. More; the brute is half asleep.' — So indeed he seemed. 'Why do I waste my breath upon such a drunken carcass?' she exclaimed.

"It was an impracticable case, as I told you," said my old master. "I inquired, if she ever read her Bible. She frankly confessed that she never did. She said, that Elkanah had sometimes come and sat down by her, at the bed-side, and read portions of the Psalms; but, that her brain seemed to be on fire so continually, that she took no pleasure therein, nor in anything else. She even declared to me, that she believed she was losing her interest in her children. When I left the cottage, Elkanah went with me a few rods upon my way. The poor boy solicited permission to come and live with me: and, in the very earnestness of his desire, as he enumerated the different ways, in which he could make himself useful

in my service, I turned from him to hide my emotion. I bade him remember, that we were all born into a state of trial; that he was called, at an early age, to bear his cross; that it was not a light one; but that God would surely support him. I reminded him, that his three brothers and his sister were almost dependent upon him, in the present state of the family. As we parted, he kissed my hand — his eyes were full of tears — 'Mr. More,' said he, 'if I do the best I can, you will pray for me, won't you, sir?' — 'I will — I will, my poor child,' said I, 'to that God, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.' — He went back to the den of wretchedness, no doubt, with fear and trembling, and I pursued my way to the parsonage; revolving various projects, for the relief of this miserable household, yet fixing definitively upon none.

"The notoriety of this shameful affray spread far and wide, and became the signal for the gathering of those gregarious troubles and vexations, which, saith the proverb, seldom come alone. One opprobrious tale is frequently the nest-egg of infamy. — Pamela Mickle had scarcely ceased to cackle, upon the present occasion, when every hen in the village of Heathermead began. Many disreputable facts were speedily related of Ethan Grafton; and, as it commonly occurs, they were of both kinds, described by the worthy Dr. Witherspoon, such as have never happened, and such as have. The voice of the people was decidedly in Kitty's favor. All agreed that her temper was tremendous; but the conviction was very general, that it had never interfered with Ethan's domestic happiness, while he was temperate; and, that the same strength and impetuosity of feeling, which had, of late, directed her words and actions against him, had guided her tongue and her heart as zealously in his favor, until he came to prefer his cups to her affection and respect.

"Duns began to press from every quarter. If, in poor Grafton's conscience, there yet remained a spot unseared, there seemed to be no lack of special mortifications for its trial to the quick. The cider manufacture, however, was now at an end. Kitty used to say, that she should have rejoiced over the cause, though it swept off her paternal acres, had the remedy been applied, before the disease was past a cure. Several mortgagees entered for non-payment, and took possession of their mortgaged premises, which included not only Ethan's extensive orchards, but all the real estate left by old Jansen, excepting, as I have stated, the cottage and a small parcel of land around it; which he could not mortgage, as she had resolutely refused to relinquish her right of dower. Ethan therefore looked upon his remaining stock of cider and cider brandy as upon his last hope. Nevertheless he continued to drink on and be drunken.

"Dr. Pullet was a man of honor, and had faithfully kept his word: the promised rubber had been long since played, at the Little Black Dragon; the fortunate cards were never missing from the doctor's pack; and high, low, jack, and the game had settled the fate of Ethan's gray mare.

"It was long after this occurrence, that Kitty Grafton, by permission of the mortgagee, to whom the land now belonged, had gone with Elkanah into a wood lot, in which her father had taken no small portion of a husbandman's pride, to pick up the fallen limbs for fuel. She had been absent a couple of hours. As she was returning, the younger children ran to inform her, that a strange man had come with a cart, and taken away all the flowers in the green-house. This little building had been suffered hitherto to remain undisturbed. Most of the glasses had long since been destroyed, and Elkanah had shown himself exceedingly clever, in supplying their places with oiled paper. It served sufficiently well to shelter a few flowers and shrubs, which, through all her troubles, Kitty Grafton had still delighted to cherish. Several of them were perennials. Of these there were some, which she particularly valued — they had been fostered by the hands of her father — she had often been present, when the old man, from year to year, after delving, and pruning, and irrigating, had brought these beautiful exotics to display their utmost charms, and had called Theresa to contemplate their beauty. — Two of these had been objects almost of veneration with Gotlieb Jansen — they were from '*Fader Land.*' Such considerations as these, had they been faithfully revealed, would, in all probability, have imbued the spoiler with about the same measure of restraining grace, that a wolf might be presumed to feel, when informed, that the lamb, upon which he feeds, was the pet of some gentle shepherdess. Kitty Grafton hastened to the spot, and gazed, with a look of grief and indignation, upon the vacant shelves. Nothing remained, save, here and there, a remnant of the clematis and the passion-flower, which she had trained against the wall, and whose roots and main branches had been hastily torn away. She had not long returned to the cottage, before she obtained an explanation, from an old dame, who was passing on horseback to Heathermead, from the next village, with her panniers of cream, and eggs, and herbs, and poultry, for sale. Of late years, she had commonly stopped at Kitty Grafton's cottage and taken bunches of flowers to sell, for which she generally found a ready market, in Heathermead Centre. The old dame, about three miles back, had met the man, on his way to the city, with the whole stock of the green-house; and gathered all the particulars,

which she proceeded to recount. Ethan, it seems, had gambled the plants away to Dr. Pullet, a fortnight before, and having, that morning, informed him of his wife's absence, the doctor had sent his messenger to remove them to the city for sale, as expeditiously as possible.

"Kitty Grafton bit her lips; but she neither wept nor raved. Her silence, upon such occasions, was portentous. It was that ominous stillness that precedes the hurricane; and she took her revenge.

"Ethan did not return, till a late hour of the night. He came, cursing and swearing, into the house, anticipating Kitty's wrath, and preferring an uproar of his own creating. This evidence of sagacity was entirely compatible with drunkenness. He had obtained liquor somewhere, and was certainly drunk—drunk enough to be dry. His first thoughts were of cider, and his first step towards the cellar.—'Give me a light,' he cried, as he stumbled towards the door. 'Elkanah,' said Kitty Grafton, 'don't you hear? Jump in a moment and get your father a light.'—'Why—a—holloa, Kitty—why that 's you now, how kind o' civil you be. Like as may be not—we 'll—we 'll be happy yet.—I feel a kind o' happy now—a—holloa, Elky dear,—let 's have a little cider to show your poor old daddy the way to the candle.'—Elkanah gave the light to his mother, who handed it to her husband.—'Take care, Ethan,' said she, as she opened the cellar door, 'don't you fall; you know how I should miss you, if you should break your neck.'—'Thank ye, Kitty,' said he as he proceeded slowly down the cellar stairs; 'this is jest as it wa—was in old times. I can't help crying, you 're so—why, what makes the brandy smell so strong—holloa, I 've cut my foot with a glass bottle.'—'Cut your throat with another, you mean, drunken beast,' cried Kitty Grafton, as she slammed to the cellar door and fastened it upon her husband.—Ethan, drunk as he was, soon perceived that he was imprisoned. After many ineffectual kicks and curses, he found release impossible, and he sought in vain for comfort where he was. Every bottle had been demolished. Kitty had given a long hour to the work of destruction. Every barrel and keg had been staved; and the cellar floor was soaked, with a mixture of cider, perry, and cider brandy. Ethan raved, and vowed eternal vengeance. Kitty made no reply; but, securing the cellar door with a few nails, she threw herself upon her bed for the night, telling Elkanah, if he let his father out, he would certainly murder them all.

"The next morning, she drew the nails, as silently as possible; and, setting the cellar door wide open, placed herself behind it, and waited the madman's approach. He soon came forth, uttering tor-

rents of oaths and imprecations, and armed with a stick of wood, which he had picked up in the cellar. He saw no one but Elkanah, and upon him he poured out his wrath. — 'Why didn't you let me out, you young hell-hound!' said he, rushing towards him with his uplifted stick. — 'Oh, father — father!' cried the poor boy, as he fell on his knees, and lifted his clasped hands for mercy. Ethan seized the lad by the shoulder, and lifted his stick in the air — the blow was about to fall, when he felt himself violently drawn back by the hair of his head. — He suddenly turned, while his eyes glared in horror upon the newly-sharpened carving-knife within two inches of his throat. — 'Beg your life, you poor brute!' cried Kitty, as she advanced the point slowly to his very windpipe. — 'Oh, don't — don't — mother,' cried Elkanah. — 'Will ye beg your life, you drunken wretch?' said Kitty, as she held him with the grasp of a tigress. — 'Murder, murder!' cried Ethan, while his eyeballs seemed to start from their very sockets. He made a strong effort, and, escaping from her grasp, rushed into the road.

"It would be needless to pursue this painful and disgusting detail. He vented his rage, after dark, upon Kitty's flower-garden. In the morning not a vestige of it remained. He did not even spare the little compartment, which his poor children had been permitted to cultivate for themselves.

"Years rolled on — years of sheer misery, and domestic warfare. When Ethan came home drunk, she used to beat him with the broomstick or the poker. He, in return, when he had recovered from the effects of the liquor, would cut up her clothes, and sell the apparel of his children by piecemeal, whenever he could lay his hand upon any portion of it. When he was not so drunk as to afford his wife a fair prospect of success, in a direct personal encounter, she would sometimes try her skill at long shot. While he has been sitting, partially tipsy, within the cottage, she has been seen with her apron full of stones, on the outside, taking deliberate aim through the window-glass at her lord and master, and not unfrequently with the fatal precision of a skilful engineer. In the mean time, their poor children were growing up in a full knowledge of much, which they ought not to have known, and in utter ignorance of those matters, of which the children of worthy parents, at a similar age, are commonly informed. The degradation of Ethan and his wife appeared to be complete; their chief employment seemed to be the infliction of all possible annoyance upon each other; their appearance had become squalid and miserable; their children were the most wretched and ragged little group in the village. They lived literally from hand to mouth. Elkanah labored industriously

He was now rather more than sixteen years of age, and he cultivated a portion of the land about the cottage. The neighbors were kind to him; and, notwithstanding her wild and ferocious behavior, Kitty Grafton was still an object of pity and regard with many of our villagers. There was a farmer, whose name was Jason Lambert. He had been one of Kitty Jansen's lovers, but had long been married, and the father of several interesting children. If happiness ever found a resting-place on earth, it was by the fireside of this pious family. Jason's wife, upon the suggestion of her compassionate husband, was charitable, in many ways, to Kitty Grafton and her children. They had other friends. Elkanah was constant at meeting. The Grafton pew had been sold on execution; and, after that event, Elkanah took his seat upon the forms assigned to the town's poor. I told him, after meeting," said my old master, "that he should always be welcome to a seat in our pew. He was very well dressed on the Sabbath, and I was somewhat surprised at the goodness of his apparel. It was explained to me afterward: The market woman, who used to dispose of Kitty's flowers and such other trifles as she had to sell, had lost her only son, who was about Elkanah's age; and, moved by compassion for this poor youth, she had made him a present of the Sunday suit, which her own child had worn. Elkanah was obliged, when he took them off, on Sabbath evening, to conceal them from his father, who would certainly have sold them for rum, had they fallen in his way.

"Time, at length, produced a change, in the affairs of this miserable family; and, if it came too late to enable Kitty Grafton to recover from her degradation, and to take a new departure for the voyage of life, it was certainly productive of some important results. Ethan had been employed, by some charitable neighbor, to take his grist to mill. On his way he contrived to get miserably drunk; and, on his return, fell from his horse head foremost upon the frozen ground, and broke his neck. When the news was brought to Kitty, that Ethan was dead, 'The Lord is merciful at last,' she cried, 'and, if Ethan Grafton had not made me a beggar, I'd gladly give you a trifle for the good news. The devil has got his own, and upon his own terms too.'—The wretched condition of the family made it absolutely necessary, that Ethan Grafton's remains should be buried from the poor-house. Some of the neighbors endeavored to persuade Kitty to look upon him once more, before he was committed to the ground. But she resolutely refused. 'I'll not pretend to mourn,' said she, 'when I rejoice; and you 'd, every one of you, be as happy as I am, to have such a mill-stone cut away from your necks. To be sure I 'd rather look upon him dead than living, but I desire to

do neither. He 's run his drunken race. — It 's God's will, and I 'll be the last to gainsay it.' — The funeral took place upon the following day; and it was sufficiently unceremonious, to quadrate with the notions of those, who are the most averse to pomp and pageantry. At one o'clock, in the afternoon, Purley Pulsifer, the sexton, arrived at the poor house with his hearse, drawn by a lame Canadian pony. I went thither, and made the prayer, which was interrupted, now and then, by the sobbing of some person present. — At the conclusion, I looked round the room. — It was Elkanah. Some kind person had furnished a piece of crape for his hat; and, when the coffin had been lifted upon the hearse, Purley Pulsifer took the horse by the bridle, and Elkanah, not only the chief, but the only mourner, followed behind. I stepped after him," said my old master, "and, taking this interesting boy by the hand, walked with him to the grave. The body was speedily committed to the ground. Purley, who was an active young man, stripped off his coat, and consumed not more than five minutes in filling up the grave. Familiarity certainly begets indifference, if it do not breed contempt. Purley Pulsifer closed the gate of the grave-yard and mounted his hearse; and, in less than five minutes, he was trotting his little, lame Canadian, at the top of his speed, against Boogley the butcher's sorrel colt over Heathermead common, hearse and all. — I gave Elkanah a few words of parting counsel, and requested him to visit me, on the following evening, at the parsonage.

"He came, at the time appointed, and I received him in my study. I inquired after the family, and he informed me, that his mother had not said a word, in relation to his father's death, since the funeral; and that she scarcely opened her mouth to speak on any subject, unless some one of the children spoke to her first. — I asked him, if he had thought of any plans for the future; and, I confess, I was pleased and surprised, at the good sense and forecast of this poor lad, who had been reared in a den of misery — the trembling slave of a drunken father — and who had been favored with no other advantages, than such as he had received from his aged grandparents. He told me, that he had often thought of my counsel to him, and that he had tried to do all he could for his mother and the other children, though it was very little. He said that he was then nearly seventeen, and that he had often thought he could do something better for them, and himself too, if he went elsewhere to seek his fortune; and that he was sure he should be a great deal happier anywhere than at home, where everything brought so many distressing recollections to his mind. The pressure of a peculiar affliction, upon the nervous system of this boy, had become already

alarming. How much longer the same cause might have continued to operate, without producing madness or idiocy, it would be no easy matter to determine. He admitted, in answer to some inquiries of mine, that, for years, his sleep had always been disturbed by the fear of his father's anger; and that he had often leaped from his bed, while dreaming that his father was pursuing him, and filled the house with his cries, until his mother had come to awaken him from these distressing slumbers. He told me, that when he was walking in the road, or in the field, or working in the garden, he found himself occasionally affected with violent agitation; and that, at such times, he was apt to start and look around him, in terror. He stated, that, although he knew his father was dead, and had seen him buried in the earth, he still retained a vague and unaccountable dread of him; and that this condition of mind had kept him from sleeping, during the greater part of the preceding night.

"I asked him, if he had spoken to his mother upon the subject of leaving home, and ascertained that he had. She had told him he might do as he pleased, and did not even inquire into his plans, in such event. Her state of mind was evidently deplorable. Her care for her children seemed now of no higher order than the solicitude, which a hyena may be supposed to feel for her whelps. She willingly attended to their cries of hunger, and procured their food, while they were unable to obtain it for themselves; and, with the same instinctive principle for her prompter, which impels the beast of the field, she gathered them into their lairs, and watched over their safety, and kindled into fury, upon the approach of an assailant. She appeared to care not, if they were reared in utter ignorance, and their religious welfare was the least of her concerns. — Her mind seemed not to have lost its energy, when roused into action; but her hopes had been confined to the present world, and these hopes had been effectually blasted. The gentle yet irresistible springs of poor Kitty's heart had lost their temper; those fires, which, for years, had burnt so fiercely there, had deprived them of their elasticity. Her mind therefore remained inactive, unmoved by all other impulses than those, which were purely instinctive.

"It was decided, that Elkanah should follow the bias of his own mind, in which there appeared to be so much less of waywardness or will than of rational calculation. Elkanah's travelling equipage was superlatively simple: a small bundle, supported upon his shoulder, on the end of an oaken stick, that had belonged to old Gotlieb Jansen, comprised his whole earthly possessions, real, personal, and mixed. The poor fellow had suffered most, for the want of a pair of shoes; on the day before his departure, I happened to

be at Job Rawlins' shop, when Elkanah came in, to beg a few ends and the loan of an awl to repair his old ones. Rawlins was thought to be a crabbed fellow, and I had prepared myself to hear a surly reply, possibly a refusal. — 'Well, Elky,' said he, as he eyed the boy over his spectacles, 'you 're a going to seek your fortin, I hear' — 'Yes, sir,' replied Elkanah, 'I 'm going to try to do something. — 'Well, boy,' rejoined the shoemaker, 'I guess you 'll succeed; you 've had a bad sample o' life to begin with. Let 's see your shoes. — Pshaw, them are n't wuth mending; the upper leather 's all rotten; you could n't walk ten miles in these old brogues.' Rawlins rummaged over his drawers, and taking out a stout pair, told Elkanah to try them on; they fitted him exactly. 'There,' said he, 'how do they feel?' — 'They seem very easy, sir,' replied the boy, as he was proceeding to take them off; 'I 've no money to buy a new pair, and, if you 'll be so good as to let me have two or three ends, I 'll' — 'Pshaw!' cried Rawlins, 'put 'em on agin, I tell ye. I know you have n't got no money, Elky; if you ever get rich, and come back here, why, you may pay me for 'em; they 're six and eight pence; and if you have a hard run, I sha'n't think nothing on 't, if you never pay for the shoes.' — I was so pleased with Rawlins, that I ordered a new pair of whole boots, though I did not really need them; and told him Mrs. More would step in the next day to be measured for a pair of pattens.

"The next morning, at an early hour, Elkanah turned his back upon the cottage at Heathermead End. He wept over his little sister and his brethren, and they mingled their tears with his. His mother shed not a tear. And when he kissed her cheek, and bade her farewell, she only replied, 'I shall wish you dead, Elkanah, if you ever become a drunkard.'

"The lad stopped at my house, to take leave of me. Mrs. More insisted on putting a few crackers into his bundle; and, after he had gone, she told me, that he had not forgotten the Bible which his grandfather had given him — she had seen it carefully deposited in his little pack. He took leave of me with evident emotion, and I gave him my blessing.

"A few days after Elkanah's departure, I made a visit to the cottage. I came upon its inmates by surprise. I found Kitty sitting alone, in the very apartment, in which, while old Gotlieb was living, I had enjoyed so many hours of rational happiness. It was now miserably furnished, and without a vestige of that air of comfort, for which it had once been remarkable. Gotlieb's arm-chair still remained in this apartment, and in it, as I entered, sat his ill-fated daughter, with her arms folded, and her eyes bent unmeaningly

upon the floor. She appeared to me then decidedly the most forlorn and miserable object, in human form, that I had ever beheld She did not even ask me to take a seat, which she had never omitted before. I endeavored to draw her into conversation, but my attempts were fruitless. Short answers to my direct inquiries were all I could obtain. I asked after the children; she seemed not to know where they were. I soon after saw them playing near a pond, in rear of the cottage. I inquired of her, if she did not feel an interest in their welfare: she made no direct reply, but, without raising her eyes from the floor, and shrugging up her shoulders as she spoke, she said in an under tone — 'They 'll all be drunkards like enough.' — I strove to rouse her from this condition of apathy, by pointing out to her a mother's accountability, for her faithful stewardship over the children that God has given her; but I might as profitably have preached homilies to the woods and rocks. Many succeeding visits were attended with the same results. Nevertheless, she gave no evidence, by her outward conduct, of insanity. After the removal of the grand exciting cause, I am inclined to believe there were no striking exhibitions of violent temper. She appeared to be attentive to the wants of her children, in regard to their food and clothing. The neighbors were kind; and, with their assistance, she supplied the simple demands of nature, and still continued to patch up their apparel, such as it was. She never mentioned Elkanah, and whenever I spoke encouragingly of the poor boy, she invariably gave me the same laconic and ominous reply — 'He 'll be a drunkard.' — I made an application to the overseers of the poor, to ascertain, if this family might not with propriety be received into the poor-house; believing, as I did with good reason, that the children would have a better opportunity for acquiring a little useful knowledge. There was an objection, in the fact, that Kitty had her right of dower, in all that still remained of the homestead; and could not therefore be considered a pauper, without visible means of support. She was no vagrant, for she never stirred from home. Clearly, without her consent, it seemed not easy to effectuate our good wishes, on her behalf. Accordingly, I sought a convenient opportunity, and, with all imaginable caution, suggested the propriety of such a measure. This was the only occasion, since Ethan's death, upon which I ever witnessed any violent excitement of her temper; and my well-meant endeavor cost me the entire loss of her confidence, which I have never been able to regain. Whenever I approach her, she turns her back upon me, as she did this morning, with an expression of distrust and aversion. When I mentioned the poor-house, upon the occasion to which I have allu-

ded, though she had remained entirely unmoved, till that moment she started suddenly, and sprang from her seat — 'Gotlieb Jansen's daughter in the poor-house!' said she, with a strong and passionate utterance, and, instantly quitting the apartment, flung to the door with violence, and left me alone. — I never was able to reinstate myself in the good graces of Kitty Grafton.

"More than six months had elapsed, since Elkanah left the village, when, upon my application at the post-office one morning, a double letter was put into my hand, with the New York post-mark. It was from Elkanah Grafton. This letter was tolerably well written, and very well expressed. It contained twenty dollars, and the postage had been paid. Elkanah informed me, that, with the exception of a short illness, he had enjoyed excellent health, and that God had prospered his humble exertions beyond his hopes. He stated, that, after his arrival in New York, he soon obtained a good situation, as a porter in a store, for which, as he was quite stout for his years, he had found himself well qualified. In that station, he had very soon, by untiring industry, acquired the means of purchasing a hand-cart, for which he had found constant and profitable occupation; and, that he had laid by an amount nearly sufficient to pay for a horse and dray. With these, if God should continue his good health, he thought he should be able to do a very profitable business, as he had already, by his strict attention, acquired the good will of the merchant, whom he had served in the capacity of porter, and who promised to find him constant employment. He regretted, that he could not conveniently send a larger sum, for his mother and the children. He hoped, if the Lord prospered him, to do much more for them all, and that the children would not grow up in entire ignorance. He informed me, that an obliging young man, a clerk in the store, where he first obtained employment, had taught him to write, in his intervals of leisure. He requested me to pay Mr. Rawlins for the shoes, and tell him, they had done him good service, and to apply the residue of the twenty dollars, for the benefit of the family. He concluded, by telling me, that, upon the first night, after he quitted Heathermead, he slept more soundly than he had done for years; and that he closed his eyes the more happily, because I had assured him, I would certainly pray God to protect and prosper him.

"I was so much delighted with the reception of this letter, that I went over immediately to the shoemaker's shop. Rawlins was sitting upon his bench, with his lap-stone on his knees, hammering a piece of sole-leather. I took my seat upon an unoccupied bench directly before him. Holding the letter in one hand, and the twenty

dollars in the other — 'It 's from Elkanah Grafton, Mr. Rawlins,' said I. — 'Why, how you talk! Parson More,' cried the shoemaker, as he set down his lap-stone on the floor, and, resting his cheek upon his hand, looked at me earnestly over his glasses, as I commenced reading the letter. — 'There,' said he, when I had finished, 'don't you remember, parson, I told him he 'd get along?' — 'Yes,' I replied, 'I think I do — now, Mr. Rawlins, if you 'll change the bill, I 'll pay you for the shoes.' — 'Pshaw, Parson More, I meant to give Elky them are shoes, and I set it down as lent to the Lord; 't was a part o' what I calculated to give away this year. I can't take no pay for them shoes no way.' — I was about to press the matter, when he cried, as he caught up the lap-stone — 'Pshaw, Parson More, I can't, no how,' and began to hammer the sole-leather with all his might, while he struck up 'Life is the time,' with a voice, that defied all further expostulation.

"I proceeded immediately to Heathermead End. Being thoroughly aware of Kitty's aversion to my visits, I knocked once only at the cottage door, that I might secure an interview, opening it almost at the same moment, and holding the letter in my hand. She was in the apartment, and we stood, for an instant, in full view of each other. I scarcely opened my mouth to communicate the tidings, when she clapped her hands upon her ears, and strode off towards the fields, saying as she went, 'I 'll hear nothing about the poor-house.' — I watched her for a few moments, till she had reached the confines of the neighboring wood lot. I was satisfied, that our direct communications were at an end; and sincerely regretted, that I had limited my power of usefulness, by approaching a subject so exceedingly offensive to her pride. I had lost her confidence, and had no course left, but to open some other channel of communication. The nearest neighbors were the family of Ashur Mellen: they had never been particularly blessed in their basket and store — they were poor, but pious, industrious, and eminently cheerful. Of their pittance they were ready to impart to those, whose necessities were greater than their own. This family had been unvaryingly kind to Kitty Grafton and her children. Ashur's only daughter was, at this time, eighteen years of age. Her affectionate temper had led her frequently to Kitty's cottage; she had often taken her seat by the poor creature's side, and, in some slight measure, broken in upon her desperate state of mind, by playing with the children. At one time, she would give them some little instruction in their reading and spelling; and, at another, she would rally the mother's energies, by taking their ragged clothes into her own hands, and proceeding to repair them. I confided Elkanah's

letter and the money to the care of Ashur Mellen, whose integrity was a proverb in our village. He told me, a few days after, that his daughter had read the letter to Kitty Grafton, who uttered nothing at the close, but her customary prophecy, whenever the name of Elkanah was mentioned; — 'He 'll die a drunkard yet.' Farmer Mellen informed me, that Kitty would not receive the money, nor give any direction how it should be employed; and that his daughter had therefore taken the charge upon herself of laying it out to the best advantage. 'You 've seen,' said Ashur Mellen, 'how our Rhoda flies round with her rake in haying time, jest afore a thunder shower, — why, Mr. More,' said he, 'she 's equal to any two hired men; — well, she 's jest as busy now about fixing these here children. She 's been at it, from morning to night, ever since you was t' our house. 'Zeik Atherton, that 's been a kind o' courting Rhoda, you know, says, arter what he 's seed for the last three days, he 'll trust her with anybody's children.' — I well recollect the delight I felt, on the following Sabbath, after I had been seated, for a short time, in my pulpit, when I saw Rhoda Mellen, with an air of justifiable pride and pleasure, leading Kitty Grafton's four children, tidily apparelled, into God's holy temple. I took special care to notice them after the service; and, in a voice, sufficiently distinct to be heard by more than one, I commended Rhoda for her zeal for these orphans — and such in reality they were. I never was given to making matches," continued my old master, "but I wished Rhoda Mellen a good husband, with all my heart, and I was particularly careful to bestow this commendation upon the poor girl, in the hearing of Ezekiel Atherton, who, though he had not yet offered himself, was paying her considerable attention. Atherton was a worthy young man, and owned a farm, a small one to be sure, but it was unencumbered. He was evidently gratified, quite as sincerely as Rhoda herself, by my approbation, and seemed to catch no small portion of her enthusiasm. His horse and wagon were speedily at the church door; Rhoda could not decently refuse his invitation; though, as she caught a glance at the groups, who were tittering and simpering on the church steps, in the best good-nature withal, she blushed to the very roots of her fine black hair. Kitty's four children were also accommodated in the wagon, and Ezekiel Atherton, as he drove off, with his shining face, gave a familiar nod, and a happy smile to his waggish companions, who complimented him upon his growing family. Ashur Mellen called on me the next morning, before breakfast, a full week, before I could possibly comply with his request, to ask me to publish the banns of marriage between Ezekiel Atherton and his daughter Rhoda.

Rhoda Mellen's anticipations of brighter days to come abated not the tithe of a hair of her interest in these poor children. Her attentions to them and their wretched mother seemed rather to be multiplied.

"I acknowledged the receipt of Elkanah's letter, directing, as he had requested, to the care of A. I. McFinnison and Co., informing him in what manner the money had been employed, and furnishing such information as I thought proper. His letters and supplies of money continued to reach me for the space of two years, with intermissions of three or four months. From their general tenor I was led to believe, that he was growing in favor with God and man. While he described his prosperity, as transcending his utmost expectations, he appeared — and his language could not have been mistaken — to feel the same humble accountability to God that an unexceptionable steward ought to feel to a master, from whom he has received all that he enjoys. He had made valuable friends; and he appeared to be in no danger of losing them. The master, whom he had first served in the city, having found him faithful over a few things, had made him steward over many. The same individual, a clerk in the store, who had taught him to write, had instructed him also in arithmetic and book-keeping. His employer had not failed to perceive, that, in addition to his religious and moral qualifications, his industry, activity, and intelligence, and highly acceptable manners, fitted him for a more elevated walk. At the expiration of fourteen months, he disposed of his horse and dray, and was received into the counting room, as a clerk. The business of the firm had led them to cultivate extensive connections with the western country. Two years had scarcely elapsed, since Elkanah Grafton departed from the village, — the penniless descendant of a drunken father, — before his commercial friends thought him so far worthy of their confidence, as to employ him at a distance, and to give him such a credit as to enable him to commence business on his own account. He advised me of this good fortune. Seven months elapsed, after the reception of this letter, before another reached me from New Orleans. His accounts were still exceedingly flattering, in regard to his success; but they were so justly expressed, and so admirably well tempered with a firm reliance upon God, — with such a Christian submission to his will, — with such a humble willingness, whether he giveth or taketh away, to bless his holy name, — that I truly believe, had this young man been suddenly reduced to penury again, he would have borne the cross like a veteran soldier. Such, however, seemed not as yet to be the destiny of Heaven. I had nearly forgotten to state, that,

after I had informed him of Rhoda Mellen's great kindness to his mother and the children, he frequently requested me to employ a part of his remittances for their benefit. — Rawlins was growing old; his eyesight began to fail him; and he could scarcely express the satisfaction he enjoyed, when I presented him with a large Family Bible, which I had been requested by Elkanah, as he was about leaving New York for the western country, to purchase on his account. 'Why, pshaw, Mr. More, I want to know,' said he, as he stared at the binding; 'this here 's slick enough. What a rare good type 't is,' he continued, as he opened at the first chapter of Genesis. — 'That are I is full as long as my pegging awl — and there, Mr. More, only look at that are capital G; it 's every bit and grain as big as a young woman's heel-tap. Well, for sartain, it 's the polite thing in Elky to send me sich a grand present. I wonder how he 's off, for shoes, Mr. More; though, as like as not, he would n't wear such as I make, now he 's getting on so fine. My old hand has n't lost its cunning, for all that; look a here, Mr. More,' said he, taking down a pair of military boots, which he had just completed for Colonel Peppergrass, 'what d' ye say to them?' — I told him I thought his work as respectable as anybody's. — 'Pshaw, Mr. More!' said he, 'when you write, you 'll please to give my best benevolence to Elky, and thank him peticlar.'

"After Rhoda Mellen was married, though the distance was materially increased, between her residence and the Grafton cottage, she still contrived to see the children frequently, and took them with her to meeting almost every Sabbath.

"Years rolled away, and no visible change occurred in regard to Kitty Grafton. She rose up and lay down with her accustomed regularity. She prepared the simple meals for herself and her children; and gave some attention to their clothing. When not thus engaged, her mind appeared to settle into that state of bitter despondency, which I have already described.

"I was sitting, one evening, in this very chair, and looking out of that window — it was nearly sunset — Mrs. More and myself had been remarking, a short time before, upon the very rapid passage of those five years, which had gone by, since Elkanah left the village. The mail stage stopped at the door; and a well-dressed young man alighted and advanced towards it. — It was Elkanah Grafton — I met him in the entry — he embraced me with the affection of a child, and I wept over him like a father. — After a brief conversation between him and Mrs. More, respecting his mother and the children, he expressed a wish to visit the cottage. We proceeded together. I informed him, by the way, of the circumstance, which had lost

me his mother's confidence, and he disclosed to me his plans, respecting his younger brothers and his sister. He told me, that the Lord had placed the means abundantly in his power, for doing good, and that he felt accountable for their employment. When we arrived at the cottage, the children were playing before the door. The elder instantly recognized his brother, and exclaimed, as he ran into the house, 'Mother, Elkanah has come!'—Kitty came forth with a degree of earnestness, in her look and manner, which surprised me. There was a faint smile upon her features, and her lips trembled with emotion. 'Elkanah!' said she;—but as he approached her, she observed me, for the first time, and clapping her hands upon her ears, she returned to the house, exclaiming, as upon a former occasion, 'I 'll hear nothing of the poor-house.'

"Elkanah followed her into the house, and I told the children to inform him, that I had returned to the parsonage, and should expect him there.

"It was late in the evening, before he came. His spirits were evidently depressed by the scene he had witnessed. He informed me, that, when he had followed his mother into the cottage, there was no longer the slightest evidence of emotion; that his efforts to rouse her from her apathy were utterly ineffectual; and that she had scarcely appeared to listen to his propositions for her advantage. When he suggested a removal from the cottage to a more comfortable residence, she shook her head with a slight expression of anger; and, after a short pause, exclaimed, 'Here I was born, and here I will die.'—In answer to his request for permission to remove the children for the purposes of education, she said, 'Very well—they 'll all be drunkards.'

"Elkanah Grafton remained a fortnight in the village. It would be superfluous to say, that he visited his old friend Rawlins, and took tea three or four times with Ezekiel Atherton and his wife. Elkanah gathered his most important lessons from an infallible teacher; and I have never known an individual more oblivious of injuries or more tenacious of the recollection of benefits than he.

"There are many interesting circumstances, connected with this narrative, which I cannot relate, without an extension of the story to an unwarrantable length. The residue may easily be told, in a summary manner.—Many years have passed away, since those days of domestic desolation, when poor Elkanah was a broken-spirited slave, in the cottage of his drunken father. He yet lives, opulent, respected, and beloved—the benefactor of his fellow-men. He took upon himself the education of his three brothers and his sister. The latter is now the wife of a respectable professional gentleman in ———. One

of his brothers became a merchant, and is a man of wealth. The other two, at Elkanah's charge, received a liberal education. Of these one prepared for the ministry, but has been called, I trust, to a better world.

"In the Mahometan empire, refreshing fountains are often presented to the view of the traveller by the side of the public way. Of these many are pious foundations. Trees are planted around them. Here the pious Mussulman throws off his mantle; spreads it for a carpet on the ground; and with his prayers, unites his expressions of gratitude to that benefactor, to whom he is indebted for the waters of the fountain, for shade, and for repose. — In a distant corner of our country there is a fountain of learning and piety, whose streams have already gone forth to refresh and irrigate the world. For centuries to come, the Christian disciple, in a higher and a holier spirit, while he partakes of its living waters, shall mingle with his thanksgiving to the Most High God his grateful recollections of its founder — that wandering boy, who, having no earthly father to comfort and to guide, became a child of God — a steward of the poor — a benefactor of mankind. — Such was Elkanah Grafton.

"Having long since despaired of my best efforts, when directly employed upon that miserable woman, whom we saw this morning, — I have sometimes induced other persons to convey to her the tidings of God's kind and merciful dealings with her children. She has but one commentary on such occasions — 'They 'll all be drunkards.' — Everything is done to render her situation comfortable. Efforts were made, by her son's directions, to repair the cottage, and put the estate in better order; but she expressed so much displeasure, and even anger, that I ordered the workmen to desist. She told them, if they repaired it, her children, when they became drunkards, would certainly tear it to pieces. She is *desperate*, as I told you before. This word is often used in a violent sense; I do not so intend it. She is without hope, and, of course, without happiness. — It was once far otherwise — she and her husband were among the happiest of that class of my parishioners, whose happiness was vested in mere earthly joys and possessions; and I truly believe, that, such as it was, that happiness might have continued, unimpaired, to the present hour — *if Ethan Grafton's cider had not been equal to wine.*"

TOO FAST AND TOO FAR;

OR,

THE COOPER AND THE CURRIER.

Few things have appeared, to our apprehension, more thoroughly fantastical than such objections as have been opposed to the temperance pledge. The original objectors themselves, many of whom have become zealous and prominent members of the temperance society, appear to be rapidly arriving, ere after another, at the same profitable conclusion. Most of these objections have been effectually answered. The most formidable of them all is that, which declares that the employment of the pledge takes from man his moral power, inasmuch as it lowers the standard of human motive. This objection, tricked out in all the embellishments of human perfectibility, and the self-sufficiency of man's *moral power*, is exceedingly specious. But it is nothing more. If man were still only *a little lower than the angels*, notwithstanding his fall, we should have infinitely less material than at present, wherewith to construct a reply to this objection. But it is surely far otherwise. Many, to whom the pledge has been tendered, and who have been reclaimed through its instrumentality, were not only a little lower than the angels, but, for the time, very considerably lower than the beasts that perish. With men, who are habitually intemperate, it is assuredly an unprofitable task to talk of higher and holier considerations. In his chapter on drunkenness, Archdeacon Paley has the following observation:—"*Indefinite resolutions of abstemiousness are apt to yield to extraordinary occasions, and extraordinary occasions to occur perpetually; whereas the stricter the rule is, the more tenacious we grow of it; and many a man will abstain rather than break his rule, who would not easily be brought to exercise the same mortification from higher motives.*" We offer the pledge to the intemperate man, as a mechanical help, and to the temperate man, that we may have the weight of his example on our side.

The pledge is believed to be an invaluable part of that machinery, whereby the temperance reformation has been advanced to its present state. The following tale is intended to illustrate its importance in a case, unattended by the common formalities; and in which the obligation ran not to a society, from one of its members, but from an intemperate young man to his friend and neighbor.

Drunkenness is frequently neither more nor less than a trick or habit, whose very charm and influence over its ill-fated slave depend upon its continuity from day to day, or from hour to hour. If this continuity can be interrupted for a sufficient time, a healthier moral action supervenes—the charm is broken—the intemperate is awakened to a new code of sensations—from the tears of joy, which are shed around him, he gathers the conviction that he is not utterly despised. The neglected wife dares to hope for brighter days—his little ones shake off their terror and climb once more upon the father's knee—the God of all pity vouchsafes a smile of approbation—the poor, pitiable drunkard gathers up his fallen respectability—takes a new departure for the voyage of life—becomes a faithful husband, an affectionate father, a child of God.

Such frequently have been the effects of the temperance pledge. What then is the real value of that sublimated philosophy, which would procrastinate the drunkard's reformation, until it can be achieved, if at all, by other and tardier means! Is it merciful and just to leave untried those simple means, which are so perfectly intelligible, and have proved so efficacious already, and patiently wait for the rise and progress of religion in the drunkard's soul! If these inquiries appear extraordinary to some of our readers, let it not be forgotten, that the system of association and the pledge are, by some, accounted sinful and abominable, inasmuch as they propose a reformation, by other means than those of divine appointment, to wit, the agency of bishops, priests, and deacons! Upon this principle, a whimsical prelate has affirmed, in a printed lecture, that "*the success of the temperance society would be the triumph of infidelity.*"

"TOO FAST AND TOO FAR!" said good old Parson Wheetly, of Eddington, to his younger brother in the ministry, who had that day officiated in the old gentleman's pulpit—"too fast and too far!"—"Yes, sir," replied the Rev. Mr. Merrick, of Shuffleton, "I am afraid the friends of temperance are going too fast and too far. I am getting to be of the same opinion with my friend, the Rev. Mr. ———, of ———, that it is high time for its real friends to '*drag the wheels*' of the temperance car."—"Then, my

young friend," said Parson Wheatly, "you will drag the wheels of a vehicle, which is annually carrying thousands of your fellow-creatures to happiness and to heaven. You have dram-shops in Shuffleton, I believe; and, if I recollect rightly, you have a distillery there." — "Yes, sir," replied the Rev. Mr. Merrick, "we have four stores, where liquor may be had, besides two taverns and a distillery." — "Pretty well for a population of four or five hundred," said the old gentleman; "and I suppose you have some drunkards." — "We have our share," replied the other; "and I am fully of opinion, that one, perhaps two, of the stores might be dispensed with." — "My young brother," said Parson Wheatly, after a solemn pause, "let us not trifle with the most solemn and important matters. You are the minister of Shuffleton; it is your business to save souls; your ordination vows are upon you; and, in the great day, the account of your stewardship must be submitted to a righteous judge, who will not be mocked. You admit that you have drunkards in your parish; your Bible tells you that drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God; — say, then, can you go *too fast or too far* to save these wretched creatures from everlasting destruction?" — The young clergyman was not a little perplexed by this prompt and faithful interrogatory. "Pray, tell me," continued Parson Wheatly, "what progress have you made in the temperance cause, in your village?" — "Why, not much, sir," said Mr. Merrick; "we have not seen much good resulting from the experiment." — "Have you *made* the experiment?" inquired the old man, with an incredulous expression; "how many have joined your temperance society?" — "Why, sir," replied the other, "we have not been able to get up a society as yet. An attempt was made last year, but it did not succeed; the people were opposed to it." — "And how was the minister?" said Parson Wheatly, drawing his chair close to that of Mr. Merrick, and fixing his little gray eyes upon those of his younger brother so keenly, that escape from such scrutiny became utterly impossible. The consciousness of his own subserviency to the will of his parishioners, caused the Rev. Lysander Merrick to blush for shame before his uncompromising brother, whose years and high standing afforded abundant justification for his plain dealing. "Well, well, brother Merrick," continued he, "since you have not seen the good effects of this experiment, as you call it, in your own parish, you shall judge of them in mine. Three years ago, the friends of temperance broke ground in this village. They scattered the seed with a liberal hand; the best efforts of the husbandman have not been wanting; and God has given the increase. The general influence of the reforma-

tion is very apparent in the manners and habits of our people. Those, who are prospered in their basket and store, are more ready to impart to the temperate poor, than to drunken mendicants. On the other hand, many intemperate men, having sacrificed their idols, and taken up anew the implements of honest industry, in some department of agricultural or mechanical labor, have ceased to be needy, and are contented to be poor. The Gospel may as profitably be preached to the tenants of a mad-house, as to a congregation of drunkards. That delightful calm, which is commonly a direct consequence of the reformation, in any village in which it thrives, prepares the way of the Lord. In Eddington it may truly be proclaimed, that righteousness and peace have kissed each other. Our church enrols among its cherished and respected members several individuals, who, three years ago, were irreligious and intemperate men. It is highly interesting to contemplate that honest and harmless competition, that provocation to good works, which is frequently exhibited among the reformed. Those, who formerly struggled for no other palm of victory than the reputation of drinking the largest quantity of rum, are now ambitious to excel in their respective crafts, or in the cultivation of their farms. I could exhibit many individual examples, in illustration of these remarks. To-morrow, when you return to Shuffleton, I will ride with you a mile or two upon your way, and show you a couple of families, now residing under the same roof, in perfect harmony. They are temperate, religious, frugal, industrious, and happy. Three years ago, they were among the most intemperate and quarrelsome of my parishioners."

After their evening's repast, Mr. Merrick expressed a wish to hear some account of the families, whom they were to visit on the morrow. "George Webber, a cooper, and Peter Bailey, a currier, married sisters," said Parson Wheatly. "They became very intemperate young men. Soon after their marriages, which took place upon the same evening, a terrible quarrel arose between them; one sued the other; each employed a lawyer; and, for four years, the action was continued, appealed, ruled out of court and ruled in again, tried again and again for non-agreement of the jury, and finally gotten before the full court upon points of law. During these four years, Webber and Bailey, the cooper and the currier, made an incalculable sacrifice of money, time, and temper. It repeatedly happened, that, whilst the lawyers were arguing upon the merits, Webber and Bailey were fighting upon the common. They left no means of reciprocal annoyance unemployed. It was really a pity, that the sum total in dispute, which had produced this domestic feud, and prolonged it for four years, had not been a matter of

greater importance. The whole amount was two and fourpence, the difference between a ten-gallon keg and a calf-skin. The cooper and the currier were extensively connected by the bonds of blood and marriage; and there were few persons in Eddington, who had kept entirely aloof from this unpleasant controversy. Lancaster and York followed their red and white roses; and the good people of our village were, at one time, pretty equally divided, one half declaring for the keg, and the other for the calf-skin. No human being could foresee the termination of this two-and-fourpenny uproar. It occasioned not only alarming results, but some that were exceedingly ludicrous. Webber and Bailey, at that time, resided nearly opposite to each other; and, adjoining Bailey's shop, there was a small tannery. One March-meeting afternoon, when both were full of liquor, and, of course, the worse for it, Webber insulted Bailey, as he was standing near a pit in the tan-yard, and told him, if he would come over the wall into the road, he 'd knock in his head for him. Bailey, in his turn, called hard names, and offered, if Webber would step into the yard, to tan his hide handsomely. Webber sprang over the wall in a moment, and at it they went. After a few blows, which did little execution, for the parties were drunk, each strove to hurl the other into the pit, and both completely succeeded. It was about seven feet deep, and full of hides and dirty water. Peggy Webber saw the conflict from her window; and Biddy Bailey was attracted to her door by the shouting and cursing of the combatants. The ladies flew instantly to the assistance of their lords; each, seizing her husband's antagonist, was seized upon in turn; and, almost immediately, they were all four bouncing and floundering in the tan-pit. It was the more unfortunate, as it was a holiday, and all parties were dressed in their best apparel. Some of the neighbors soon came to their relief, and they emerged from the vat somewhat cooler than they went into it. These men proceeded in their evil courses until employment and reputation were totally lost. Bailey's wife was herself becoming a tippler. Peggy Webber was never known to seek solace from the bottle. There is some consolation, probably, in tears, and poor Peggy took it out in crying. George used to scold and threaten her, and then she would run off, for half a day, with her baby, and seek a temporary asylum with some charitable neighbor. Bailey was naturally obstinate and pugnacious, and rum made him necessarily more so. 'If my wife 's abed when I get home,' he has been heard to say, while reeling, at a late hour, from the dram-shop, 'I 'll beat her; for what right has she to go to bed afore I gets home and has my supper? and, if I find her a setting up, I 'll beat her, as sure as I live; for what right

has she to be setting up, arter midnight, a burning cut fire and candles?' — Rum, operating upon a very different temperament in Webber, produced different effects. He was, by nature, wild, scheming, visionary. It commonly reduced him to a condition scarcely distinguishable from insanity. He had a younger brother, who was an industrious, temperate ship-carpenter. Webber, upon one occasion, when crazy with liquor, went into the grave-yard, and, entering a tomb, brought forth a skull, and, carrying it to the ship-yard, exhibited it before the workmen, of whom his brother was one. 'Whose skull is it?' inquired this young man. — 'I s'pose it 's father's,' said Webber, 'for I took it out of his coffin, I 'm sure.'

"Webber and Bailey," continued Parson Wheatly, "were still young men, though strongly marked with every ordinary token of intemperance. They absented themselves from meeting, and studiously avoided me upon all occasions. In short, they were, to all common observation, irreclaimable, when the temperance reform began to be a topic of interest in our village. — But you shall see with your own eyes, Mr. Merrick, and hear with your own ears. They have entirely reformed; and, with their wives and their children, constitute one of the most united and pious families in my parish." — "It will be needful for me to start at an early hour," replied Mr. Merrick; "and, I fear, before it would be convenient to pay them a visit." — "If you are up before the cooper and currier," said Parson Wheatly, "you will be up long before the sun."

The next day, at an early hour, the two clergymen rode forth together. It was a fine September morning. They had proceeded about a mile and three quarters on their way. — "Stop," said Parson Wheatly, as they approached the opening of a hickory wood, "do you hear that sound?" — "What is it?" said his companion. — "Why, it is just as I told you; that *rub a dub dub* is the cooper's *reveille;* he is driving a hoop, and you see the sun is but just risen. Let us move slowly towards the cottage. You see the busy housewife's signal — the smoke is curling from the chimney top; and, I day say, the johnnycakes are already at the fire. There, Mr. Merrick, look at that white cottage, with green blinds, and a pretty garden before it. It is provided, as you see, by the double doors, for two families. That is the residence of the cooper and the currier. Three years ago, it was a perfect hovel, whose fallen fences, and broken windows, proclaimed its occupant to be a drunkard. He was so. It was the property of old Bill Cleverly, who died, cursing the temperance folks with his latest breath." — The chaise drew up in front of the cooper's shop. "Good morning, Mr. Webber," said

Parson Wheatly.—"Ah, bless me, parson"—*rub a dub dub*, "you are out early," *dub dub a dub*—"going to Shuffleton, I s'pose, with Mr. Merrick"—*rub dub a dub*.—"No, we have come to pay you and Mr. Bailey a short visit, Mr. Webber."—"Very much obliged to ye, parson," *rub a dub dub*—*rub a dub dub*. "There, I b'lieve that hoop 'll stick. Come, walk in, Peggy 'll be rejoiced to have ye take breakfast with us—sorry brother Bailey and his wife have gone to the city—went off by dawn o' day."—The clergymen endeavored to excuse themselves from taking breakfast, but Peggy was importunate, and the cooper assured them, that his boy, Eli, had caught some fine pickerel, on the preceding Saturday afternoon, and that they were, at that moment, in the spider. They, accordingly, were prevailed on to partake of the cooper's repast. Webber then produced the family Bible, and read a chapter; and Parson Wheatly made a prayer.—When he had concluded, he resumed his seat, and inquired of his host, if he were so much at leisure, that morning, that he could conveniently give them a small part of it.—"With all my heart, Parson Wheatly," said he, "if I can be useful, for I can drive the job I have in hand, a little further into the evening."—"Mr. Webber," said Parson Wheatly, "I have been giving my brother Merrick, some account of the happy effects of the temperance reform in our village. I well know how openly you, and your brother Bailey, are in the habit of exhibiting your own conversion, as an inducement to others; and, if you will do me the favor to give Mr. Merrick some little account of it, I shall be much obliged to you. The effect of such a narrative may be beneficial elsewhere."

"Why, gentlemen," said the cooper, with a grave expression upon his features, "I shall bless the day when the reformation came into Eddington, and so will Peggy."—Peggy Webber had removed the breakfast table to one side of the apartment, and, with a baby in her arms, had drawn her chair into the circle.—"Brother Bailey and I have often said," continued the cooper, "that, if we had n't turned about just as we did, we should have been, as like as not, in the drunkard's grave, by this time. We used to have terrible quarrels, and all about nothing. Rum was at the bottom of them all. I don't really think we should have had any bickering, if it had n't been for rum. The first time we fell out, we were fuddled, both of us; and we went on from bad to worse, till there was no kind of ill turn that Bailey would n't do me, and I was n't behind him in any sort of mischief. Our wives were separated from each other, and there was a complete family quarrel. Bailey's wife and he had a terrible time of it; she took to liquor, and he handled her

roughly enough. That poor woman," said he, pointing to his wife, "had a hard time of it, too; but she never took a drop of the vile poison. She never gave me an unkind word in her life; and, if I ever lifted my finger against her, in anger, it must have been when I was crazy with liquor." — "You never did, George," said Peggy Webber. — "Well, I am grateful," continued her husband, "that I have not that sin against me. However, it was bad enough. We got to be very poor, and I got to be very cross. When I was ill-natured, Peggy used to cry; and, when I was only melancholy, she used to come and sit down by me, and say all sorts of comforting things; and, whenever she thought it would do, she would urge me not to drink any more spirit. I lost all my custom, and we parted with the principal part of our furniture. Our house got to be full enough of misery, if it was emptied of everything else. I could n't pay my rent any longer, and our landlord began to talk pretty roughly, and threatened to turn us out. I heard there was a good chance for coopers at New Orleans, and asked Peggy if she was willing to go. She said yes, if I thought it the best course, but that she did n't see why we might n't get on here, as we used to. I told her we could stay here, and live on bread and water. She replied, that she should be truly happy to do so, if I would give up spirit; that she knew it made me poor and wretched, and that this made her so; and that she did not believe our misery would be lessened by a change of residence, but by a change of habit, which could be as well made here as anywhere else. I was not so degraded as not to feel the force of what Peggy said.

"My wife's father and mother were dead. There was a shrewd, honest, old Quaker, in our village, — you know who I mean, Parson Wheatly — old friend Boynton, as we call him — he was a very intimate friend of my wife's father, and took an interest in his children, and used to visit at Bailey's house and mine, till matters came to a very bad state. He was very fond of Peggy always. He advised her to persuade me to go and hear a temperance lecture. I went twice; and, though I had nothing to say against the lecturer, I could n't help smiling to think how little he knew of the force of a tippler's habits. He seemed to think a drinking man could throw them off, as easily as he could his old shoes. I knew better, as I thought, for I had tried. I've promised Peggy a hundred times, when I went out in the morning, that I would n't touch a drop, and I meant to keep my promise too, but I've come home drunk at night, for all that.

"At the time I was speaking of, when the landlord threatened to turn us out, and our best prospects were about as black as a thun

der-cloud, Peggy urged me to make a visit to old friend Boynton, and ask his counsel. I felt rather awkward about it, for I had avoided the old gentleman of late; and, whenever I met him, I had put on a sort of swaggering gait, which a drunkard occasionally assumes to show his independence. I could n't refuse Peggy's request, however; and, besides, I felt as though I 'd give the world, if I had it, to be able to leave off; so I went to see the old Quaker.

"I made my visit in the morning, and that I might appear decent, I had not taken a dram since the forenoon of the preceding day. I found the old gentleman at home. He relieved me of all my awkward feelings, in an instant, by his kind treatment. 'Ah, friend Webber,' said he, 'I am glad to see thee; thee hast not made me a visit for a long time; how is Peggy, thy wife, and thy little one?' —I told him they were tolerably well, and that Peggy had sent her respects to him. — 'Peggy was always a good child,' said he, 'and she maketh thee a good help mate, friend Webber, doth she not?' — 'A thousand times better than I deserve,' said I, 'as you well know, Mr. Boynton. If I did n't know how kindly you feel to my poor wife, I could n't have come as I have to ask you to help me.' — 'And pray, friend Webber,' said the old man, 'what wouldst thee have me to do? Thy wife's father was my friend, when I was a boy, when the heart is like softened wax, and impressions are made deeply. There are people in the world, as thee well knowest, friend Webber, whom it is hard to serve, but Peggy is not of that number, and if I can' — 'I have not come a begging,' said I, interrupting him; 'I have not come to ask for money, meat, fire, or clothes; and yet I have come to ask you to assist me to pay off the heaviest debt that a man can owe to a fellow-mortal.' — 'And pray what may be the nature of thy debt, friend Webber?' said the Quaker, evidently with a little distrust as to the condition of my mind, and the real object of my visit. — 'I will tell you, sir,' said I. 'When I courted my wife, I made her fair promises, such as most men make on such occasions, to be kind to her, and do all things to make her happy. These promises I have broken. When I married her, she had a little property, which you, as her guardian, had considerably increased: this property I have squandered. She took me for a sober man, and I have proved a drunkard. I have abused her kindness and good nature, yet she has never given me a harsh word or an angry look. Many times, when I had provided nothing for dinner, and supposed her without a mouthful for herself and her children, she has sent little Eli to find me, and let me know that dinner was ready; and, when I have returned, not unfrequently from the grog-shop, I have found her, if not cheerful, always kind, and

glad to have me come home, for I have always loved her, however I have neglected my duty towards her and the children. Peggy, somehow or other, always found something for dinner, a few roasted potatoes or a dish of dandelions, and, after Eli got to be old enough to catch fish, which are plenty in the pond, we had no lack of them in their season. At such times, I have always felt heartily ashamed of myself, and have solemnly vowed, again and again, that I would never touch another drop of spirit. But the smell of it, or the sight of it, or the very thought of it, has crowded my good resolutions aside, and, in a day or two, I have returned home intoxicated. Now, sir, if I could only cure myself of this dreadful habit, I could be happy, and so would Peggy. If there was no spirit, I could earn money and keep it. But I feel unable to resist the temptation, that is to be found at every corner. Rum has ruined me. I have disappointed my customers so often, that I have lost them all. I have nothing to do, and Roby, our landlord, has warned us out. Peggy has been anxious that I should come and talk with you, and take your advice; though I don't see how that will be like to help me.' — 'Thee talkest well and wisely, friend Webber,' said the Quaker: 'I have often grieved for thee and thine, and have long hoped, that thee wouldst come to reflect, as it seemeth thee has done, upon the fatal consequences of thy bad habit. I thank thee sincerely, friend Webber, for the confidence thee seemest to place in me, and thee shalt in no wise be the worse for it. Thee hast a just view of this matter, and thy feelings are right, and thee wishest heartily to reform; now why dost thee not put thy name to the temperance pledge? I was well pleased to see thee at the lecture about the middle of the fourth month.' — 'Oh, sir,' said I, 'I cannot do that, for I should never be able to keep clear of the temptation: I should certainly break my word, and be worse off than I was before. I dare not trust myself, Mr. Boynton. I don't think I could leave off for any length of time, unless I was compelled to do so, in some way that I cannot foresee.' — 'Verily,' said the Quaker, after a long pause, 'thy case is an interesting one, friend Webber, and I think better of thee, than if thee hadst a vain confidence in thyself and thy powers of resistance. I cannot advise thee to any course, until I have considered thy matter more fully. To-morrow will be the Sabbath; wilt thee call and see me again on the evening of the Monday following?' — 'I will, sir,' said I. — As I was rising to depart, the old gentleman took my hand, and holding it in both of his, looked me steadily in the face, with such an expression, as a kind father would bestow upon a child, whose welfare is very dear to him. — 'Friend Webber,' said he, 'wilt thee oblige me in one

thing?' — 'Very gladly, sir,' said I, 'if it is in my power.' — 'Well, then,' said he, 'as I wish thee to receive such counsel as I may give thee, in a profitable condition of mind, wilt thee promise me to forbear from tasting any intoxicating liquor till I see thee on Monday evening.' — 'I 'll give you my word and honor, sir,' said I, 'that I will not touch a drop.' — 'And may the Lord help thee,' said the old man, as he pressed my hand with great earnestness.

"I felt better for my visit. I found that I had a friend, for Peggy's sake at least, who did not utterly despise me. I kept my word with the old gentleman, and knocked at his door on Monday evening, with something like the confidence of an honest man. He opened it himself. — 'I am right glad to see thee,' said he; 'sit thee down. Well, hast thee kept thy promise?' — 'Yes, sir,' I replied. — 'Thee hast not tasted spirit since I last saw thee?' — 'Not a drop, sir,' said I. — 'I thought so,' he replied; 'thee lookest better than I have seen thee for a long time. Dost thee feel any the worse for it, friend Webber?' — 'No, sir,' said I; 'I feel better and happier.' — 'Well, now I must tell thee,' said the old gentleman, 'that I have been so much engaged since our last meeting, that thy matter has not occupied my attention so fully as it ought. I have had much upon my hands in connection with our conference, which takes place on Wednesday, and from which I shall not return till Thursday. On the evening of that day, I will endeavor to prepare for thee, and in the mean while, thee wilt promise me to abstain until that time.' — I gave him my promise and took my leave.

"In the interim I began to feel the want of occupation; and, having foreclosed myself from seeking it at the grog-shop, I endeavored to find it in my own."

When George Webber had reached this part of his narrative, he perceived that Peggy was deeply affected. A few tears had fallen upon her infant's hand, which the child raised towards its mother, with a smile of wonder upon its features, while its eyes were turned inquiringly upon hers. The incident had attracted the attention of the clergymen. — "You are thinking of old times, Peggy," said her husband. — "Yes, George," she replied, "I can never forget that week, nor how I felt, when I told Eli to go over to the tavern and ask you to come home to dinner, and he told me you had been sitting at work on the shaving horse ever since breakfast. I always had a fondness for music, but I never listened to any one half so sweet as the *rub a dub dub*, that you kept up upon your barrels after your return from visiting good old friend Boynton."

Mr. Merrick, who had become exceedingly interested in the cooper's story, begged him to proceed.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, "when Thursday evening came, I went once more to Mr. Boynton's house. He received me as kindly as ever. 'Thee lookest so well, friend Webber,' said he, 'that I need not ask thee if thee hast kept thy word.' — 'I have kept it, sir,' said I. — 'And is not thy home pleasanter, and thy wife happier?' — 'Oh yes, sir,' I replied, — 'have you made up your mind, Mr. Boynton, as to any course which would be best for me.' — 'I owe thee an apology,' said he, 'for thus putting off the full and final consideration of thy matter; but, if my life be spared, and thee wilt call on me on Monday morning, I will surely give thee my advice. — We have killed a pig, friend Webber, and my wife will have thee take along a roasting-piece for Peggy.— Thee wilt keep thy promise, I trust, until we meet on Monday.' — I thanked the old gentleman for his kindness, and, having renewed my promise, I returned to my family.

"As I was sitting at my work, it suddenly occurred to me, that I had already reformed, without knowing it. I sat for a few moments upon my shaving horse, marvelling at my own stupidity, in not having understood the old gentleman's drift before. I had not supposed it possible to abstain for twelve hours, and yet I had already tried the experiment successfully for nearly nine days; and, when I marked the increased happiness of my poor wife, and the lightness of my own spirits, I resolved within myself, that it should be something more than a nine days' wonder. I had n't been inside the meeting-house for about a year. Saturday night, after I had shut up the shop, I washed myself up nicely, and, when I went into the house, I told Peggy, if my coat was n't torn so badly, I 'd go to meeting with her next day. 'Why, George,' said she, 'I 'll set up till morning to mend it, if you 'll go.' — 'Do go, daddy,' said Eli, and running out, he got my bettermost shoes, and began to scrub 'em up for Sunday. I remember your text, that morning, Parson Wheatly, and I applied it to my own case — *Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.*

"On Monday morning I went to see my landlord, Mr. Roby; and, when I told him that I had left off spirit and meant to work, he agreed to wait for his rent.

"I did not go that morning to see Mr. Boynton, and, in the afternoon, he came, of his own accord, to visit me. — He found me hard at work. 'Well, friend Webber,' said he, 'thee didst not keep thy appointment. I hope thee hast kept thy promise.' — 'Yes, sir,' said I, 'I have kept my promise, and I trust, by God's help, to keep it to the end. If I can keep it for ten days, I begin to think

I can keep it for ten years, and to the end of my life; and such, I suppose, though I did not understand you at first, is the substance of the advice you intended to give me.' — 'Yea, verily, friend Webber,' said he, with a benevolent smile, 'I can do no more for thee than thou hast done for thyself. If all, who are given to strong drink, would make the effort, as thee hast done, the path of reformation would be found much easier than it is supposed to be.'

"Good old friend Boynton spread the news of my reformation, and I soon had as much business as I could turn my hands to; and from that time to this, Peggy has had no lack of that music that she tells you she is so fond of.

"If I am a better man than I was, your preaching, Parson Wheatly, with God's blessing thereon, has had its share in making me so. About two months after I left off spirit, Peggy and I went over together to see brother Bailey and his wife. He was sick in bed, and both were quite sober. They were greatly surprised at our visit. Peggy went up and kissed her sister, and I shook hands with them both. I told them that we had come to ask their forgiveness for all the hard thoughts, words, and deeds, which we had ever indulged or committed towards them. They behaved better than I had supposed they would. You know, Parson Wheatly, how it has all come round. It took a long time to bring it all right, but we have all four been members of the temperance society for years, and I believe there are few better friends than brother Bailey and I; and if there is no happiness under this roof, there is none in Eddington."

The Rev. Mr. Merrick became a devoted friend of the temperance cause. At parting, he assured Mr. Wheatly that he was desirous of commencing the reformation in Shuffleton as speedily as possible; and the haste with which he finally drove off from the door, produced an impression, that, where the bodies and souls of immortal creatures are at stake, he had come to the conclusion, that a minister of the gospel is in no great danger of going *too fast and too far*.

THE STAGE-COACH.

The pyrotechnist, after an exhibition of single rockets, until he has reason to believe, that the public taste may possibly demand some change, occasionally throws them up by the half dozen together. In the performance which is now presented to the reader, we have followed this laudable example.

The substantial parts of all the stories, which are narrated in the present volume, under the title of the STAGE-COACH, have been communicated to the writer, at different periods, in stages, steam-boats, and rail-road cars. They have been selected, for the present publication, from an inexhaustible mass of materials, gathered in a similar manner. They have been thus selected, on account of the entire respectability of those individuals, from whose lips they were received.

More than one of the tales, which are now presented, will, doubtless, appear extraordinary, and even improbable, to many readers. We are daily instructed, however, that the legitimate boundaries of truth are sufficiently comprehensive, to contain much that is wonderful and apparently improbable. In every instance, wherein a reasonable doubt might be supposed to arise in the reader's mind, the writer of these tales has corresponded with those, by whom the stories were originally told, and obtained from them a written narrative of the important facts.

It is the object of the present publication to illustrate the truth, that there is no protection against the evils of intemperance in age, or sex, or condition; — that the holy office is occasionally brought into contempt by intemperate clergymen; and that to Him, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, the sin of drunkenness is equally offensive, whatever the means may be, whereby it is produced.

PART FIRST.

Having tried the strength of my lungs and the patience of an indulgent assembly, for more than an hour, and having engaged my passage in the coach, which starts at three o'clock in the morning, for the village of ————————, I returned to my inn, and, requesting the bar-keeper to have me called in season, was shown to my apartment. I perceived, with some surprise and regret, that there were three single beds in the chamber, and one barely large enough to accommodate two persons of moderate stature, who were sufficiently disciplined to be content with their respective allotments. The single beds were occupied. — Upon our entry, — "'Pon my voord," exclaimed one of the sleepers, jumping out of bed, "it ish de stage come for me; vat ish de time, sare?" — "No, no," said the bar-keeper; "it 's not eleven yet; your stage will not be along for several hours." — "Sare, I tank you for your politeness; a leetil more sleep I vill 'ave;" and he stepped back into his bed, with a bow, which, however graceful it might have been, in the costume of the drawing-room, appeared supereminently ridiculous in his *robe de nuit*. — "Heigh-ho!" said another, as he turned over, somewhat impatiently, in his bed. — "You have no objection, I suppose, sir," said the bar-keeper, addressing me, "to sleeping with another gentleman." — "I have, sir," said I; "and you know well enough,

that you have no right to suppose any such thing; for I engaged a single bed, and you promised me that I should have it." — "Why, yes, sir," he replied; "but it 's court week, and we are very full to-night. To-morrow night, sir, we can give you a single bed, and a room to yourself." — "My friend," said I, "I cannot conveniently wait till to-morrow night, before I go to bed, for I am very weary. I shall pay your bill, when you call me in the morning, and, according to your engagement, you must permit me to sleep alone." — "Very well, sir," said the bar-keeper, shutting the door, as he retired, with unnecessary violence. — "You sarve 'im right, sare," cried the Frenchman, for such his dialect proclaimed him to be; "vât he promish you, dat he must parform: dat ish de law of France; so it ish in England, and de Low Countries, and indeed, sare, wherever I has been. I vill be your vitness, sare, wiz great pleasure, of all vat he say. If I vas not in bed, sare, I would have de satisfaction to hand you my card, but de morning vill do." — "Yes, yes," said I, desirous of getting rid of this troublesome fellow, "the morning will do." — I was soon undressed, and in bed. I turned upon my side, in the very centre of it. For the purpose of satisfying any new-comer, that, in the language of certain placards on the doors of manufactories, there was *no admittance, except on business*, I disposed my limbs, as nearly as possible, in the form of the very last letter in the alphabet. — I was striving to sleep, when I was again aroused by my unknown friend: — "Monsieur, — mistare, — I regret I cannot call your name, sare, — you vill excuse de omission." — "What do you want?" said I, with some impatience. — "Vat I vant?" said he, "notting, sare, only about de card; I go off so long afore de day, dat I vas fear I should not be able to hand you my card, wizout disturbing your rapose." — "I care nothing about the card," said I; "I wish to sleep, if possible." — "So do I," cried the person who had shown some impatience upon our first entry, "and I 'll be much obliged to you, mister, if you 'll stop your outlandish powwow till daylight." — "Vary vell, sare," cried the Frenchman; and, after humming the fraction of a tune, for a few seconds, to conceal his irritation, he remained perfectly silent.

During this period, the occupant of the other single bed, an experienced traveller, no doubt, gave intelligible evidence of his profound slumber, by snoring energetically. I was totally unaccustomed to this nocturnal annoyance, and found it impossible to sleep. I had not remained long, ruminating upon my ill fortune, when the person who had silenced the Frenchman, struck in with his nasal bassoon, in such an extraordinary manner, that, at first, I really

supposed it to be the performance of a waking wag, who, finding sleep impracticable, had resolved, for his amusement, to make night as hideous as possible. Its long continuance, however, satisfied me that it was no joke, but an awful reality. Now and then, it was even alarmingly stertorous and apoplectic. The inspiration of one of these trumpeters was so precisely coincident with the expiration of the other, that the sound became perfectly continuous. We are, some of us, so constituted, that, when our troubles are not of an aggravated nature, misery will occasionally be converted into mirth. Vexed and disappointed as I was, I found myself exceedingly disposed to laugh outright. At length, the loudest snorer suddenly suspended his operations, and the Frenchman, who, I had supposed, was fast asleep, exclaimed, "Tank Haven, von of dem ish dead." This stroke of humor was perfectly irresistible, and the loud laughter, which it drew from me, awakened the whole group. "What d'ye make such a noise for?" cried the stertorous gentleman; "can't you let a body sleep in peace?" — "Vell, vell, sare," cried the Frenchman, as he turned over, "now, maype, ve vill tak a fair start vonce more."

The *vis inertiæ* within me, which, for the present occasion, at least, may be translated the energy of drowsiness, enabled me to lock fast my senses, before the serenade recommenced. The powers of slumber seemed determined to make up, in profoundness, all which they had lost in time. The quality of sleep is often of more importance than the quantity. From such deep, deathlike slumber, it is exceedingly painful to be suddenly aroused. The sensation was eminently disagreeable, therefore, when I was awakened by a violent shake of the shoulder. I supposed I had overslept myself, and asked if the stage was ready. — "I 've been trying to wake you, mister, for ten minutes," was the reply; "and I 'm most froze, standing in the cold. Won't you jest move to your side of the bed." — I now began to comprehend the case, and, rubbing my eyes, beheld an uncommonly corpulent man, who had undressed himself for the night. He had one foot on the frame of the bed, and held the candle in his hand, which he was just ready to extinguish. — "Sir," said I, "you have been imposed on. I have engaged this bed for myself, and shall not consent to your getting into it." — "This is pretty tough," said he; "I 'm froze to death, a'most." — "You had better call the inn-keeper, and get him to accommodate you elsewhere," said I. — "I 'm fear'd he 's gone to bed, and all shot up," said the poor fellow; "howsomesever, I 'll try." — He did try, and he certainly succeeded. He rushed into the centre of the entry, in his undress, and holloaed at the top of his

lungs: — "Holloa! Mr. Stuffem, holloa! This ere man won't let me get into bed, holloa! holloa!" — The disturbance which followed, so far as I could judge, was rather extensive. I heard voices in all parts of the house; doors were opened in all directions. "Is it fire?" inquired a female voice. — "What 's to pay there?" cried the host. — "Stage come, — hey?" cried several persons at once. At length, the bar-keeper appeared, explained the cause of the disturbance, and led off his shivering customer to another apartment.

We had scarcely recovered from this annoyance, before the chamber door was opened by the porter with a light: — "Eastern mail 's coming, — hear the horn on the hill now, — French gentleman's baggage ready?" — "Dat ish myself," cried the Frenchman, leaping out of bed. — "Where 's your baggage, sir?" — "Baggage? — vat you mean — de big tronk? — no, sare, me no have 'em. I vill bring down my baggage wiz myself, sare." — "You 'll have to make haste, — the mail only stops three minutes to shift horses." — "Tree minnit! — no more? — 'pon my voord!" — The little Frenchman made all possible expedition. In a short time, the porter's voice was again heard at the door: — "All ready — mail can't wait." — "Immadiately, sare," cried the Frenchman; "whew, whew, whew, — come, Gabrielle." Upon this signal, a lapdog sprang out of the bed, and shook its shaggy locks and tinkling bell. The Frenchman seized a little bundle, which probably contained the bulk of his earthly possessions, real, personal, and mixed, placed upon his left arm a leather fiddle-case, and the favorite Gabrielle, and, as he hurried from the room, stopped for an instant at my bedside, to say, "Sare, dis ish my card, vich I have de honor to present; adieu, monsieur." Down ran the little Frenchman, and in a moment I heard the coach door close, the crack of the whip, and the rumbling of the wheels, as the vehicle rolled away over the rough, frozen ground.

I looked at my watch; — it was half past two o'clock. Half an hour remained to me, before the arrival of the northern stage. As I have always felt no inconsiderable degree of embarrassment and chagrin, when others, high or low, have been detained on account of my delay, I rose and began to dress myself. — I had just finished my toilet, and strapped my trunk, when the vehicle arrived. The porter met me at the door. "Ay, sir," said he, as he threw my baggage upon his shoulder, "I wish all other folks was as punctual as your honor." — "Well, my friend," I replied, "if the past night is a fair sample of those which are to come, there will be little sleeping in this house, and you will, of course, be spared the trouble of waking your guests." — It was extremely dark. A little per-

sonal contact, as I entered the coach, assured me that there were other passengers there. I was much pleased to find that my favorite seat was unoccupied. Having no partiality for a back seat, I prefer to place myself where I shall be least liable to interruption, upon the subsequent introduction of elderly persons or females. I was soon firmly planted in a corner of the front seat, with my back towards the horses, and my right shoulder to the canvass. It was very cold; the floor, however, was abundantly supplied with straw for the comfort of our feet; and the coach was made as close as possible. — "Frosty morning," said one of the company, shortly after we had started on our way. This, however, as Goldsmith pleasantly observes, in his history of the club of *savans*, having been addressed to no one in particular, no one felt himself bound to answer it. We had not ridden far, before the smell of brandy became very perceptible.

The present exhibition of any instrument, which has been employed for the destruction of a friend or neighbor, is, of course, exceedingly revolting. I once knew an amiable woman, who was immediately reduced to a condition of palpable misery, by the slightest effluvium of musk, because her infant child had been destroyed, though many years before, by its injudicious administration, under the direction of an unskilful physician. I have read, in a work of high reputation, an account of a gentleman, whose nervous system was by no means remarkably excitable on common occasions, but who instantly fainted, at the smell of opium, because his only daughter had fallen a victim to its accidental employment in a liquid form. These recollections presented themselves before my mind, as we rode along in silence, and in the dark. Wherefore is it thus? I inquired within myself. Why does not this disagreeable odor — which, by the way, was becoming more powerful every moment, as, in our closed vehicle, it was generated much faster than it could possibly escape — why does not this odor frequently produce the very same effects? Brandy has destroyed millions of mankind. Yet I have known a father, whom it had deprived of three children, and who still drank it with delight, while he invoked from on high, or, in more accurate language, from below, innumerable curses upon the temperance reform. I have known a childless widow, whose husband and children had been destroyed by this fatal beverage, still place the poisoned chalice to her lips, and apparently prefer its odor to that of the rose or the violet. And why is it thus? The shipwreck of a hundred emigrants, and the loss of all their lives, would, for the moment, be less likely to abstract the attention of the busy world from their multiplied engagements and cares, than the fall and

consequent destruction of a single aëronaut, in the centre of some great city. The first of these calamities occurs in the way of profitable business, and the other is the result of an idle and hazardous experiment. The first announcement of the bursting of a boiler, and the consequent death of a single human being, when circulated through the land, produced everywhere a sensation of astonishment and horror. Steam-boats were then mere problems, and locomotive engines upon rail-roads were unknown. But now they have become established, and are parts of our very mode of existence. They have virtually contributed to bring the ends of the earth as near again together, as they were before their employment, by an equivalent saving of time, *in transitu*. They are justly ranked among the most productive sources of emolument. To be sure, the loss of life, which they produce at the present day, is enormous; but it seems to be considered of little account, beyond a brief ejaculatory paragraph in some public journal, whose editor happens not to be interested in the stock. They are profitable, and that is enough. The indebtedness of the concern for so much human flesh and blood, sacrificed in its operations, is supposed to be sufficiently balanced by the profit, which the speculation unquestionably yields. — Brandy, and all other intoxicating liquors, are articles of commerce. They, also, individually and collectively, have produced innumerable deaths. 'But there is a distinction to be considered here, which is obvious and broad: the application of steam power is eminently useful to mankind; those who are engaged in such operations as are connected with its use, are not thereby impelled, as by an irresistible demon, to the commission of every crime; they are not necessarily plunged into every species of misery; and, instead of being reduced to poverty, they are in the way of acquiring their daily bread. The very reverse of all this is true in regard to intoxicating liquor, for it is infinitely worse than useless as a beverage. Here, then, is an extraordinary condition of things. If the great mass of those, who traffic in intoxicating drinks, do not profess to be Christians, the great majority affect to be tenacious of their reputation as moral men; and yet they stop not, for a moment, to count the loss of health, and property, and respectability, and life, temporal and eternal, which inevitably follows, as a consequence of their traffic. Many of these men, who would repel the general charge of immorality, are, nevertheless, perfectly satisfied with a vocation like this. Their employment is lawful; and the mass of wretchedness and loss of life, which follow, are matters to be settled between the consumer and his God! — The end is not yet, thought I; in the day of judgment, I cannot believe it will be determined precisely thus.

I continued to ruminate in this manner, as we rolled silently forward in the dark, until my cogitations were interrupted by a sound, precisely similar to that, produced by the sudden extraction of a cork from the mouth of a bottle. The noise manifestly originated within the vehicle, in which we were riding; and in a very few seconds, the odor of the brandy-cask became more pungent than ever. It really appeared to me a measure of indecorum, amounting almost to audacity, in the present era of comparative purification, to travel with a brandy-bottle in a stage-coach, and deliberately to draw the cork and partake of its contents, in the company of others. After a short time, the effluvium became so exceedingly disagreeable, associated as it was with the conviction, that it came into my own nostrils, hot and reeking, and doubly distilled, from the gastric apparatus of some human being, that I resolved to let down the window of the carriage. — "It is so close," said I, suiting the action to the word, "that I presume no one will object to a little fresh air." — "Dat ish a goot move, mynheer," said one of the passengers, in a rough voice, whom, from his language and accent, I supposed to be a Dutchman. I have often remarked, that, when the suspicion of guilt is suddenly awakened, in a miscellaneous company, the offender is often the first to reply to any observation, which stimulates the consciousness of obliquity. — In the language of Paul, I "*wished for day*," that I might behold the visage of this barbarian, who had thus violated the rules of common decency. But, as I had no reason to expect its speedy approach, I rolled myself up in my cloak, and soon fell asleep. My slumber was once or twice partially interrupted, by a sort of imperfect consciousness, when the stage occasionally stopped upon its way. When I awoke, there was barely light enough to examine my watch, and I was gratified to find I had, for nearly two hours, enjoyed unbroken slumber. I was now able to discover the general outlines of my fellow-travellers. Upon the back seat, were three females. Upon my left hand, and on the same seat with myself, were two of my own sex, and the middle seat was occupied by two others. Day now began to pour in upon us rapidly, and the dress and features of my companions were clearly visible. The reader may rest assured, that I kept a sharp look-out for the Dutchman. When any individual, whom we have never seen, has made an agreeable impression upon our minds, or the reverse, imagination delights to play the statuary, and executes a model of the original; but how very frequently we are compelled to cast it down as faithless and unjust! Upon the present occasion, however, I had an image of the Dutchman in my mind, which proved to be tolerably correct. In selecting him from the group, I had

fixed my eyes upon a heavy, round-shouldered personage, apparently about five and fifty years of age, sitting upon the middle seat, his complexion, though red enough, for one of intemperate habits, was somewhat clearer than I should have expected. He wore a comfortable wrapper of huge dimensions, and sat with both hands resting on the top of an unpeeled hickory staff. His ample countenance had once been subjected to the ravages of the small-pox His eyes, which were uncommonly small, were placed in his head, in the most unneighborly manner, and his dark, grizzly hair, which was very abundant, hung forth in every direction, from under a broad-brimmed hat, not much the worse for wear. The still expression of his countenance was decidedly severe. I was not left long in doubt, if I had singled out the Dutchman. His little twinkling eyes no sooner encountered mine, than he exclaimed, in the same gruff voice, motioning with his head towards the coach window, "He vill pe foine day."—I replied simply by nodding assent, and we still rode on in silence. By his side, upon the same seat, and directly opposite to my left-hand neighbor, sat a well-dressed young man. He upon my left was a grave personage in black, who bore evident marks of ill health, and the one beyond, upon the same seat, was apparently a gentleman, and, as I conjectured, over seventy years of age. One of the females, who sat in that corner of the stage, which was diagonally opposite to mine, possessed uncommon comeliness of person. I judged her age to be about four or five and twenty. She had a Tuscan straw bonnet, prettily lined and trimmed, an exceedingly neat riding-cloak, with a boa round her neck, and a travelling-basket of wicker on her lap. Immediately next to her, sat a decently-dressed woman of forty, bearing in her countenance those peculiar characteristics, which can never be mistaken, whether we encounter them in the over-peopled cellars and garrets of a city, or upon their secondary emigration to the far-away west, and which mark, beyond the possibility of misconception, a native of the Emerald Isle. The corner, directly opposite to me, was occupied by a much younger woman, who had still the marks and numbers of personal beauty. She was extremely pale, however, and dressed in the deepest mourning.

The silence of our journey was finally broken by the elderly gentleman, who sat in the corner, on my left hand.—"I attended your lecture last evening, sir," said he, addressing himself to me;—"there is still a great amount of intemperance in our country."—"Yes, sir," I replied, "undoubtedly there is; but I think we are apt to deceive ourselves, in regard to that amount, because our attention is, at the present day, more likely to be attracted by indi-

vidual cases, than it was in former times." While I uttered this reply, looked steadily at the Dutchman. He discovered not the slightest evidence of embarrassment, but instantly exclaimed, "Dat ish de matter; von trunkard now look more pig, nor foorty ven I vas a leetil poy." — I was at first astonished at this fellow's impudence, who was accustomed, as I entertained not the shadow of a doubt, to travel with his brandy-bottle in his pocket; but I immediately recollected, that there are moderate drinkers, who, whatever may be the ultimate result, have not the slightest apprehension of ever becoming drunkards. This man, thought I, is of that number. — "I never fail," continued the elderly gentleman, "to attend these lectures, for I think highly of the temperance reformation, as a grand moral machine; and I have a sufficient reason, of a private nature, for bidding it God speed. Some lecturers deal in nothing but statistics from beginning to end; others appear to think, that intemperance, and all its awful effects, are legitimate subjects for mirth. Now I cannot think so. When I was a boy, I used to laugh at the serpentine movement of a drunkard. I used to follow and hoot at him, as he staggered, and pelt him perhaps, when he fell in the mire. But, could I renew my youth and still retain my present knowledge, I should not have the heart to do so again. When I see a poor drunkard, at the present day, I follow him, in imagination, to his hovel of misery, — the trembling wife, the victim of his diabolical career, appears before me; I see his terrified children, as they fly at his approach, and I have no appetite for laughter." — "Poor childher! dat ish roight, mynheer," cried the Dutchman, as he raised his staff a few inches, still grasping the end of it with both hands, and bringing its lower extremity with some violence upon the floor. — This is an extraordinary creature, said I within myself. But I was still more perplexed, when, in an instant after, I saw him brush the tear from his eye. After all, it may be nothing but the brandy, thought I. — "Sir," continued the old gentleman, still addressing himself to me, "there is one particular, in which I think you gentlemen, who lecture upon temperance, are strangely mistaken; you direct your remarks exclusively to your own sex, as though you had the same notions of intemperance in women, which the Athenians entertained of parricide, and supposed the crime of drunkenness impracticable by females." — "Why, sir," said the gentleman in black, who sat at my elbow, and who had taken no part in the conversation before. "you will admit, that such cases are exceedingly rare." — "No. sir," replied the elderly gentleman, "I shall admit nothing but the truth, and it is by no means true hat such cases are exceedingly rare My experience

in public and private life, for many years, has made me acquainted with a great many intemperate women." — At this moment, the Irish lady was seized with a violent fit of coughing. — "Do you not think, sir," inquired the gentleman in black, "that such examples are rare, among the higher orders of society?" — "As far as my experience has gone," replied the other, "there are more drunken men, among the lower, than among the higher classes. I believe there are not so many drunken women in the lower ranks, as drunken men, but there are very many. Among the higher classes, I believe the proportion of the drunken women to the drunken men is relatively about the same. Every vice may be so qualified, and adorned, and subtilized, that its real essence may be as effectually concealed, as the principal ingredient in a quack nostrum, by the presence of some pungent, essential oil. Vice may thus pass unchallenged, through the world. Now and then, some sturdy herald may cry, *Who goes there!* But such evidences of fidelity, in those high places, where sin has built itself a citadel, are not often the passports to favor and promotion. Drunkenness in high life, you must remember, is not so disgusting a spectacle. The wife of a common laborer, drunk with rum, stretched upon the floor of their dirty kennel, and surrounded by a group of filthy, starving children, is certainly a revolting object. But a fine lady, splendidly arrayed, who happens to be made garrulous, familiar, inarticulate, and at last sillily or stupidly drunk upon champagne, or whiskey punch, or Madeira, is not such an unattractive object after all." — "Pray, sir," again inquired the gentleman in black, "what do you mean, by the word *drunk*, in these examples?" — "I mean this, sir," replied the other: "when a female is in such a condition, that she solicits or permits familiarities, by word or look, from the other sex, which she would not permit, and much less solicit, were it not for the champagne, she is then drunk. But this is not all, sir: go and ask any respectable female, who has seen much of gay, fashionable life, if the wine, and hot whiskey punch, and liqueurs, consumed by young girls, and old girls, and married ladies, at routs, assemblies, and balls, are not frequently used in such measure, as to disturb the functions of the brain and nerves in an obvious manner, and you may be sure of an affirmative answer."

During this conversation, the passengers, with a single exception, were extremely attentive to the old gentleman's remarks, who spoke with the air of a man, who had witnessed the very effects, which he so naturally described. The pretty woman in the Tuscan straw had been sitting for some time with her eyes closed. — "Female drunkenness," continued the elderly gentleman, 'is not confined to

the two extremities of social life: there is a large proportion among the middling classes. Why, sir," said he, "I have seen a well-dressed young female of that rank of society, go deliberately to a tavern bar, early in the morning, and take her dram, and have her brandy-bottle filled before she took her seat in the stage-coach." — "Tonder!" cried the Dutchman, rolling up his eyes. — At this moment, the young woman in the Tuscan appeared to awaken from her slumbers. She drew her cloak more closely about her neck, and seemed to become very suddenly engaged in the adjustment of her bonnet and curls. — "Sir," continued the old gentleman, whose experiences were like the contents of the widow's cruise, "I have known this very young woman, of whom I now speak, within half an hour from the time when she took her first dram at the bar, draw forth the stopper of the casket, that contained her jewel, and take another, as she travelled in the public coach." — "Vy, mynheer," exclaimed the Dutchman, "vat a salt herring of a woman dat must pe!" — "Mister," cried the young woman in the Tuscan, addressing the elderly gentleman, with an expression of ill nature, "why can't you let the women alone, and talk about the drunken men? there are enough to serve your turn, I'm sure." — "If my remarks are unpleasant to you or any other person in the carriage," replied he, with much suavity of manner, "I will certainly not continue them." — "I don't care whether you do or not," she rejoined; "it's very ridiculous for you to tell about women's drinking brandy in the stage. I don't believe it. Here 's three of us; now which was it?" — "I have made no accusation against any person present, my good woman," replied the old gentleman. — "Your good woman!" retorted the Tuscan; "I'm not your good woman neither, by a great sight, and I guess now, mister, you better mind your business, and hold your impudent slack." — "Shlack!" said the Dutchman; "vat ish dat?" as he lifted up his hands in amazement, and half timidly turned his head to behold the speaker. — The old gentleman made no reply, but his uncommonly expressive countenance was full of things unutterable. — Here, then, was an *éclaircissement*. Of course I had done manifest injustice to the poor Dutchman, for which I would most cheerfully have craved his pardon. We rode on, for a few moments, in silence; the interchange of glances among the company establishing the fact, that not a doubt remained in regard to the real nature of the case, or the identity of the guilty party.

During the short silence, which ensued, I turned my eyes upon this young woman, whom I had thought so uncommonly pretty; a marvellous change had taken place in her appearance,

within a brief space, or the new associations, which had arisen in my mind in regard to her, had operated strangely upon my powers of vision. In her agitation, she had thrown her dress into some little disorder: her hair had fallen down; and her bonnet, accidentally, or perhaps to avoid our scrutiny, had become drawn to one side of her face. She seemed not to sit very firmly in her seat. Occasionally I obtained a fair view of her features. I could not doubt, that the brandy she had taken, upon an empty stomach, had already affected the brain and nerves. Her eyes had lost a portion of their brilliancy; her color was heightened to a remarkable degree undoubtedly in part from anger; her lips were apart, and wore that dry, yet varnished appearance, which is not unusual with intoxicated persons; and the general expression of her features was characterized by that air of defiance, which is not unfrequently exhibited by a guilty person, who, though conscious of being suspected, is still confident in the insufficiency of the evidence against him. While I was occupied in contemplating her countenance, some movable article, upon the floor of the vehicle, now and then struck against my foot: I cast down my eyes to ascertain the cause, and observed a flat bottle, of that description, which, in the cant dialect of travellers, is called a *pistol*. It was about half full of some dark-colored liquor. I had no doubt that it was our fair Tuscan's bottle, and that its contents were brandy. A rapid combination of circumstances instantly accounted for its present location on the floor; her willow basket, to which I have already alluded, was provided with a cover opening on each side; it rested on her lap; the jolting of the carriage, and the difficulty of keeping her balance, had canted the basket; the cover, on the side towards me, had fallen open; the bottle had escaped, and, sliding softly over her cloak, had fallen, unnoticed, upon the straw. I took it up, unobserved by her, and placed it in the corner of the carriage behind me.

Our elderly companion, who had been completely silenced, by the unexpected harshness of the Tuscan's retort upon him, felt himself sufficiently strengthened, by this little incident, which occurred under his eye, to renew the conversation. "We are not far from the inn, where we breakfast," said he, looking at his watch; "I shall relish a dish of coffee, and those, who prefer brandy, I have no doubt, will be accommodated, for the temperance reform has effected very little here, among the hills." — "Mister," said the Tuscan, "I guess you love brandy as well as other folks. If you 'll only have patience till you get to the tavern, you 'll get a plenty, and I guess there 's none any nearer." — "Young woman, I believe you are mistaken," said I, holding up the brandy-bottle

before her eyes. — The effect was electrical. It would be no easy matter to describe the expression of her features at that moment. She uttered not a syllable. Amazement, that her own brandy-bottle should have gotten into my possession, and be thus suddenly produced to testify against her, mingled with an almost idiotic smile or rather grin of half-drunken shame. — "I will not inquire," continued I, addressing this unhappy creature, "if this bottle of brandy is yours, for you have asserted that there was none nearer than the tavern. Is it yours, sir?" addressing the young man who sat before me. — "No, sir," said he, "I never saw it till you took it from the floor." — I repeated the inquiry to the two gentlemen on my left, and received a similar reply. — "Is it yours, sir?" said I to the Dutchman. — "No, mynheer, I never trink em more nor tirty-foor year." — I inquired of the young lady in black, who replied by a faint smile and a slight movement of the head. — No one remained but the Irish woman; — "Is it yours?" said I. — "Indaad, and it is not, your honor," said she; "it 's not myself that wud be after taking the crathur along wid me that a way, ye may be sure; and enough o' the misery o' thrinking that same 's happunt to me and mine afore now, ye may depind." — "Look here, mister," cried the Tuscan, resuming the offensive, and turning upon me, "is n't that bottle yours?" — After the laugh had subsided, which this sally produced, — "No," said I, "it is not, and if it were, I should be one of the most inconsistent creatures in existence; for, last night, I lectured upon temperance; and propose to do the same thing to-night; but let us see if the driver can give us any explanation of this mystery. Driver," continued I, putting forth my head, and addressing an uncommonly fine-looking young man, who was driving six in hand, "we have found a bottle of brandy on the floor of your coach; does it belong to you?" — "Me, sir!" he exclaimed. "I have nothing to do with such desperate stuff as that; but I 'll take charge of it, sir." — I handed him the bottle; and, in an instant after, a crash, as it struck against the stone wall at the road-side, announced its fate. — "You 've broke my bottle!" exclaimed the Tuscan, as she half rose from her seat. — "Dat ish droll enough," said the Dutchman; "it ish like de judgment of Solomon's; nopody could foind vich was de true moder, till de leetil chilt was to be cut up." — The coach now stopped at the inn; and this unhappy young woman, after alighting, was scarcely able to reach the door without assistance.

After we were seated at the breakfast table, some one inquired of the girl in attendance, if the young woman, who was of our company, knew that breakfast was ready. "Yes, sir," was the reply;

"but she says she is not very well, and has taken a cracker and a glass of brandy and water by herself." — As we sat at breakfast, the case of this young offender was our only topic; and, just before we rose from table, the girl who waited, and who had evidently taken a very natural interest in our conversation, remarked, that this young woman had requested the bar-keeper to let her have another bottle of brandy; and, when he told her that the other passengers would be displeased, if a female rode in the coach with a bottle of brandy, she had met his objection, by offering to ride outside with the driver, but that he had still persisted in his refusal.

We all agreed, that the history of this unfortunate being, and of the origin of the abominable habit, which appeared to have obtained entire possession of her, must be extremely interesting, and the task of gathering such parts of it from her own mouth, as she might be induced, by kind and compassionate inquiry, to reveal, was assigned to me. — "I fear, sir," said the elderly gentleman, "you will find her so very stupid from intoxication, when we resume our seats in the carriage, that you will not be able to acquire much knowledge of her history." — "I reckon she 's an old offender," said the young man. "You probably reckon then without your host, my young friend," remarked the elderly gentleman; "for she wears not the marks and numbers of one, who has been addicted to the habit for any great length of time." — "I once knew a case," said the gentleman in black, "of a young woman, who became intemperate from love." — "Vell, vary vell," said the Dutchman, "vat ish de case here but love of de prandy?" — "Perhaps," remarked the young lady who had occupied the corner in front of me, — "perhaps she has a tyrant for her lord and master." — "And that same it is, to be sure; you 've jist got a teeste o' the truth o' the hull mather, ye may be sartain," cried the Irish woman; "there 's nathing moor detistable contagious anonder the blissit sun, than a cantankerous, vile felly o' a husband, what 's a thrinking and swearing, and moor fuller o' divilment nor a bag o' fleas, fro' marning to night. It 's jist what the leddy has spukken; it 's a tyrant o' a lard and maaster what 's driven the poor sowl to her present perdition." — "May pe so," said the Dutchman, "but, of all de pig tyrants vat I ever read apout, de piggest tyrant and de hardest master vas von Mynheer Prandy-pottle." — "Stage is ready," cried the driver, and we resumed the seats which we had occupied before.

It has been affirmed, of persons partially inebriated, — rather, perhaps, in the language of folly than of philosophy, — that drinking more deeply will sober them again. I by no means assert, that any such cause had operated upon the present occasion; certain it is,

however, this unfortunate young woman, when we resumed our journey, had undergone a remarkable change in her personal appearance. She had lost entirely that expression of defiance, which she had exhibited before; she was silent, and apparently subdued. It was very evident that she had been weeping. But what more faithless than a drunkard's tears? I have seen them flow from the eyes of an intoxicated man, whose tongue, at the moment, stammered forth schemes of philanthropy, which failed not to evaporate with the fumes of the liquor he had drunken. I have heard of a wretched individual, who, during a period of religious excitement, had impressed his fond, credulous wife, and was probably himself impressed, with a belief, that he had reason to rejoice in the hope set before him; but, after a profluvium of tears and prayers, confessed to his inquiring partner in the morning, that he feared "it was nothing but the rum."—The apparent humiliation and penitence of this poor woman, seemed to excite the sympathy of every passenger, excepting those of her own sex. The Irish lady, in particular, turned her back towards her, as far as her relative position permitted, and appeared determined to give her, in the Scottish phrase, the "cauld showther." This conduct, in females, towards offenders of their own sex, is very common, and arises less from the absence of humanity than the presence of pride. The elderly gentleman, as far as I could judge from the contemplation of his features, appeared to regret that he had contributed to place her in her present predicament. The Dutchman's features had again become buckled up into that expression of severity, which they bore at an earlier period; and our other fellow-travellers were evidently solemnized.

It was not the easiest task in the world, to decide upon the most appropriate mode of executing my commission. I finally, however, decided upon that, which was simple and direct.—"Young woman," said I, with a tone and expression of kindness, "your fellow-travellers profess to be friends of the temperance cause. We have been sincerely grieved on your account; and, as it is now clear beyond a doubt, that you have made a free use of brandy, since you have been our companion, we are desirous, if you have no objection, to know something of the origin of this habit." She raised her eyes with a look of distrust; but the cordial compassion I felt for her, and which was doubtless indicated by the expression upon my features at the moment, served, in some measure, to dissipate that feeling. "It is a source of happiness to me," I continued, "to collect a variety of interesting facts upon the subject of intemperance, and, without any reference to particular persons, to present

these facts before the world, for the benefit of my fellow-creatures. I believe the history of your case must be an interesting one, and if it should not pain your feelings too severely, I think you would be willing to set up your own example as a beacon for others. I cannot believe, from all I see, that you have been very long addicted to this habit." — "I never drank any spirit," she replied, "till about three years ago, just after my youngest child was born." She uttered this reply in a suppressed tone of voice, and with evident emotion. — "You have been married, then?" said I. — "Yes, sir," she replied, "I was married eight years since." — "Is your husband living?" I inquired. — "I suppose he is; — I have not seen him for more than two years." — "Does he not reside at home?" said I. — "No, sir," she answered, "he left me about two years ago." — "Does he follow the seas?" — "He has of late years," said she. — "Two years," I continued, "is a long time; — and when do you expect his return?" — "I don't know that he ever will come back," said she. — At this moment, the old Dutchman shook his head; and, when I turned my eyes upon the young woman again, she had bowed down her face. Her bonnet concealed her features, but the tears were falling upon her cloak.

After a brief interval, I resumed the conversation. "I am fearful," said I, "that you have a bad, perhaps, an intemperate, husband." — My remark seemed to summon her to the rescue. Whatever may be the nature of domestic strife, foreign interference is rarely welcomed, by either party. — "No, sir," she replied, "I had as good a husband as ever lived, and there never was a more temperate man. He was a member of the Temperance Society. My husband was a carpenter, and worked as hard as any man, but he never took strong drink of any kind; and, if I could only say the same thing of myself, we never should have parted." — "How did you first contract this habit?" said I. — "After my last child was born," she replied, "I had a severe fever, and was brought very low. It seemed as though I never should recover my strength. Our doctor, who was a skilful old gentleman, said nothing would raise me so soon as a little brandy. My husband asked him if nothing else would answer as well, and was much opposed to my taking it. But the doctor insisted upon it. It was not pleasant at first, but I soon began to relish it with sugar; and, after a month's trial, I got myself into such a state, that I thought I could n't live without it. My husband was greatly distressed about it, and said he would not have it in the house. I then got it privately, and the habit was so strong upon me, that I used to lie awake very often, thinking how good it would taste in the morning. I have often said, and I say so now, that I would give the world, if it were mine,

to be cured of this hankering after strong drink. At last, my poor children" — "Poor leetil childher!" — cried the Dutchman, as he brushed away the tear from his eye — "My poor children," continued the woman, "began to suffer, and my husband became desperate. At one time, he would try to coax me to leave it off; and, after I had kept myself clear of it for a week or so, he would make me a present, though he could poorly afford it. At another time, when I could hold out no longer, and he returned and found nothing ready for dinner or supper, and the children crying, and his wife unfitted for everything, he would talk very harshly, and threaten to leave me. I deserved it all," said she, weeping bitterly, "and I 've thought, if he should come back, I would try to do better, and leave it off, though I 'm afraid I should n't be able to. I never thought he 'd really go away. He seemed, at last, to be giving the matter up. He let me go on, pretty much as I pleased. He used to take the two elder children, upon a Sunday, to meeting, and leave me at home, for I was ashamed to go there, as folks had begun to take no notice of me. A few days before he went off, he said very little to me, but seemed to be busy, packing his chest. I thought all this was done to scare me; so I took no notice of it. He finally put his chest upon a wheelbarrow, and wheeled it away. 'Good-by, John,' said I, for I thought he was n't in earnest; and I was sure he was n't, when I saw him coming back, in about an hour, without it. I told him he 'd made a short voyage of it. He said nothing — not a word — but took the children on his lap, and kissed them, and cried over them as if his heart would break. His silence, and his taking on so, worried me more than all his threats. Next morning, he asked me to take the three children, and go with him to see his mother, who lived about a mile off. So I got ready. We had an old dog that watched round the house. My husband patted the dog. 'Good-by, Cæsar,' said he, and he sobbed out loud as he said it. I then began to fear he was really going; and, as I thought how kindly he had always used me, and what a miserable wife I had been to him, I could n't help shedding tears. But I said nothing, for I still thought he only wanted to try me. When we got to his mother's, I saw his chest outside the gate. We went in, and the old lady began to shed tears, but said not a word. I then thought he meant to leave me. He looked at the clock, and said it was about time for the stage to come; and, turning to me, he took my hand, but it was some time before he could speak. At last, he mastered his feelings. 'Fanny!' said he, 'there 's but one way to convince you, that I 'm in earnest, and that is to leave you. I took you for better or worse, but I did n't take you for

a drunkard, and I won't live with you as such. You have often said you was willing to part, and could support yourself, if I would support the children, and you have agreed, that they should live with their grandmother. I've sold my tools and some other matters, and raised a hundred dollars, which I have placed in her care for their use; and, if God spares my life, they shall never want. When she writes me word, that you have kept clear of this habit for six months, I will gladly come back, but never till then.' While he was speaking, the stage arrived, and I saw them lashing on his chest. — I then had no longer any doubt. He kissed the children and his mother, and rushed out of the house. I followed him to the door. 'O, dear John,' said I, 'don't go, don't go, John; do try me once more;' but he never looked back; and the stage was soon out of sight. — 'He is a cruel, cold-hearted man,' said I, as I sat down on the threshold of the door. — 'Fanny,' said his mother, as she sat wiping her eyes, 'will you abide by those words at the judgment day?' — 'No,' said I, after a short pause, 'he is the kindest and best of husbands and fathers.' — 'Then, try,' said she, 'to kill that sinful habit, and win back your happy fireside.' — 'I will try,' said I; and I have tried, but how poorly I have succeeded, you all know too well."

When the poor creature had finished her narrative, which bore irresistible marks of truth, in the very manner of its delivery, there was not an unmoistened eye among us all. The elderly gentleman gave her the most admirable counsel. The old Dutchman turned round and gazed upon her, while the tears trickled down his weather-beaten features: "Mine Got," he exclaimed, taking off his hat with an air of the deepest reverence, while he spoke, "ven vill dere pe an end of dish accursed trade! Ven vill a pody leave off selling de fires of hell to hish neighbor in exchange for de poor leetil childher's pread!"

I learned from this woman, that, after her husband's departure, she had obtained employment in a manufactory in the town of ————. Upon my return, I had occasion to stop there; and, having ascertained her name from the way-bill, I discovered that a female, bearing the same name, had been discharged, a short time before, for intemperance. In the course of some remarks, which I made upon this occasion, I alluded to the traffic as a heart-sickening employment. The young man who sat immediately before me, admitted that it was such, and stated that he had tended a country dram-shop for several years. He was a shrewd young man, but wholly uneducated. We requested him to give us some account of his experience in the rum-selling line, which he did substantially as follows.

PART SECOND.

"I was rising twelve, when I went to tend for my uncle, 'Zekiel Snooks. I kept with him nine years, till I was twenty-one, lacking a few days. Mother did n't altogether like the business; but father had got down to heel, and they thought 't was a good chance for me to get along in the world. Uncle Snooks, when I first went, kept a pretty considerable smart sort of a concern, I tell ye. There was a'most everything there that country folks wants, from a plough-share clean down to a silk glove. But that did n't last a great while. Arter a spell, he gin up the biggest part o' sich goods as was not a great deal called for, and stuck to the main chance. No man knew which side his bread was buttered on better than uncle 'Zekiel. He was up early and late, looking arter things; he never lost a minute. I never knew him speak my whole name since I was born. He used to say he could n't spare time for 't. '''Kiah,' he used to say, when he had a little leisure of a Sunday night, arter prayers, —'''Kiah, my lad, you must keep the run o' matters. I 've lost a mint o' money, stocking my store with a pack o' trash that rusts, or rots, or goes out o' fashion afore it 'll sell. When folks gets a leetle down, the farmers scratch up their ground as well as they can, and the mechanics tinker along with their old tools; and their wives patch up their old gowns and petticoats, and wear their old bonnets, and coax the holes in their stockings clean out o' sight. The squire, maybe, turns his old coat two or three times, afore he 'll come to my shop to buy cloth for a new one; and the doctor runs down sugar, and tea, and coffee, jest because he can't afford 'em. But there 's one thing, 'Kiah, that never goes out o' fashion, and that 's the good stuff; and there 's nothing that brings in a profit like that. New England is the great stand-by, my boy, and I mean to look to that, as the main chance.' — Uncle 'Zekiel was a pretty good sort of a man for them days. There was no temperance societies then, as I know'd on. That was about fifteen years ago. I am now about twenty-seven.

"Uncle Snooks, jest about a year arter I went to tend his shop, did give up selling a great sight o' things, that he used to have, and got to sell a great deal more liquor. He sold a monstrous sight on it, for a'most everybody took more or less, in them times. He made a great profit, as I thought; but, somehow or other, he grew rather poorer every year. Our rum cost about twenty cents a gallon, afore it was rectified."

"Vat ish dat — vat you mean py *rectified?*" inquired the old Dutchman.

"Why, uncle 'Zeik used to rectify all the rum he bought, by adding about a quarter part of fresh spring water, and then we retailed it at six cents a glass, — a pretty slick profit, any how. There was nowhere else to go in our town; so it all went off well enough, — nobody grumbled. Uncle got cotched once, though, confoundedly. 'Bijah Cody cotched him. We got a fresh hogshead one Saturday; and, arter we 'd shot up shop, uncle Snooks and I staid to rectify it. I never could tell jest how it happened, but 'Bijah had got asleep on a bag of meal that was on the floor behind the settle, and we did n't see him when we locked ourselves in. The noise we made a shetting up waked him, I guess, and he seed the whole proceedings. We drawed off about sixteen gallons into an empty berril, and then began to rectify what remained in the hogshead. We had n't poured in more than four or five gallons of the spring water, afore 'Bijah set up a haw, haw; — 'Holloa!' says he, 'let 's have a thimble-full afore you make it any stronger.' — Uncle 'Zeik, ye see, was a member of the church, and he felt proper bad, I know. The drops o' sweat stood on his forehead like rain-drops on a cabbage-leaf, arter a shower. — 'You won't make no noise about it, 'Bijah, will ye?' said he. — 'Haw, haw, haw, haw, haw,' said 'Bijah. — That was all uncle 'Zeik could get out of him, till he told him he should have as much as he wanted, whenever he called. He lived four years arter that; and every day, foul or fair, he worked upon our dimijohns and berrils like a suction hose. Uncle had to pay the tribute. 'Bijah was confounded impudent, to boot. He 'd bring in three or four at a time; and, arter treating 'em all to as much liquor as they 'd drink, he 'd turn round to uncle Snooks and tell him to charge it to his petiklar account, rolling his eyes, and running his red rag into the side of his cheek in such an oddfangled way as made uncle 'Zeik hang his head and look as mean and small as a weasel. I used to think, that I would n't feel as he did then, for the vally of all the rum in the universe. But this was only a small touch of the troubles that uncle 'Zeik suffered in the rum business. — Many a one, that burnt himself up with rum afore he died, got his first glass in that shop; and there many a poor fellow drank his last. We used to have raal high times there now and then. Two thirds of all the quarrels and fights, and a'most all the lawsuits, in our town, I guess, begun in uncle 'Zeik's shop.

"There was no talk about temperance societies, in our town, at that time, as I tell'd ye. So long as a body could pay for his liquor, nobody else meddled with him or his concerns. Now and then, when the neighbors thought any one drinkt more than was good for him, and lickt his wife too much, they used to talk of having on him

posted. But uncle 'Zeik was one of the slickmen, and took his part at the board so long as he had any property, and always got him clear. Sometimes, a poor fellow would be hauled up afore the church, for being drunk every day in the week. But uncle 'Zeik, who, as I tell'd ye, was a church-member, and kept the run of everybody's drinking in the parish, used to make it out that he was n't drunk half so often as every day in the week, by a great sight; and then he 'd look round among the church-members present, as sharp as an old hen-hawk, and say, 'Let him who is entirely without sin in this respect, cast the first stone at him.' Then there used to be sich a spell of sneezing, and coughing, and snickering; and so the matter dropped. Church-members then, and ministers too, in them days, used to make nothing of taking a comforting glass. Our minister, Parson Cogle, seldom stopped in at uncle 'Zeik's shop without tasting a little Cogniac, and nobody thought the worse on him for that. — 'How,' said he, one day, to uncle 'Zeik, 'how do you construe the law which forbids you to permit persons to drink to excess in your store, Mr. Snooks?' — 'I 'm raal glad to hear you propound that are point,' said uncle 'Zeik; 'there 's nothing, to my notion, half so difficult in all Hebrews. There is n't more differ among cattle in their power to take off their load, than there is in the power of men to take off their liquor. There 's Farmer Ridgerow, — half a mug of toddy knocks him right up, so that he would n't know a harrow from a hog's-troth. Then agin, there 's Squire Pauncher, — he 's told me, many a day, when I 've ax'd him, jist in a dilicate way, as I 've been a handing him the fourth or fifth mug, if he was n't afeard 't would set a leetle heavy on his vitals, — he 's told me 'pon his honor, that he did n't feel that he got the good of the liquor at all, till he felt it somehow reach the right spot. The squire 's a man of sense, and you may rely on 't, parson, it 's one of the most difficult things in natur, to say when a body 's drinking to excess. The Ginral Court had ought to make this matter more plainer. One thing 's sartain, — when a body 's drinkt out his money, here 's a clear case of excess; and, arter a good deal of thought, I 've made up my mind that this was the ginivine meaning of the legislatur.'

"My mother used to say very often, long afore temperance societies came into vogue, that selling liquor was an ugly business: and she tried hard to get father's consent to my leaving uncle 'Zeik; but he would n't agree to 't. She had the right on 't. 'T was pretty tough, for a young man, who got nothing but an insight into the tricks of a trade that he did n't relish, to look on and see how it worked. A monstrous number of likely young men, and a good

many young women too, was used up in uncle 'Zeik's shop, while I was 'printice. The first liquor they took, as like as not, was all in an accidental sort of a way. Uncle could n't make change into a few cents, and so he 'd say, 'Well, it is n't exactly the price of a glass, but I won't stand with a good customer;' and while he was a saying so, he 'd fill a glass and reach it out, and afore a body could think whether he wanted it or not, down it went, and so the ice was broken. 'T was raal melancholy to see the beginning and end of some on 'em, from the time they laid down the dollar for six cents worth of rum and the rest in tea and sugar, to the time when they laid down a pistareen for three cents worth of tea and the rest in rum. I 've sometimes felt a kind of guilty myself, when I 've passed a castaway, working among the town's poor, on the public road, with his bloated face and ragged clothes; and remembered that I handed him his first glass in uncle 'Zeik's shop, when he was an industrious and happy young man.

"Uncle Snooks had a pretty hard time on it sometimes, when the women folks used to come and plague him, about not selling any more to their husbands. There was one Barny Belcher, who drinkt up his farm. They used to say his old cow choked him, because he sold her last of all his stock, and died in a fit, while he was drinking the very first dram, that he bought with the money he got for her. Barny's wife tormented uncle 'Zeik from morning to night; and her persecution, together with the loss of his property, as I always thought, drove him out of his business and shortened his days. She was a proper firebrand, though she never took any spirit herself. There was n't a happier couple, in our parish, when they were first married; and they had a family of four little children, that everybody used to notice, for their neat appearance. I 've seen 'em many a time, of a Sunday, going to meeting, hand in hand, and all four abreast, along with their father and mother. Barny was a very thrifty farmer, and I never thought he was the man to die a drunkard. It used to be said, that there had n't been a likelier couple married in the parish, for many years; for, though they had almost nothing to start with, yet they were, both on 'em, amazing handsome to look at; they were as smart as a couple of steel traps, and very industrious into the bargain. They did surprising well for several years. But he got to be an insign, and rum and rigimentals did the business for poor Barny, in less than no time. — When he got to be pretty bad, she first came to the house, and then to the shop, to get uncle 'Zeik not to let him have any more liquor. They had a good many talks about it, but uncle 'Zeik would have his way. At last she consulted a lawyer, and came over to the shop,

and gave uncle 'Zeik a raal dressing, afore more than a dozen customers. — 'Well, Nelly Belcher,' said uncle 'Zeik when she came in, resolved to be beforehand with her, 'what do you want to-day?' — 'Mercy,' said she, 'if I can't have justice. You know well enough what I want. I now request you once again, to sell my husband no more spirit.' — 'And how can I help it?' said uncle 'Zeik, somewhat disturbed by her resolute manner. — 'I have taken a lawyer's advice,' said she, 'and you have no right to sell to common drunkards.' — 'Do you say that your husband is a common drunkard?' said he. — 'To be sure I do,' she replied. — 'I really do not think your husband is a common drunkard, Nelly Belcher,' said uncle 'Zeik. — 'Snooks,' said she, clinching her fist, 'you are — what you are. You know that Barny 's a common drunkard, and you made him so, you old — licensed, rum-selling church-member.' — 'Go out of my shop,' cried uncle 'Zeik, stepping towards her. — 'I would n't touch the poor woman, Mr. Snooks,' said one of the company; 'she 's driven on by the state of her husband and children.' — 'Touch the poor woman!' cried Nelly, stretching herself up, — and she was the tallest woman in the parish, — 'let him lay the weight of his rummy finger upon me if he dares; and, though I 'm poor enough in purse, Heaven knows, I 'll show him that I 've the spirit of my father, who thrashed him, when he was eighteen, for stealing a sheep-skin. I won't go out of his shop, nor budge an inch, till I 've said my say, in the presence of ye all.' — 'Nelly Belcher,' said uncle 'Zeik, 'you 'll have to pay for this.' — 'Pay for it!' cried Nelly, with a screaming voice, 'and have n't you got your pay already? Have n't you got the homestead, and the stock, and the furniture? And did n't Barny pawn the children's clothes last Friday, and bring you every cent that he got for 'em? You 've got everything, from the ridge-pole down; you 've got it all here, among your wages of iniquity;' and, as she said this, she gave a blow, with her fist, upon the top of uncle 'Zeik's till, that made the coppers pretty lively, I tell ye. — 'Snooks,' said she, 'you 've got everything. I have n't a pint of meal nor a peck of potatoes for my children. Stop. — I 'm mistaken; there 's an old rum-jug in the house, that 's been in your shop often enough; you ought to have that; and there 's a ragged straw-bed; you shall have 'em both, and anything else you 'll find, if you won't let Barny have any more rum. — You 've made your bargain, Snooks, your own way; but there 's a third party to it, and that 's the devil. You 've got poor Barny's money in your till, and the devil 's got your soul in his fire-proof, and he 'll keep it there safe enough, till the day of judgment.'

"Uncle 'Zeik offered 'Bijah Cody a handsome present, if he 'd turn her out of the shop. — 'I 'd a leetle rather not, Mr. Snooks,' answered 'Bijah, with a look, that showed, plainly enough, how much he enjoyed uncle 'Zeik's torment. — 'Look here, Nelly Belcher,' said uncle 'Zeik, — and he was getting wrathy, for he stamped his foot pretty considerable smart, — 'the second Tuesday of November the court will sit, and you shall answer for this.' — 'What care I for your court?' replied she; 'the day will come, and it may come this hour, when a higher court will sit; and you shall answer for more than all this a thousand fold. Then, you cold-hearted old man, I will lead my poor ragged children before the bar of a righteous God, and make a short story of their wrongs, and of that poor young man's, who has fallen by your hands, just as surely, as though you had killed him with ratsbane. There 's not one of you here,' continued Nelly, 'that does n't remember me and Barny when we were married. You was at our wedding 'Bijah Cody, and so was you, Lot Mason. Now I ask you if you ever dreamt that we should come to this? Was there ever a little farm better managed? And, if I was not a careful, faithful, industrious wife to Barny, I wish you to say the very worst of me to my face.' — 'Nobody doubts it, Nelly,' said 'Bijah. — 'And were my little ones ill treated? Had n't they whole clothes for Sunday, and was n't they constant at meeting, for years, till this curse crept in upon us, like an adder? And, till then, did ye ever see a likelier man than Barny? And, as for his kindness to me and the children till that hour, it 's for me to witness; and I say it before ye all, that, before he tasted this old man's liquor, there never was a hard thought or a bitter word between us. He was the boy of my foolish love, when he was seventeen, and the man of my choice, when he was three and twenty. I gave him an honest heart, that never loved another, and the trifle of worldly goods, that my old mother left me; but he has broken the one and squandered the other. Last night, as I lay upon my straw-bed, with my poor children, I thought of our young days, and our little projects of happiness; and, as I saw poor Barny, in my fancy, just the trim lad that he was, with his bright eye and ruddy cheek, I felt my eyes filling with tears, as they 're filling now. I hope I may never shed another,' said she, dashing them off with the back of her hand, and resuming her look of vengeance. — 'I 'm going to cross your threshold, for the last time, and now mark me well. I ask you, once for all, to sell poor Barny no more liquor. If you do, I will curse you till I die, as the destroyer of my husband; and I will teach my children to curse you when I am dead, as the destroyer of their father.'

"'She ought to be shut up as a common brawler,' said uncle 'Zeik, as she left the shop. — But the solemn impression, which poor Nelly had made upon us all, prevented us from saying anything to comfort him. — 'You said you didn't think Barny Belcher was a common drunkard,' said Lot Mason. — 'No more I don't,' replied uncle 'Zeik, 'I consider him a very *uncommon* drunkard.' — 'That 's rather too cold a joke for my stomach just now,' said 'Bijah Cody, and he walked out of the shop. He, and Lot Mason, and Barny, used to be great cronies, formerly; and Nelly's talk had reminded him of it. 'Bijah's eyes were pretty red, when he went out, and he hadn't been drinking neither. He never came into the shop after that day. Two or three others, that were there, told uncle 'Zeik, that they thought he was wrong to sell Barny any more; and the old man came home quite sober, and down in the mouth. He had a horrid nightmare that night, and Miss Snooks said she had to shake him a'most a quarter of an hour, afore she could stop his bawling and yelling. He would n't tell his dream to nobody for some time; but, at last, he got superstitious, and kind of confessed it to Parson Cogle, who told it about the parish, in confidence. It seems uncle 'Zeik dreamt he was chased all night by a monstrous hogshead of rum, that he 'd rectified, and he thought, as it came rolling down hill after him, that it would crush him to atoms every minute.

"Uncle Snooks soon forgot his dream, and began to sell rum to Barny Belcher as before, whenever he got any money. It was thought, by a good many, that Nelly had lost her reason, or very near it, about that time. She soon found out, that Barny got rum at our shop; and sure enough, she brought her four little children, and, standing close to the shop door, she cursed uncle 'Zeik, and made them do so too. It worried him properly. Whenever she met him in the road, she used to stop short, and say over a form that she had, in a low voice, but everybody knew, by her raising her eyes and hands, that she was a cursing uncle 'Zeik. Very few blamed her; her case was a very hard one; and most folks excused her on the score of her mind's being disordered by her troubles. But even then, she made her children obey her, whether she was present or absent, though it was said she never struck 'em a blow. It almost made me shudder sometimes, when I 've seen these children meet uncle 'Zeik. They 'd get out of his way as far as they could; and, when he 'd gone by, they 'd move their lips, though you could n't hear a word, and raise up their eyes and hands, just as their mother had taught 'em. When I thought these children were calling down the vengeance of Heaven upon uncle 'Zeik, for having

made them fatherless, it fairly made my blood run cold. — After the death of her husband, she became very melancholy, and a great deal more so, after the loss of her two younger children. She did n't use to curse uncle 'Zeik after that. But she always had a talent for rhyming, and she used to come and sit upon the horse-block before our shop, and sing a sort of a song, that was meant to worry uncle 'Zeik, and it did worry him dreadfully, 'specially the chorus. Whenever he heard that, he seemed to forget what he was about, and everything went wrong. 'T was something like this: —

'He dug a pit, as deep as hell,
And into it many a drunkard fell;
He dug the pit, for sordid pelf,
And into that pit he 'll fall himself.'

One time, when poor Nelly sung the chorus pretty loud, and the shop was rather full, uncle 'Zeik was so confused, that he poured half a pint of rum, that he had measured out, into his till, and dropped the change into the tin pot, and handed it to the customer.

"I raally felt for him, for, about this time, two of his sons gave him a sight of trouble. They used to get drunk, and fight like sarpents. They shut the old gentleman down cellar one night, and one on 'em, when he was drunk, slapped his father in the face. They did nothing but run him into debt; and, at last, he got to taking too much himself, jest to drown care. Dr. Tilton said, that old Nelly was right, and that uncle Snooks would fall into his own pit, afore he died. — Mother, at last, got father's consent, that I should leave, and I 've been in an English goods store ever since Dr. Tilton often said I had a wonderful escape. If I 'd had as much relish for liquor as most folks, I s'pose I should have got into the pit as well as uncle 'Zeik." — "Ish de old man alive now?" inquired the Dutchman. — "Yes, he 's living," said the narrator. "After the temperance society was formed, he lost his license, and got to be starving poor, and the town had to maintain him. He 's been crazy for several years. I went to see him last winter with father, who 's tried to get him into the state hospital. It made me feel ugly to see him. He did n't know me; but all the time I was there, he kept turning his thumb and finger as though he was drawing liquor, or scoring it down with a bit of chalk upon the wall. It seemed as if he 'd forgot all his customers but one; for, though the wall was covered with charges of rum, and brandy, and gin, and flip, and toddy the whole was set down agin Barny Belcher." — "Vell," said the Dutchman, "jest dat vay my neighbor, old Peder Pendergrash, kick de bucket. He trade in dat shtuff more nor

twenty year. He vas vary poor at de last; he vas vary drunk; and, afore he die, he vas raven all de time about viskey."

"It is greatly to be deplored," said the gentleman in black, who sat next me, "that the church should occasionally be made to suffer, through the misconduct of its members."—"It is so," said the elderly gentleman, "yet we frequently encounter a mawkish sensibility upon this subject, which is exceedingly ridiculous. If free ships make free goods, it by no means follows, that church-membership, or the pastoral office, forbids the right of search. Yet there are certain persons, who very absurdly strive to conceal the follies and vices, which occasionally mark unworthy members, amid the great mass of excellence, which undeniably characterizes the body. Professing Christians, and particularly ministers of the gospel, should utterly reject the idea of casting the whole amount of Christian graces into common stock, and dividing *per capita*. We are, now and then, compelled to make the painful discovery, not only of error, but of gross and abominable sin, among professing Christians; but their respectability, as a body, defies the malicious ingenuity of man. There is not a legitimate branch of that tree, which Christ planted, to which this remark is inapplicable. Upon the body, there are, undoubtedly, excrescences, unsightly and corrupt, and their existence has just the same effect in lessening the integrity of the whole, as have the mountains of the earth, in lessening its sphericality. It would be nothing less than folly and madness, in one, who labored under a cancer, to suffer it to remain unextirpated, lest he should disclose the imperfection of a certain portion of his tabernacle. None, but a pompous and vain-glorious prelate, will expand his cassock, and display the apparatus of his order, and come down in all the parade of canonicals to the rescue, when nothing more is proposed than an inquiry into individual character, or the affixation of the brand of public scorn upon a convicted hypocrite. No, sir, purgation is a salutary process, and I am never weary of seeing rum-selling deacons, church-wardens, church-members, and guzzling clergymen exposed to the public gaze."—"If dere ish not good sense in vat dish old gentleman zay, I don know vere he ish," said the Dutchman. "I 've got a goot minishter now; he trinks de colt vater; he needs notting shtronger. Ven he come to trinking toddy, den I vill pe my own minishter."

"I agree with you entirely, sir," said the gentleman in black. "There is an undiscriminating portion of the community, which is liable to be misled, and there is a wicked portion, quite willing to mislead them. It is thus, that the church is made to suffer by such exhibitions. I do not say, that she loses, in one way, more than she

gains, in another. The serious contemplation of these delinquencies, in those, whose holy office seems to furnish a rampart of more than ordinary strength, is likely to increase our power of resistance, by teaching us a solemnizing lesson of human frailty, and thus leading us to the throne of grace in prayer for an unearthly support. The subject of intemperance is certainly one of the highest interest; and I am far from thinking, that our day, thus far, has been employed unprofitably." — "Jest so it seem to me," said the Dutchman; "de shtory of a poor trunkard ish like a beacon on de preakers, if a pody vill only keep a goot look-out. I followed de zea, and trinkt prandy more nor tirty year. Tirty-foor year ago, I vowed I would leave em off, if God should shpare my life. I vas on a wreck, ven I made de vow." — "You have lived long, and probably seen much of the world," said the elderly gentleman, who, like myself, had conceived a respect for the Dutchman's good sense and good feelings, — "suppose you give us a leaf out of your log-book, sir." — "Vary vell, mynheer," said the Dutchman.

PART THIRD.

"I 've heer'd mine oold fader zay dat it vas thought, dere vasn't an honest man in hish day, in all Holland, vat trinkt coold vater. — Vansittart, de great burgomaster, clapt apout a dozen in irons vat he found trinking coold vater, togedder; bekase he knowed dey vas a plotting mischief agin de States General. — My fader zay de council of de Lutheran chuch in Leyden, vere he vas porn, hauled dere oold minishter, Van Oort, over de coals for giving a beggar coold vater mitout any prandy, bekase, de council zay, he vas not given to hospitality. — Oold Van Krutzen, de sexton of our chuch, used to hire me, ven I vas leetil poy, to help him shcour de communion plate, and he always give me a trink of de wine vat vas left. Dat vas de vay I begins. Poor Van Krutzen, he got to pe a trunkard. Von toctor zay he must leave off prandy. So he try dat vay. After a leetil vile he thought he vas a dying; so he send for his oold toctor, and he zay, de toder toctor vas a pig quack, and told de patient to trink prandy agin. Van Krutzen lookt up and shmile, and ax de toctor how much he should take dat day. 'Von ounce,' zay de toctor. So, ven he vas gone, Van Krutzen zay to his son, 'Herman, get de measure pook, my poy, and read how much make von ounce.' So Herman gets de pook, and read, 'sixteen drams makes von ounce.' — 'Dat ish de toctor for me,' cried Van Krut-

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zen, as he rubbed his hands; 'I never took so many drams pefore in von day.'

"Ven I vas going my firsh voyage, as capin-poy, my fader pu me in de shtage to go to de seaport apout foorty mile. De shtage vas upset; von man preak his head, anoder his leg, and De Groot, de triver, vas kilt upon de shpot. De Groot vas trunk; — dat vas prandy. — Ven I got to de seaport, I shtroll apout de town half de night, get into pad company, lose de leetil monish vat my oold moder give me, and vas lock up in de vatch'ouse; — dat vas prandy. — De ship vas vaiting for fair vind eight day. At lasht he come, vest-nord-vest. Den de captain vas not to pe found till de next day. Ven dey find him, he vas so full of de shtuff he could n't navigate de ship; — dat vas prandy. — De vary firsh night after ve gets to zea, ve runs down a leetil shcooner; shtruck her jest apout mid-ships. After she fell off, she took a lee lurch to port, and vent down head foremost. Ven I hear de shock, I runs upon de deck, and jest zee her go. De crew cry for us to shtop. Ve hove de topsails apack, and gets out de poat, but ve vas running eight knot; and, afore de poat could pull pack to de place vere she vent down dey vas all drown but von, who held on to a shpar; ve save him. Tirteen lives vas lost, he zay. It vas pright moonlight night, but our vatch vas trunk; — dat, you zee, vas prandy. — De captain vas trunk all de time; so he don know vat he zay. He cursh and shwear ten knot an hour. He shcream to one man to pull de fore-top powline, ven he mean, like enough, de main-sheet. So de poor fellow he pull de fore-top powline, jest vat de captain zay. Den de captain he tie him up to de rigging, and give him two dozen mit de oold cat, bekase he don pull de foresheet; — dat vas prandy. — Von dark night, ven ve had a lee shore, de man at de helm, — he vas goot zeaman, — he zay, 'Captain Van Brandt, don you tink ve petter keep her a leetle nearer de vind, and hold off de land till de day preak?' — Den Van Brandt he cursh and shwear; — he vas pretty trunk dat night. — 'Vat, in de name of Tutch tonder,' he zay, as he shove de man from de helm, 'vat! you tell me how de oold ship shall pe shteer! You 're a lant-lupper,' he zay; 'de cook can shteer more petter dan sich a greenhorn as you.' So he called up de nigger cook, and tell him how to shteer; and, to show de oder man vat a fool he vas, he sail de ship a point vreer on de vind. Cato vas vary proud to shteer de ship; and ven de captain turn in, he tink he shteer petter, if de compass vould not shake apout mit de roll of de ship; so he open de pinnacle, and put a chip under de compass to keep him shteady, jest as he do mit his shpider in de tabouse. Apout an hour after Captain Van Brandt turn in, de

cook shteer de ship right on de preakers. I vas knock out of my berth. De zea made a clean breach fore and aft. It vas de young flood; dat vas goot luck. Ven de day come, ve lighten de ship, and get out an anchor ashtern, and, mit de full zea, ve get de oold hulk afloat. De vater-casks vas stave, and Cato vas gone. He zay he know Captain Van Brandt vould kill him; so, ven de ship shtruck, he jump overpoard; — all dish vas prandy. — Dish vas de lasht trip dat ever Van Brandt vent to zea. He die apout two mons after he get ashore of de liver complaint. De toctor zay dat it vas prandy. He vas buried de same day mit de burgomaster's lady, vat die of de same dishtemper.

"I have seen great deal of trouble in dish voorld, and prandy vas at de pottom. — De lasht voyage I go to zea, I vas de shkipper myself. I trinkt prandy den like oder volks. De mate, Jahn Grontergotzler, did jest so. After a shquall or a shpell of tough wedder, ven all de trouble and danger vas over, ve used to take de shnaps of prandy pretty freely. Von or de toder, me or Jahn Grontergotzler, vas commonly a leetil trunk in pleasant wedder. But ve took turns, so dat von should be sober to take care of de prig. Von time, ve had a terrible shtorm, in de Pay of Piscay it vas. It hold on four days; den dere come clear wedder. Ve thought it vas all over, and, vile de men vas repairing de damage vat de shtorm did, Grontergotzler and me took more prandy dan vas goot for us. Den it began to blow agin, and de shtorm came back ten times vorse dan pefore. Grontergotzler vas an oold man. Ven he vas sober, dere vas no petter to hand, reef, or shteer, dan oold Jahn; but ven he vas trunk, he vas goot for notting. De crew vas all young men; some of dem vas only poys, and dey had all been trinking a leetil. I shtaggered up to de helm, ven I saw de shquall coming, to help de man dere to get de prig before de vind; but I vas too late. De shquall took her on de proadside, and trew her on her peamends, jest as a shtrong man vould trow a leetil poy. Five men vat vas aloft, mending de sails and rigging, vas thrown into de zea, and not von got pack to de prig. Den came anoder zea, and trew her more over dan pefore. Ven I could zee, I look round for de living. Trunk as he vas, Jahn Grontergotzler — he vas vary shtrong man — vas holding on to de main chains; and close to Jahn vas Peder Oortzen, de capin-poy. De shtorm now seem to be content mit de mischief he had done, and dere vas no more shqualls. Every great wave passed over us. I vas in de fore-chains, and had lasht myself mit a rope; but de prandy made me shtupid, and I made up my mind dat I musht go. I saw dat oold Jahn musht go firsht, for he vas so trunk, dat he sometimes held by von hand. I

vas not so trunk myself, as not to feel for poor Oortzen, de capinpoy; I promished his moder to take care of him. I called to him, and told him to keep out of de oold mate's reach, for he vould go down soon, and if he got him in his grip, dere vould be no chance for him. — 'O, Captain Plombaak,' cried de leetil poy, 'I can't hold much longer.' Jest den, Grontergotzler let go, and, in his shtruggle, clutched Peder's right leg mit his hand. I cried to de poor lad to shake de oold man off; but he could not get rid of Jahn's deathgrapple; no more could he support de weight of de oold man, and his own peside; so he soon let go von hand, and den de toder, and, giving a shriek, he sunk mit oold Grontergotzler to de pottom. — I vas den all alone, and I vas glad I vas not too trunk to pray; my moder larn me to pray, ven I vas no more tall dan dish," — measuring half the length of his hickory stick. — "I pray to mine Got to shpare me, and I vow to trink no more prandy, and to try to pe a goot man. — Jest as de day vas done, I vas taken vrom de wreck, by an English man-of-war. I have kept my vow; I have trinkt no more prandy, nor any oder shtrong trink, for tirty-foor year, and I have tried to pe a goot man, so far as I know how, — but de merciful Got, who has shpared me, musht pe de judge of dat." — As he uttered these last words, the tears streamed down the furrows of the old Dutchman's face, and we were all deeply affected by his simple narrative.

For a short time, we rode forward in silence. — "It is a painful truth, sir," said the lady, who sat before me, directing her eyes, as she spoke, towards the elderly gentleman; "it is a painful truth, as you have remarked, that examples of intemperance are to be found among women. They certainly are, and among females of every grade in society. I have seen poor women, thoroughly drunk upon rum; and very fine ladies, who have dropped in, here and there, among their acquaintances and at confectionary stores, of a morning, and who had become ridiculously tipsy, and even worse, before they reached their own homes. I do not desire to excuse or even to palliate the offences of females, in this respect. But I believe, sir, there are no female distillers, nor wholesale brewers, nor wine-makers. The manufacture of the means of intoxication is pretty much in the hands of your sex." — "Your observation, madam," replied the elderly gentleman, "is perfectly just; and, in domestic life, though the husband may be driven to intemperance by the wife's extravagance, or defection, yet I believe a vastly greater number of wives are made drunkards, by the example of their husbands, than husbands by the example of their wives." — "You spoke, sir," continued the lady, "of intemperance among the

clergy. I scarcely know which is the more likely to excite our sorrow and surprise, an intemperate female of rank and education, or an intemperate clergyman." — "The clergyman, madam, beyond all doubt," replied the elderly gentleman; "he has been solemnly set apart, with his own free consent, for the service of his Lord and Master." — "The village, in which I was born," said the lady, "and in which I have passed the chief part of my life, is somewhat remarkable, for a succession of intemperate clergymen. Three, within my own knowledge, were intemperate men. They are now dead, however, and there is a proverb, you know, sir, which, in the opinion of many, exempts them from all censure." — "There is a proverb," replied the elderly gentleman, "I am aware, which forbids us to say anything but good of the dead; but I doubt the wisdom and the policy of such a proverb. I have more respect for the practice of the ancient Egyptians, which was precisely opposite. They suffered their living monarchs to reign uncensured; but, upon their decease, they proceeded formally to try them upon their merits, and awarded praise or censure to their memories accordingly. Few men are utterly regardless of posthumous reputation, whether its boundaries be the whole world or the corner of some little hamlet. It is said, that he, who dies, can take nothing with him: surely he should not be permitted to take with him into the grave of oblivion the reputation of his misdeeds. The highest and holiest motive is the love of God. But it is not inconsistent with the full and free operation of this heavenly spring, that others should act simultaneously with it, for the production of the same result. Thus the desire to leave our children that, which is infinitely better than riches, a dying father's good name, is a legitimate motive. How soothing, in a dying hour, surrounded by our children and friends, to ask, in the cheering confidence of truth, and in the language of the prophet, *Whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I taken? or whom have I defrauded? Whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith?* If dust to dust is to close the account forever, as between man and man, a strong inducement to good conduct is taken away. Judgment is with the Lord; but I perceive in the just expression of opinion, touching the merits of the dead, no presumptuous interference with the final decrees of an all-righteous God. We have given this day, thus far, to the subject of intemperance, and I shall be quite contented, if the remainder of it be bestowed in a similar manner; and, unless you have a serious objection, I should be gratified to hear some account of your three clergymen, whose errors ought not to terminate in their own personal affliction and

disgrace, but extend beneficially in the shape of a solemn warning to others."—"I have nothing to offer, sir," rejoined the lady, "in opposition to your reasoning; and I will briefly relate all that I recollect of their intemperate habits."

PART FOURTH.

"The temperance reformation has produced so great a change in practice and opinion, since the days of my childhood, that I have sometimes half doubted the accuracy of my own recollections. I occasionally ask myself, if it were really the case, that ministers of the gospel accustomed themselves, at any period, on week days, and upon the Sabbath, to the use of rum, and brandy, and gin, and their various compounds, such as sling, and toddy, and flip. But my memory suffers me not long to remain in uncertainty. A mass of melancholy facts soon gather to its aid, and leave not a doubt upon my mind. My earliest recollections of strong drink, are directly associated with the person of the clergyman, who was settled in our village, when I was born. He baptized me. That was twenty-nine years ago. Temperance was seldom spoken of, when I was a little girl, except in a general way. There was no such thing as a temperance society. Mr. Motey was about sixty, at that time, and had preached for our people more than twenty years. He was very fond of me, when I was a little girl, and used, almost always, when he came to our house, to take me upon his knee. Sometimes I was pleased to sit there, and at other times, I ran away; and when my mother asked me why I did so, I remember to have told her, that I did not like to sit upon Parson Motey's knee, when his breath smelt of rum. She told me, that I must treat clergymen with respect, and that ministers had a hard task to perform, and must have spirit to support them like other people. I soon acquired such a knowledge of Parson Motey's habits as enabled me to know, without approaching him, whether he had been drinking spirit or not. When he had not, his manners and tone of voice, were mild and paternal; but, when he had, they did not seem like a minister's: his face was flushed; his voice was loud; and his manners were light. He told very droll stories, and laughed very boisterously. Upon such occasions, I used to run away, and peep through the crack of the door; and, when he had gone, I remember to have said, 'Mother, what a funny minister Parson Motey is!'—The idea, that our old minister had done wrong, in this respect, never entered my mind. I can assign no cause, peculiar to myself, but, as I have

stated, his breath was very disagreeable to me, as a child; and his habit of taking spirit became such a daily custom, before I was six years old, that I never sat upon his knee after that age. Parson Motey was a great favorite with his people. He fell away sadly before he died, and I have now no doubt, that the habits of his parishioners, which were almost universal, some four and twenty years ago, operating upon his social nature, occasioned his downfall. Wherever he came, nothing was too good for the minister; and nothing was better than a cheering glass. There was nothing, in the nature of this good thing, which confined its employment to any particular hour of the day. Mrs. Motey herself was satisfied, to use her forcible expression, that it was the very life and soul of her husband. She was everlastingly stirring up something for Mr. Motey; and, if it were not precisely agreeable, it was no fault of hers, for full thirty-three and a third per centum of the racy mixture, whatever it might be, was commonly consumed by Mrs. Motey, during the process of preparation. I became intimate at the parsonage, as I grew older, and have frequently witnessed her performances. She invariably sipped a little of the raw material, whether rum, gin, brandy, or whiskey, — originally, no doubt, to ascertain its quality; but, at last, from the mere force of habit. As she poured in water, she tasted it again, to judge of its strength; when she added sugar, she once more sipped a few drops, to be sure that it was sufficiently sweet, for no man had a sweeter tooth than Mr. Motey; next came the nutmeg, and again this faithful creature applied the lessening compound to her lips; the poker, which seemed to be heated in a vestal furnace, — for it was kept constantly ready for action, — the poker was now immersed in the hissing and bubbling compound; and then — for she would not burn Mr. Motey for the world — then she lingered over the blessed strengthener, blowing and sipping alternately for five long minutes. It was amusing to witness the reverential air, with which she tottled up to her lord and master. and presented all that remained of the fruit of her labors. She seemed almost to worship her good husband, and Jupiter had not a more obsequious cupbearer in Ganymede. — In the morning, Mr. Motey must not go out without something to keep the wind off his stomach. He must take a little brandy before dinner, for an appetite, and a little after, for a digester. He must lace his coffee with a little brandy, to prevent it from gnawing on his vitals; and a cup of hot gin sling, to promote repose. If she visited in his company, she would scarcely be seated, before she whispered in the ear of the hostess, — 'Mr. Motey I think, my dear, would like to take a little something.'

"Mr. Motey was a man of talents. He had full possession of the love and respect of his parishioners, till he gradually lost them both, as this habit of intemperance became more manifest, from year to year. It is fully impressed upon my memory, that his conduct in the sanctuary was occasionally very extraordinary. I have known him deliver a funeral sermon in the morning, in his ordinary manner, himself apparently unmoved, while the relatives were evidently convulsed with sorrow; on the afternoon of the same day, I have heard him deliver a very common-place discourse, upon some point of doctrine, entirely unsusceptible of pathos, and, during the delivery, I have seen him shed tears profusely. At that time, my father, who was a farmer, had a man in his service, who had previously lived in the family of Parson Motey. This man heard my father expressing his surprise after meeting, and remarked that he guessed he knew how it happened. 'And how do you account for it, Jedediah?' said my father. 'Why, sir,' he replied, 'if I may be so bold, it 's hot sling. It always acts jest so upon the old gentleman. The old lady never fails to stir him up a mug arter preaching, and now the intermission 's so short, it takes holt on him, jest about the eend of the second prayer or the beginning o' the sarmon. Hot sling makes the old gentleman as kind as pie. He come out into the kitchen one Sunday night, and told me how he had some thoughts o' building me a house and barn.'

"His habits became, at length, so very bad, that the necessity of a separation began to be whispered about. Upon one occasion, we had rain for six days, without an hour's intermission. It was in mowing time; and, unfortunately, the farmers had cut vast quantities of hay, which lay spoiling on the ground. On Sunday afternoon, while it was pouring down in torrents, Parson Motey prayed most fervently, that the windows of heaven might be opened, complaining that the whole earth was turned to powder and dust. Farmer Thaxter, a neighbor of ours, who had cut forty acres, and had not got in a spire of it, was in a terrible passion; but my father endeavored to soothe him by stating that such extraordinary prayers could not be granted. A committee was appointed to wait upon this poor old man, and warn him to avoid the discipline of the church, by retiring from the post, which he had dishonored. This committee held several meetings, but could not elect a chairman. Notwithstanding his misconduct of late years, no one of the committee could be prevailed upon to take the lead, and be the herald of such painful tidings. One remembered that his earliest religious impressions had been received under this old man's ministry; another had heard him, in better days, pouring forth his whole soul

in prayer, by the bedside of a dying father. This perplexity, however, was not of long duration. About a fortnight after the appointment of the committee, it pleased God to take the cause into his own hands. An apoplectic fit terminated the old gentleman's career. His widow survived him a few years only. Three of his children are drunken paupers in the poor-house of ————.

Our pulpit was supplied for about three months, by different preachers. Of all those who officiated among us, no one appeared to excite so much interest, as the Reverend Philander Featherweight. He was a very handsome young man, and certainly exerted a powerful influence, in calling out the unmarried females of our congregation, between the years of fifteen and thirty. During the last five years of Mr. Motey's ministry, the McTweedle pew had remained almost entirely unoccupied: but no sooner was it matter of rational conjecture, that Mr. Featherweight would be our pastor, than the pew was furnished with new cushions, and the seven Miss McTweedles were constantly in their seats, during morning and evening service. Mr. Featherweight was undoubtedly indebted, not a little, to his personal appearance and address, for his rapid growth in the good graces of our young people. His whiskers were the largest, and the blackest, and altogether the handsomest, that had been sported in our parish, for many years; though there were some, who thought them not quite so glossy, as those of young Atherton the stage-driver. When the Reverend Philander Featherweight walked across our common, with the velvet facing of his cloak thrown gracefully over his shoulder, *à la cavalier*, a warm-hearted friend of mine, Miss Arethusa Cooley, avowed her conviction that he would certainly fill the church. His dress and manner were, according to the good old standard, somewhat unprofessional. 'Even the dress of a clergyman,' says an agreeable writer,* 'should be in character, and nothing can be more despicable than conceited attempts at avoiding the appearance of the clerical order; attempts, which are as ineffectual as they are pitiful. Dr. Porteus, the Bishop of London, in his excellent charge, when presiding over the diocese of Chester, justly animadverts upon this subject, and observes of a reverend fop, that he can be but half a beau.'—Mr. Featherweight's sermons were exceedingly flowery, and his gestures were not ungraceful. Old Deacon Tower, who was a man of sterling worth, and sterling sense, was evidently dissatisfied with the new candidate. The deacon was a man of few words, and, when the Reverend Philander Featherweight was commended, by some young people, in

* Boswell's Life of Johnson, Lond. Ed. 1835. Vol. viii., p. 50.

the good deacon's hearing, for his beautiful tropes and figures, and his elegant gestures, the deacon observed, with a pleasant smile, — 'Not only so, but also.'

"Mr. Featherweight was nevertheless getting to be very popular with our people, and it became pretty generally understood, that he would have an invitation to settle. These fair prospects were destined to be blasted. A deputy sheriff arrived in our village, and arrested the Rev. Philander Featherweight for a debt, contracted in the town of ————. Some of our people obtained a sight of the writ, and the account annexed, and it was soon whispered about, that the claim was for the amount of a confectioner's bill of two years' standing, and that the principal items were jellies, cakes, and cordials. 'What do you think of this?' said my father to old Deacon Tower. — 'Providential,' — replied the deacon. This incident closed the account forever between our people and the Reverend Philander Featherweight. When the breach has been once effected, it is surprising how rapidly the waters will find their way through the *crevasse*. No sooner had the reputation of this young man become a questionable matter, than every sharp-shooter of the village made use of it for a target, and reports, of which several were but too well founded, were extensively circulated, to the disparagement of the Reverend Philander Featherweight. It was proved, beyond all doubt, that his habits were intemperate; and that he had concealed his evil disposition, during his period of probation, that he might the more certainly secure a settlement.

"We continued more than eighteen months, without a settled minister, depending, for the services of the sanctuary, upon such clergymen as we could obtain from week to week. Those individuals, upon whom the selection of a minister chiefly depended, had become extremely wary, and went to their work, after their past experiences, with fear and trembling. At last, the voice of the people appeared to fall, with a remarkable degree of unanimity, upon the Reverend Cyprian Pottle. He was about thirty years of age. His personal appearance was inferior to Mr. Featherweight's, but he had the reputation of great learning and piety. He was short and thickset, with a round, rosy, shining face, brimful of *bonhommie*. He was married; and, on that account, less likely to breed disturbance in the parish. After a careful investigation of his character, he was settled; and the McTweedles soon fell into their old habit of neglecting the services of the sanctuary. 'Of one thing,' said Deacon Tower, 'we are morally sure — Mr. Pottle never takes any spirit, and disapproves of it altogether.' — Our new minister seemed determined to set the fears of the parish at rest on that

score; for, upon the third Sabbath after he had been settled among us, he preached a sermon on temperance. He spoke of the evils of drinking spirit, denouncing drunkenness, with unmeasured severity. Even at that early day, he had the boldness to declare his belief, that spirit was not only the frequent cause of poverty, and crime, and death itself, but that it was quite useless to mankind, unless in some extraordinary cases. At the close of this discourse, he intimated his intention to pursue the subject in the afternoon.

"Those, who had an abiding terror of the rock, upon which Parson Motey had fallen, in his latter days, were greatly comforted by this discourse. Deacon Tower came forth from the meeting-house, with a smile of high satisfaction upon his countenance. — 'This is our man,' said he, rubbing his hands together. — 'I've my doubts,' said Colonel Millet, the tavern-keeper. — 'Why, colonel,' rejoined the deacon, 'you must not think too much of your trade.' — 'T is n't o' my trade neither that I 'm a thinking, Deacon Tower,' replied the colonel, 'but of your minister. Gurney, that teams for me, told me yesterday, when he went down to the city, that he carried a note from the minister to a wholesale dealer, and that he brought back a cask of English porter, marked Rev. Cyprian Pottle.' — 'Are you certain of this?' inquired the deacon. — 'Jest as sartain,' replied the colonel, 'as that your old mare 's windgalled. Why, do you suppose it 's skim-milk, that gives a body such a fresh color, deacon, eh?' — The deacon was not much elated with this piece of information; and, when he resumed his seat in the afternoon, his confidence was not quite so strong, as when he left it in the morning. The habit of drinking spirit was so very general in our village, that the morning's discourse gave no little offence. Nevertheless, the meeting-house was unusually full in the afternoon; many who were not present in the morning, had heard of the sermon, and were desirous of hearing the new minister handle a subject, which had never been brought before them by Parson Motey. — He took his text, in the afternoon, from Paul's First Epistle to Timothy, fifth chapter, and twenty-third verse. *Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities.* Some of the most sedate, among his parishioners, were greatly disturbed at Parson Pottle's manner of handling this text. A frequent repetition of the passage occurred in his discourse; and in no instance did his accent fall on the word *little*, but invariably on *wine*, as contradistinguished from *water*. He did not once advert to the important fact, that Timothy was a man of feeble constitution, a '*mortified man to the pleasures of sense*,' as I think he is called by Henry, in his commentary on this passage. Indeed, I have no doubt, that very

many of Parson Pottle's hearers were impressed with the idea, that this direction of the apostle was of general application. He stated expressly, that two reasons were offered by the apostle, for avoiding water, and drinking wine, one, the *stomach's sake*, and the other, *often infirmities*, and that either was sufficient. He asserted that distilled spirit was unknown, as he supposed, in Paul's time; that it was man's contrivance; but that fermented liquors were then known and commended; that beer, especially, which was supposed to have been first made in Egypt, was a remarkably wholesome and nutritious beverage; that it was a good creature of God; that our Saviour made wine himself at the marriage feast; and he strongly intimated, that it was very creditable to drink it occasionally, and always at weddings, as a testimony of respect for the Redeemer During the delivery of this discourse, the parson was exceedingly drowsy, and gaped repeatedly. After meeting, Deacon Tower endeavored to keep out of Colonel Millet's way, and go home as soon as possible. But the colonel hailed him, as he was getting over the rail fence, to get home the shortest way; and the deacon, who well knew the colonel's boisterous manner, turned back into the road, and joined him, to prevent his remarks from being overheard. 'Well, Deacon Tower,' said he, 'what do you think of the new minister now?'—The deacon shook his head, and looked grievously, but uttered not a syllable.—'Deacon,' continued the colonel, 'my opinion isn't no great shakes, I suppose, but I 'll tell ye what Gurney, the teamster, said jest now, on the meeting-house steps, right out, afore everybody; says he, "If there baant hops and malt in that are sarment, my name 's not Noah Gurney; for," says he, "one o' the bottles in the cask o' porter I brought up for him, broke a coming up, and I 'd nothing to save it in, so I drank a part on 't, and it took sich a holt o' my narves, that I got sound asleep in my wagon, and, arter I woke, I felt, a good while, jest as the minister looked while he was a preaching."—I guess we 've got out o' the frying-pan slick into the fire, deacon.'—The deacon shook his head mournfully, but ventured not to reply; but the good old man was made sick by his painful apprehensions for the result. He was himself a highly respectable expounder of holy writ; and he was severely shocked by such a palpable perversion of Scripture; and, when he reflected upon the story of the cask of porter, and Parson Pottle's lethargic manner, during the delivery of his afternoon's discourse, he had some fears that the poor man's appetite for stimulants had warped his construction of God's word. *Wine*, in truth, said the good deacon within himself, *is a mocker*.

"Such were the habits of our people, that they would never have

thought of scrutinizing the private life and conversation of their minister, if he had not proclaimed open war upon their idols, in the form of stone jugs. His free indulgence in the use of fermented liquor would have passed unrebuked, had he not so severely reprobated their employment of distilled spirit. As it was, he had gone too far to retrace his steps with dignity or grace; and the people were too highly incensed to forgive or forbear. He had thrown the first stone, and, in their judgment, gratuitously; nay more, provokingly; and there were some persevering spirits among them, who were resolved to ascertain, if any portion of the parson's house were made of glass. — He, who has ever made a village his place of residence for any other than a very limited period, must have perceived how skilfully the art of *espionage* is conducted there. Hundreds of prying eyes were turned upon the movements of the Reverend Cyprian Pottle. The tongues of man-servant and maid-servant were put in requisition, and the very ox and ass, had they been as talkative as Balaam's, would have been examined and cross-examined by the parish. Ears, even the dullest of hearing in the village, were opened wide for the reception of a thousand tales. So that, by the combined exertions of eyes, ears, and tongues, it was well understood, in the course of a few months, precisely in what manner, from sun to sun, the parson lived, and moved, and had his being. The squabbles of Parson Pottle and his lady were soon *bruited* abroad; it was even rumored, that they disputed which of the twain had drunk the larger half of the bottle of porter at the dinner-table. His reputation for piety and learning had undoubtedly been overrated upon his first arrival; and there were not a few, who now began to deny his legitimate title to either. He was not deficient in cunning and a ready apprehension of the characters of men. It required a brief application only of Parson Pottle's powers, to fathom, to the very bottom, the simple, single-hearted disposition of good, old Deacon Tower. The deacon, about a year after Mr. Pottle had come among us, was urged, by the graver portion of our people, to visit him, and advise him of the reports, which were circulating to his disadvantage. The deacon, though with great reluctance, waited upon him, to execute this embarrassing commission. The parson's features were as flexible as caoutchouc; and it was really surprising to witness the various expressions, which they assumed, as different emotions predominated over the inner man. Although they were surrendered, at one moment, to the broadest development of perfect good-humor, at the next, they were the very image and superscription of the coldest austerity. He had been forewarned of the deacon's design, and met his first accost, in such a formal and

forbidding manner, that the old man departed, after a little unimportant conversation, without the slightest allusion to the real object of his visit. I have seldom met an individual, of as limited powers, whose look, and manner, and sonorous voice, had such a withering effect upon persons of indifferent nerves. I recollect an amusing illustration of this fact. I called one day at the parsonage, with a neighbor of ours, a Mrs. Matilda Moodey. After a pause, 'Mr. Pottle,' said she, 'I am almost ashamed to confess my ignorance, but you said something in your last discourse, which I did not exactly understand.' — 'Well, madam,' said he, with a loud voice and stern expression, 'and pray what was it?' — 'O, dear sir,' she replied, evidently confounded by his manner, 'I don't doubt, in the least, that it was owing to my weak understanding; but you said, sir, — speaking of the wiles of Satan, — *as if as though to circumvent thee.*' — 'O — ah — yes, Mrs. Moodey,' he answered, 'I well remember that expression. The meaning of those words, madam,' raising his voice to a terrible pitch, and striking his hand violently upon the table, — 'the meaning of those words is this, Mrs. Moodey, — AS IF AS THOUGH TO CIRCUMVENT THEE.' — 'O dear me, Parson Pottle,' cried Mrs. Moodey, with a trembling voice, 'how very clear you make it now!'

"Mr. Pottle had unfortunately placed himself between the cross-fires of his parishioners: those who drank spirit, were incensed against him as a matter of course; and the grave and temperate members of his congregation were thoroughly disgusted by his theory and practice; his theory, as exhibited in his sermon upon Paul's counsel to Timothy; and his practice, most unhappily illustrated by a very free and habitual use of malt liquor, whose evil consequences were too frequently made manifest in a variety of ways. Nevertheless he had several stanch friends in the parish. He was particularly attentive to the children of his parishioners, in the presence of their parents, whose favor he frequently secured, by these little courtesies. He continued among us for several years, though very little, as I am compelled to believe, to the edification of our people. He certainly was instrumental in bringing among us the free and familiar use of wine and porter. Dry visitation was a thing almost unknown among the clergy of those days; and the parishioners of Parson Pottle were as unlikely, as those of any other clergyman, to perpetrate a flagrant violation of the standing laws of hospitality. He had publicly pronounced an anathema against distilled liquors; and all, who were desirous of standing well with their spiritual guide, carefully concealed their rum-jugs and brandy-bottles from his observation, whose places were abun

dantly supplied with wine and porter. Of these he cheerfully partook, wherever he went; and, as he was remarkable for his parochial attentions, and particularly heedful, at meals, of that portion of Paul's counsel, which commands to '*drink no longer water*,' it is not wonderful, that the sad effects of this daily practice were occasionally exhibited before the members of his congregation. His excess of garrulous good-nature, in the morning, began to be almost habitually contrasted with his irritable lethargy in the afternoon. He became excessively corpulent, and the bloated visage and triple chin bore ample testimony to the farinaceous properties of malt liquor. At length, the habit became inordinate, and its consequences truly deplorable. When he entered the house of a parishioner, he was scarcely seated, before he asked for a tumbler of porter or a glass of wine, seemingly with as little rationality of motive, as may be supposed to govern the movements of a child, who labors under some affection of the nervous system. His step became unsteady; and, now and then, under the appearance of talking by the way, it became exceedingly convenient to rely upon some worthy parishioner's arm, as far as the parsonage.

"There were several moderate drinkers of ardent spirit, of strong heads and iron constitutions, whose industry, activity, and orderly appearance, were extremely disadvantageous to Parson Pottle's theory. These men were frequently cited by the rum-drinkers and rum-sellers; and, upon a Sabbath day, when the parties were coming forth, at the same moment, from the meeting-house door, it was no uncommon thing to hear an invidious comparison between the rugged appearance and active gait of old Farmer Furrowdale, who drank spirit, though in great moderation, and the unwieldy person and paralytic step of Parson Pottle, whose principal beverage was malt liquor.

"In course of time, it began to be whispered about the parish, that, where good brandy could be had, and malt liquor could not, Mr. Pottle would not refuse to partake of that, which was set before him, asking no questions for conscience' sake. From this period, he fell away rapidly; and, after a time, scarcely anything remained to mark the holy man, beside the outward insignia of the clerical office. My father used to say, that it was of little importance, at which side of the pond a person entered to cross over, if the whirlpool were in the middle; meaning, that the chief danger lay in the *habit* of drinking, which, when once confirmed, would as probably lead its victim to drunkenness, through the agency of one intoxicating liquor as of another. The services of the sanctuary, especially in the afternoon, were so improperly conducted, that the more

religious frequently resorted to the adjoining village; some remained at home, and others attended, in any but a becoming spirit. Upon one occasion, when the people had assembled, notice was given, that the Reverend Mr. Pottle was taken suddenly unwell. It was afterwards satisfactorily established, that he was too entirely overcome by liquor to officiate.

"We had, in our congregation, at that time, several young men of steady habits, farmers and mechanics, who were married, and who, though not members of the church, had the reputation of being strictly moral men. Some of them had families; and, as the clergyman's example was constantly presented before their eyes, they were very naturally apprehensive of its influence upon their children. They were indignant also at Parson Pottle's conduct, esteeming it a reproach upon their native village. They therefore resolved, to use their own words, '*to fix the minister.*' One of their number told my husband, confidentially, that they had laid their plan; and, since the elders and church-members would not take the matter up, they were determined '*to fix the minister*;' but he begged my husband to say nothing of the matter to Deacon Tower. My husband, however, would not consent to keep their secret. This precipitated the execution of their scheme, which was carried into effect the very next day, and before my husband could inform the deacon of their designs. The pain which one feels, while recounting the degrading history of a drunken clergyman, would be unmingled, were it not for the impressive and valuable lesson, which it teaches, in connection with the total abstinence reform. It shows, that even the holy office, the solemn consecration of one's powers to the service of Almighty God, the sanctity of those vows, which are made upon the very altar, are all insufficient to save poor human nature from the effects of this sweeping scourge. No man may rightfully complain of an adder's sting, if he will take it to his bosom, with a knowledge of its properties and powers.—The remainder of this revolting tale may be briefly told. On the day after their design had been communicated to my husband, they so arranged their plan, as to have the clergyman invited to dine at the house of one of their number, in a distant part of the village, who plied him so successfully with wine and ale, that he had some difficulty in walking, when he left the house after dinner. He had not gone far on his way home, before he was encountered by another, who persuaded him to walk in. There again the process was repeated, and again, after an hour's compotation, he ventured forth, scarcely able to stagger homeward. He had gotten, with infinite difficulty, half a mile further on his way, and stood resting against the wall,

near the house of a Mr. Clinch, a carpenter, another of the conspirators, who had resolved '*to fix the minister.*' Clinch had his eye upon him, and approached the spot where he stood. — 'Bless my heart, parson,' said he, 'is it you? Why, I want to know! Why, you baant well, I guess, or you wouldn't be to roost on the wall here, I reckon.' — 'I 'm a little uneasy,' said the minister. 'It 's all owing to boiled pork; I 'll never touch it again.' — 'Boiled pork, hey? — why, how you talk! — boiled in a brew-house, I guess, by the smell o' your breath, parson. But come, go in with me, and try a hair o' the old dog.' — 'Thank ye, Mr. Bailey,' said the minister. — 'It is n't Bailey,' said the other; 'it 's John Clinch, the carpenter; don't ye know me?' — Clinch helped him into his house, and there the work of utter drunkenness was consummated. Before nine o'clock, the minister was in as profound a slumber, as could be produced by the agency of hops and malt.

"A little after ten, that night, and when I had been in bed about half an hour, my husband got up, in consequence of a loud rapping at the front door. He opened the window, and discovered more than a dozen young men underneath. The moon shone brightly, and he instantly recognized their persons. — 'Come down,' said Clinch. — 'What 's the matter?' inquired my husband. — 'Come down, and see with your own eyes,' cried one of their number. I threw my clothes loosely over me, and looked out of the window, while my husband went below. Four of them supported a board, with side pieces, which Clinch, as I afterwards heard, had knocked up for the occasion; on the top of the board I perceived something, the nature of which I did not then comprehend, covered with a bed-quilt. When my husband had joined them, Clinch threw down the upper part of the quilt, and said, '*Did n't we tell ye we 'd fix him?*' I instantly recognized the features of Parson Pottle. My husband rebuked them for their conduct; but three or four exclaimed at once, that their children should not be catechized by a drunken minister My husband inquired what they designed to do with him. They replied, that they meant to show him to Deacon Tower and three or four more, and then put him to bed in his own house; and that not a hair of his head should be injured. They then moved off, two and two, with Clinch at their head, repeating as he went, — '*Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities.*' "

When the lady had closed her narrative, — "Pray, madam," said the gentleman in black, who sat next me, "do you vouch for the truth of this extraordinary story?" — "A part of it, sir," she replied, "I saw, as I have already told you; and the circumstances

as I have related them, were as well known and as firmly believed, in our village, as the surrender of Yorktown by Lord Cornwallis,"—"I should like to see those young men," said the gentleman in black, "tied up by their thumbs, and flogged for half an hour, with a cat-o'-nine-tails."—"And I, myself," said the Dutchman, "vould like dat de minishter should have de benefit of de same tails for de toder half hour."—"I presume, sir," said the elderly gentleman to the first speaker, who had thus given vent to his indignation, "that you are a clergyman; and, if I am correct, I devoutly hope, for the sake of your parishioners, that you are a thoroughgoing temperance man."—"Sir," replied the gentleman in black, "you are right in your conjecture; I have been for four and twenty years in the ministry; and, as a pledged member of a total abstinence society, I have contributed, within my humble sphere, to advance the reformation. But I confess to you, that, under a government of laws, which proposes to find a remedy for every wrong, I have felt pained and shocked at such conduct, on the part of any men, affecting to be civilized, towards a minister of the gospel. He was a subject for the discipline of the church, and, upon the request of his parishioners, the bond between him and his people would have been severed."—"You must not suppose, sir," said the lady, "that the respectable portion of our people approved of such conduct. The young men themselves were heartily ashamed of it; and, before Mr. Pottle left the village, which he did shortly after, —for he never preached there again,—some of these young men had the good sense to call on him, and express their deep regret for their share in such unbecoming conduct, and ask his forgiveness. As these young men were otherwise unblemished in reputation, and strictly temperate, I have related this story, to show the danger which lies in the path of a clergyman who meddles with intoxicating drink, —whose employment may sink his character so very low, that even an association, not of profligates, but of well-meaning, though misguided young men, may be gradually worked up, by his gross intemperance, to the perpetration of such an outrage."—"Your motives for relating this story, madam," said the elderly gentleman, "are, in my judgment, just such as they should be; and I should rejoice to have it printed at full length, upon the inside of every wine and beer drinking clergyman's pulpit in the land."—"Dat ish de place for it," cried the Dutchman, thumping the stage-floor with his hickory; "dat ish de vary place for it; only shtick up dat shtory vat de lady hash told, in de pulpit of every minishter vat trinks de vine and de ale, and I vill zay notting more apout de cat o'-nine-tails."—"Well, sir," said the elderly gentleman, turning

to my next neighbor, "we have many miles yet to ride; — suppose we draw upon your stock, for the next temperance tale." — "With all my heart, sir," replied the clergyman. "The history of drunkenness has been almost an universal history. Its deep lines have been written among the people of every city and village upon earth, and there will be no difficulty in gathering the materials together I will relate to you the history of my own parish."

PART FIFTH.

"I have been the minister of Micklefield for four and twenty years; and there is not, I apprehend, upon the surface of the earth, a town of equal population, whose present prosperity is more certainly attributable to the temperance reform. Twenty-four years ago, its inhabitants were remarkable for their sloth, ignorance, irreligion, poverty and rags. *To swear like a Micklefield man*, was not then less a proverb, in the region round about, than *to drink like a Scythian*, among the Greeks of old. The foundation of this miserable condition of things lay, broad and deep, in the immemorial habits of the people. They were drunkards of a drunken stock. Drunkenness there had so long and so triumphantly prevailed, that, in the language of the law, the memory of man ran not to the contrary.

"When I was first settled, three distilleries were in full operation in this village. Micklefield is situated upon the banks of a navigable stream. It was at that time surrounded with pitch-pine forests. No position could therefore have been more eligible for a distiller. It would be an interminable task, to calculate the amount of molasses, that came up this river, or the rum that went down. Micklefield, some four and twenty years ago, was cursed with no less than nine men, '*of sober lives and conversations*,' who perpetuated intemperance, and kept up the average stock of common and uncommon drunkards, from year to year. At the period, to which I refer, I well remember, that twelve barrels of rum were the annual supply for the poor-house. Ammunition has never been accounted more indispensable, for the purposes of war, than were rum, gin, and brandy, for the preservation of the social compact, among the inhabitants of Micklefield. The vapors of the Asphaltite lake, if its ancient legends were other than fabulous, could not have proved more fatal to those luckless birds, that attempted to fly over its noxious waters, than the moral atmosphere of Micklefield to such young men, as ventured to reside, for any length of time, within its bor-

ders. He, who will live at Rome, must conform to the habits of the Romans. — Never was the proverb more forcibly employed, than upon such as came from time to time, to settle within the precincts of this intemperate village. Few — very few — escaped the pestilential influence, and many became incorrigible drunkards.

"That man must have been destitute indeed, who could not tender to his visitor the means of getting drunk; and none but an ascetic or an anchorite would have rejected the boon. The proffered cup and its ready acceptance were equally required, by the existing rules of good-breeding. The poor widow, who was about to commit her drunken husband to the ground, would have been accounted guilty of gross indecorum, had she omitted to grace his funeral obsequies, by offering, as a refreshment, the very poison, which had put the miserable victim out of life.

"My predecessor, in the ministry, at Micklefield, was a gentleman of popular manners. He was not a man of great talents as a preacher; but, in the parochial relation, he had made himself universally acceptable. There was not a man, woman, nor child in the village of Micklefield, to whom his visits were not exceedingly agreeable. He drank and talked politics with the men; chatted with the women about their dairies and poultry-yards; and never failed to carry in his pockets an adequate supply of gingerbread and candy for the children. He was the man of the people. He instituted no uncomfortable *espionage*, touching their lack of spiritual graces; and, so far as it was in his gift, he gave them heaven, pretty much upon their own terms. He died at the early age of thirty-eight, having been their pastor for seven years. There was but one opinion of his virtues, and all were perfectly agreed in the pronunciation of the sententious and significant eulogium, that Parson Southerly was a '*raal, nice man.*' Had he lived, at the present time, he would have been called an intemperate man; yet, in his day, such an imputation would have been unpardonable slander. A *post mortem* examination of the body, in connection with his well-known habits, readily settled the question as to the cause of his decease. Instead of charging his death to intemperance, however, it was simply proclaimed, that his internal organization was not strong enough to sustain life. The prolongation of existence, in those days, was a more difficult affair, than it is at present. The terms of social intercourse were then well understood. It was no easy matter, to live in society and yet violate its laws. While many were allured by the love of intoxicating liquor, others were compelled by the fear of ridicule. That measure of indulgence, which, in our auspicious era, would certainly be called *hard drink*

ing, was then accounted by many, one of the conditions of existence in the social state. Millions, whom we should now consider grossly intemperate, have been committed to their graves, without a whisper of reproach, without a suspicion of error or impropriety in regard to their habits of life.

"For several months after my settlement at Micklefield, I heard little beside the praises of the late Mr. Southerly. My spirits were often depressed, by the ejaculations of the good wives, at every visitation. — 'There never was anything like dear Mr. Southerly.' — 'We shall never be able to supply poor Mr. Southerly's loss.' — 'O, Mr. Meredith, you don't know what a dear, cheerful soul, Mr. Southerly was.' — 'Don't mind Tommy's running his hands in your pockets, Mr. Meredith; he thinks it 's Mr. Southerly, who always brought him gingerbread; blessed man, we never shall make his place good.'

"Nevertheless I exerted my abilities to the utmost. I was determined to please the people, and I did not perceive, that my qualifications were inferior to those of my highly-favored predecessor. I resolved to walk in his steps as closely as possible. I was particularly attentive to the females of my parish; and, as I had the advantage over my predecessor, in youth and personal appearance, I flattered myself, that I should obtain *their* suffrages at least. I chatted sociably with the men, and tasted their flip and toddy, which, by the way, at that time, were never agreeable to me. I also laid in a respectable stock of gingerbread and candy. Thus provided, I commenced my parochial career, resolved to equal, and hoping to surpass, my great exemplar, the Reverend Hallowell Southerly. I blush to think how small a portion of my thoughts were bestowed upon the spiritual occasions of my people. I trust God has forgiven me, and that the devotion of my life, for the last twenty years, to his service, will be suffered to outweigh my previous delinquency.

"The hardest day's duty, which I have ever performed, was the first of my parochial visitation in the parish of Micklefield. My parishioners were scattered broadcast over the village. It was my intention to call on every family; and I was desirous, that I might avoid the appearance of individual neglect, to compress my visitations within as little time as possible. I marked down five and twenty visits for the morning. At the very first house, at which I called, though it was quite early in the day, I was scarcely seated, before the brandy-bottle was produced. In my peculiar situation, my reputation at stake, and the example of the Reverend Hallowell Southerly before me, it would have been madness to refuse. I accordingly swallowed my first pastoral dram, and had the satisfac-

tion to perceive, that I had made a favorable impression. As I rose to go, I put into Mrs. Mullikin's hands a few sticks of candy, and begged her to give them to her children. I was a little embarrassed by the good woman's tittering laugh, as she informed me, that they had been married nine years, without any prospect of an heir. When I had gotten half through my allotted task, I began to feel some doubts of my ability to persevere. I had stopped at the house of a Widow Bloomfield, having then made thirteen pastoral visits, and drunken the same number of drams. The poor widow, who was in a very humble condition of life, had set upon the table a common black bottle of New England rum, with a broken sugar-bowl, containing a little *brown sweetening*, and an iron spoon. I thought I might venture to refuse, without giving offence. 'Had n't you better?' said she, with a half-inquiring, half-mortified expression. — 'No, I thank you, Mrs. Bloomfield,' said I, 'I have no occasion.' — 'I saw you come out of Squire Hodgedon's,' said she; 'I guess you got some Jamaica at the Squire's, did n't you, Mr. Meredith?' — 'Yes,' I replied, 'I took a little.' — 'I thought so,' said she; 'lack-a-day! how this world goes by favor! Mr. Bloomfield was well on 't once himself, and we used to keep a leetle o' the West India just to treat with. But — ah dear me! — a poor lone woman 's got no better than her best. Did you know Mr. Southerly?' — 'I never saw him,' said I. — 'Well, I spose not,' she replied; 'he was a saint upon earth; he used to say, the Lord was no respecter of persons, and no more was n't he; and then he 'd take and pour out half a tumbler out o' that are vary black bottle, as sociable as ever you see.' — 'Well, well, Mrs. Bloomfield,' said I, 'it was not from any disrespect, and I 'll take a little of your spirit with pleasure.' I accordingly, inexpressibly against my feelings, swallowed my fourteenth dram. — 'There,' cried the poor woman, 'now I 'll come and hear you preach; but if you had n't done the civil thing, you would n't ha' cotched me inside your meeting-house, I tell ye.'

"My next call was at the house of Farmer Kidder. He was an old man, and the richest farmer in the county. In rustic phraseology, they were excellent livers, — those that survived, — three of the old man's sons had died intemperate, within the four years preceding. I had scarcely entered their bettermost room, when the old lady came hobbling towards me, holding a pitcher, smoking hot. — 'We seed you, Mr. Meredith,' said she, 'as you was a going into the widow Bloomfield's, and we knew you 'd give us a call; so I said to the galls, says I, — Galls, roast a couple o' the best Baldwins, galls, and clap in the poker, for he 'll be here in a jiffy. You got pretty streaked stuff, I guess, at the poor widow's; howsomes-

ever, she 's a gin'rous old soul, what there is of her, and she 'll give ye the best she 's got, any how. There, Mr. Meredith, taste o' this here apple-toddy.' — She poured out a full tumbler. I felt myself excessively dizzy and confused, and was sensible already, that I had lost the power of distinct articulation, yet I dared not refuse, at the house of one of my wealthiest parishioners. The toddy was excellent. I said so, cautiously avoiding long words, and fixing my eyes upon a particular object to keep my head from swimming. The old lady was in raptures, and poured out a second tumbler. I signified my reluctance, by an uplifted hand and a shake of the head. She persisted however, and her daughters were importunate. 'O, Mr. Meredith,' cried the old woman, 'dear good Mr. Southerly always took two. He used to say, if the first made him feel a leetle queerish, the second sobered him again. A hair o' the same dog, you know, Mr. Meredith.' — For an instant, it occurred to me, that I was already drunk, — that the old woman and her daughters had discovered my situation, and were making themselves merry at my expense. I felt the blood rushing to my forehead. — A hasty glance at the trio reassured me, however, in a moment. Though I was then unquestionably the worse for liquor, they were either unconscious or regardless of a matter, so exceedingly familiar to them all, and continued to press their civility, until their tipsy minister had swallowed the second potation of apple-toddy.

" When I regained the road, I resolved to get home as soon as possible. Ten of my destined visitations were unperformed. In a few hours, including my two tumblers of apple-toddy, I had taken sixteen drams, and was fully sensible, that I was shamefully drunk. I kept my eyes fixed upon the centre of the road, and walked rapidly, occasionally running a rod or two, when I felt myself inclining to stagger. In this manner I had nearly reached my lodgings, when Deacon Anthony ran out from his house to speak with me. He urged me to stop, but I told him, that I was troubled with sickness at the stomach. — 'It 's a sharp morning,' said he, 'and you 'll be better, if you step in and take a glass of brandy or some bitters.' I positively declined, however, and, hastening home, repaired to my chamber, — locked the door, — and threw myself upon my bed.

" My landlady was a kind-hearted widow, between fifty and sixty years of age. She had the reputation of sincerity and discretion. I became excessively sick, and my desire for some species of relief finally surmounted my reluctance to make a full confession of my shame and folly. — I requested my landlady to step into my chamber, and, with very considerable stammering and circumlocution, made a clean breast before this truly catholic confessor, — who

laughed heartily at my confusion. 'Bless you, Mr. Meredith,' said she, 'what a terrible fuss you have made about just nothing at all. Why, I certainly thought you was going to tell me you was in debt, or in love, or something of that sort. You must have some boiling hot coffee and buttered toast. That 's what I used to get always for Mr. Southerly. He boarded with me two years, when he was first settled. He was *corned* twenty times, before he got *seasoned*. You 'll get used to it, one of these days, Mr. Meredith, just as Mr. Southerly did.' — From that time, I conceived a very high opinion of my landlady; her coffee and buttered toast relieved my body of no small portion of its torment, and the very philosophical view, which she had taken of the whole affair, afforded unspeakable comfort to my mind. There can be no more perfect illustration of the imperfection of my own moral sense, nor of the weakness of my own principles, at that period of my life.

"Upon the following morning, I was sufficiently recovered, to resume the performance of my parochial duties. Experience, however, had taught me to husband my energies; I soon found, that I could bear half a dozen drams, of a morning, exceedingly well, and I limited my pastoral visits accordingly. In the course of three or four months, I had become perfectly familiar with the duties of my vocation, as I then understood them; and that frequent use of stimulants, which had been decidedly disagreeable in the commencement of my pastoral career, in less than six months, became not only agreeable, but even essential, as I then imagined, to my health and comfort. At ordinations, funerals, and weddings, I fully sustained my character, as a worthy successor of the Reverend Hallowell Southerly.

"He, who has taken the king's bounty, saith the proverb, must stand by the monarch and his cause. I had so far sanctioned the habits of my parishioners, by my own practical acquiescence, that, if I had been willing to admonish, the language of reproof would have come with an ill grace from their pastor. Words of sage counsel fall but with feeble power upon a drunkard's ear, from alcoholic lips. Of all the follies and vices, which came to my knowledge, intemperance and its manifold effects were the last, which I felt myself at liberty to rebuke. During the first four years of my ministry, many drunkards paid the debt of nature in the village of Micklefield; and I doubt, if there be a place of sepulture upon earth, containing an equal congregation of the dead, whence a greater number will arise, in the day of the resurrection, from the drunkard's grave.

"During these three or four years, I do not deny, that I had

many compunctious visitations of conscience. The weight of my responsibility occasionally became oppressive; and, more than once, I resolved to abandon my faithless stewardship, and win my bread, in some humbler vocation. I think I should have done so, if the intercessions of Deacon Anthony had not prevailed against my judgment at that time. The deacon was an excellent man; but, according to the universal practice of the age, he used brandy, as a common beverage. He candidly declared to me, that it was a great help to him in prayer and exhortation. I told him, that I had sometimes been pricked with a conviction, that I was an unfaithful steward; that I beheld drunkards dying all around me; that, although there was a great amount of drunkenness in almost every other village, Micklefield had become a by-word; that, when I first became its minister, I was temperate, and even abstemious; but now, I had so fallen under the influence of the social rule, that I often felt myself the worse for liquor; and that I thought it my duty to ask a dismission. — I must honestly admit, that, while the lady was relating her narrative of the unfortunate Mr. Pottle, my thoughts were repeatedly carried back to the first four years of my ministry in Micklefield. — Deacon Anthony begged me not to think of a separation. He assured me, that I was quite as popular as Mr. Southerly had been, in his very best days; that the people were not worse than they had been, at that time; that spirit, though a good thing, and one of the necessaries of life, would, like other good things, be abused by some people of course; that there had always been about seventy or eighty common drunkards in Micklefield, for forty years, ever since he had kept shop, and that the population had remained about the same; that it did not seem to him that seventy drunkards in a population of seven hundred were more than might be expected; that, whether I staid or went, things would go on much after the old sort; and that the people would make the parish too hot for any minister, that drew the cord too tight for them. I told the deacon, that there was a great amount of intemperance in Micklefield, among those, who would never be accounted common drunkards; that I should be unwilling to be ranked in that class myself; but that I was convinced my habits had already injured my health and diminished my usefulness. The deacon smiled, and told me I was apt to be low-spirited; and, with such a patronizing and confident expression, poured out and handed me a glass of bitters, that I swallowed the prescription, half satisfied that my opinions were vain imaginations after all, possibly the result of hypochondriasis.

"Upon one point I could not be deceived: I had lost my appetite

and strength; my slumbers were broken and unrefreshing; pains in the head, stomach, and bowels tormented me with little interruption; and my craving for strong drink became more troublesome and uncontrollable.

"Shortly after I had made a statement of my views and feelings to Deacon Anthony, I was called to administer Christian consolation to a parishioner, who was upon her death-bed. Mrs. Kidder had buried her husband about eight months before. He was a very respectable drunkard. I mean to say, that, for some years before his death, he was careful never to appear abroad, when he was the worse for liquor. He never frequented the dram-shops of the village; but, being a wealthy farmer, his house was most hospitably stored with the means of indulgence, and he confined his operations to the bosom of his family. His widow was now about to be called from this world. Her death was a hard one. She dreaded to die, or rather her agonized spirit longed to live. Our miserable relation to each other had poorly qualified me for the office of counsellor, in such an hour as this. I have never felt my sinful deficiency more sensibly than upon this occasion. It was an awful trial. When I entered, Dr. Snuffler, the physician of Micklefield, was present, and no other person, excepting the old lady's daughters. Her mind was highly excited, partly by bodily pain, partly by the dread of dissolution, and partly by liquor. I felt myself exceedingly embarrassed in the performance of my duty. The familiar, and even undignified, intercourse, which was an unavoidable consequence of the dram-drinking habits of the times, not only deprived the present occasion of its solemnity, but filled the principal performer with a sense of unseasonable diffidence and shame. — 'Dear Dr. Snuffler,' said the poor victim, as I drew near the bed, 'I won't die.' — 'Well, well,' said the doctor, 'we 'll see about it; maybe you won't.' — 'I tell you I won't die,' she replied. — 'The old lady 's pretty much lost her mind,' said the doctor. — 'No such thing,' said she; 'I tell you I won't die — I won't.' — 'Mrs. Kidder,' said the doctor, 'here 's Mr. Meredith come to make a prayer.' — 'I won't have no prayer,' said she; 'I 'll have some more apple-toddy.' — 'She 's had four tumblers this forenoon,' said one of the daughters. — 'Never mind,' said the doctor, 'it 'll make no difference; give her another, and she 'll lay quieter during the prayer.' In such a condition of things, I attempted to pray, the old lady interrupting me continually with cries for apple-toddy, and declarations that she would not die. — I resumed my seat. — The sweat stood in big drops upon my brow. — 'You are not well yourself, Mr. Meredith,' said the doctor, as he felt my pulse. — I made no reply. — My spirit had never been so

exercised before. As I prayed, the thought overpowered me, that I had been nearly four years the pastor of this dying, impenitent sinner, and that I had done literally — absolutely — nothing, for the salvation of her soul. — I almost fancied myself at the bar of God, holding in my trembling hand the barren record of my miserable stewardship. — The doctor's attention was soon called to the dying woman. — 'She is going,' said he, — 'see, how she catches at the bed-clothes!' Amidst the sound of the death-rattle in her throat, though more and more faintly, she continued to exclaim, 'I won't — I won't.' — The ruling passion was still strong in death, — for the very last words that I heard were — 'apple-toddy.' — One strong convulsion closed the scene.

"I returned to my lodgings in a state of great mental depression. The exertions of my well-meaning landlady to raise my spirits were ineffectual. I passed a restless night, and the next morning was unable to rise from my bed. My habits had undoubtedly affected my general health. Dr. Snuffler was called in, and stated that my symptoms were such as commonly preceded a typhus fever. His prognostications were correct. For seven weeks, I was confined to my chamber; and, during a considerable portion of that time, I was delirious. When, at length, it pleased God to restore my reason, the first object, which engrossed my attention, was a young man, about four and twenty years of age, who was sitting by my bedside, and holding my hand. I gazed intently upon his features; — they were those of an utter stranger. I had never beheld an expression more perfectly gentle and serene. — 'I have been wild and wandering,' said I. — The stranger made no answer to my remark, but eyed me with a look of doubtful scrutiny, as one who still questioned the perfect restoration of my reason. — 'To whom.' said I 'am I indebted, for these kind attentions?' — 'My name is Anderson,' he replied. 'I have supplied your pulpit for the last two Sabbaths.' — 'Ah, my friend,' said I, 'if you have told my people the whole truth, you have told them that, which they have never heard from their unworthy pastor.' — His countenance became suddenly grave, and even austere. — 'Mr. Meredith,' said he, 'you are too feeble for this topic at present. You have been very ill; you have been in peril; your life has been despaired of. I have knelt daily at your bed-side; will it not soothe your spirit, to have me offer thanksgiving for the restoration of your reason?' — 'O, yes, my friend,' said I; — 'but stay, — I have been a faithless shepherd, for more than three years, and have not fed the sheep, that have been committed to my care. This awful consciousness has aggravated my distemper.' — 'It has been the subject of your inco-

herent prayers, and wild ejaculations, during your illness,' said he. —'I have vowed, if the Lord should spare me' continued I, 'to lead a new life, and to serve God, and not Baal; pray, I beseech you, that I may have the influence of the Holy Spirit, and that I may keep this vow to the end.' — He dropped upon his knees; and, by the zeal and energy of his supplication, this young man filled my heart with the pure spirit of devotion, and my eyes with tears.

"My recovery was rapid. I did not see my friend Andersor again, until he came to preach at Micklefield, on the following Sabbath. He passed the evening of that day in my chamber. I again told him, that I had been an unfaithful shepherd. After a brief pause, during which, he became exceedingly solemnized, 'You have recovered your strength surprisingly,' said he, 'since I saw you last; and I think we may now safely converse upon this subject, if it be your will.' I assured him it would give me pleasure, to open my whole heart to any faithful disciple, and that I knew I should gather strength of purpose, by a community of counsel and of prayer. — 'I have been unfaithful to my trust,' said I, 'but I have vowed before God, to be so no more. The fixed purpose of my soul is to keep this vow; and I impute my advance in health and strength, to that condition of mind, in which I have been, ever since I recovered the use of my reason. I can now say, that *my heart is fixed.* If I can get into my pulpit again, I will do my duty, which I have left undone, between three and four years. I have been somewhat surprised at the inattention of my parishioners during my illness. — Yet why should I be surprised at their neglect of me, who have so sadly neglected them? Four days have gone by, since any one of them came near me, excepting my landlady; then Deacon Anthony called; and, when I told him frankly my opinion of myself, he replied, that I was weak in body and mind, and that I should feel very differently, when I came to move about and take a little meat and drink. When I told him, however, that I intended to preach the whole truth, he interrupted me rather fretfully, and observed that it never would answer to preach the whole truth in Micklefield; and that, if my salary were of any importance, I had better look before I leaped. I told him with great firmness, that I should leap nowhere but into the Lord's arms, and that I should not look to see what man could do unto me. He said, that I should only throw the parish into confusion; and, taking his hat, remarked, as he left the room, that he was sorry I had gotten such new-light notions in my head.' — 'My friend,' said Mr. Anderson, 'I have just now parted with the deacon, who made almost the same obser-

vation to me, when describing your state of mind. I am rejoiced to find you are still resolved to atone for your errors. Though I am younger than you, it is my duty to speak frankly to my brother. I cannot doubt the truth of all that you so freely admit. During the time that I have been among your people, I have had sufficient opportunity to judge of the relation, in which you stand to each other. They have all the marks and numbers of a people, whose spiritual welfare has been neglected. Observe their conduct in regard to their sick, and, as many of them have supposed, their dying pastor. They have already negotiated to supply your place; and, when it was thought you could not survive, Deacon Anthony inquired of me, on what terms I should be willing to become the pastor of Micklefield. I had never preached in your pulpit, at that time. He observed, that the people were poor, and could pay but little; yet he thought, as I was quite a young man, I should like the chance, and might be willing to work cheap. I told him, that I desired to labor in the Lord's vineyard, but could listen to no proposals, under such circumstances; I agreed, however, to supply the pulpit. I preached the first Sabbath, to a most inattentive and disorderly congregation. When I came again, I dined at his house; and he observed to me, that it had got about in the parish, that I was opposed to the use of spirit. I replied, that I never made use of it myself, and was of opinion, that it was frequently injurious to others. He made no further remark. When I was getting into my chaise, to leave Micklefield, after the afternoon service, "Mr. Anderson," said he, "I don't want you to suppose I had any authority for what I said to you, about settling in our village, in case Mr. Meredith should die. It was only a notion of my own; and, if so be he should n't get through, it 's like as not we might n't settle anybody right away."—I do not wish to wound your feelings,' continued Mr. Anderson, as he kindly took my hand, 'but I think it my duty to give you some idea of the manner, in which a neglected, misguided people deliver their sentiments of their pastor. Last Sabbath, as no provision was made for my accommodation elsewhere, I dined at the public house. The tavern was literally crammed, during the intermission, and the calls for every variety of stimulant, afforded abundant employment, for the inn-keeper and his two sons. The congregation was scarcely dismissed, when a sort of trade-wind seemed to waft them all, excepting a few, who resided near the meeting-house, directly to the tavern. The day was rather warm, and the host and his two sons, instantly throwing off their coats, prepared for a regular stir-up. They had their hands full. More than one stepped into the

apartment, in which I sat, and tendered a portion of his toddy; and such are the times, on which we have fallen that my refusal, though couched in civil terms, was evidently offensive. In the afternoon, I preached an unusually solemn discourse, on timely repentance; and its operation was by no means such as I desired. I was grieved and surprised, as I occasionally cast my eyes around upon the people, to witness the unchristian effect, produced by my sermon. It was a warm day, as I have remarked, and several were nodding; others sat, with their heads thrown back upon the rails of their pews, and their mouths wide open, in profound slumber. One elderly person, in the north-easterly corner pew, snored aloud, and the young people had so little restraining grace, that they tittered and giggled outright; and a tall, round-shouldered young woman, about eighteen years of age, stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth, and ran out of the meeting-house. Those, who kept themselves awake, looked excessively angry, and even ready to fight; so unwilling were they to hear of their sinfulness, of the necessity of repentance, of the certainty of death, and of the final judgment. — I went to the tavern for my horse and chaise; a considerable number of persons had arrived there before me. I waited in the porch, while my vehicle was getting ready. For a short time sullen silence prevailed among the group, that was gathered in the adjoining bar-room. The host and his two sons were again as busily occupied as ever. Significant glances, shrugs, winks, and looks of mock solemnity, were exchanged, whose reference to me was perfectly intelligible. — "Hot weather out o' doors," said one. — "Tarnal hot in the meet'n'us this art'noon," cried another. — This produced a peal of laughter. — "How 's Meredith a coming on?" inquired a third. — "That are 's the man I likes to hear," said a miserable object, evidently grossly intemperate, and whom I recognized as one of those, whose proffered toddy I had rejected, during the intermission. "Meredith 's the right sort of a —— a leetil more sweet'nin, if you please — the right sort of a Christian. He gives ye raal, ginivine liberal sarments. He 's none o' your hell-fire folks, not he; and that aan't all. — Meredith's a gentleman, every inch on him; you won't catch him a refusing a poor man's toddy, no time o' day." — "Is Meredith a going to get well?" said the first speaker, "or will he kick the bucket, eh?" — "I don know," replied the person addressed; "how 's rye now?" — "Pretty fair, the very best kind," replied the other; "tell us, though, if you know anything about it, is he raal sick, or a playing the old sojer — don't want to preach, maybe — eh?" — "No, I guess 't isn't that," said the person inquired of; "Mery 's pretty

much stunted, I reckon. He was taken down the very day Widow Kidder died. They say, he took the old woman's death proper hard." — "Well," cried another, "'t was a great loss to him, there is n't her match for apple toddy in our county. My stars, what metheglin the old lady used to make! Here comes the doctor; he 'll tell us all about it. — Doctor, how 's our minister getting on?" — "Very cleverly," said the doctor; "he 'll be out again afore long. He has a better constitution than poor Southerly had, and can stand spirit a good deal longer, but it affects his head, and queerifies him quicker. He 's a clever fellow, and I shall do my best to get him on his legs again." — "That 's you, doctor," cried the poor, feeble wretch, who was angry with me for refusing his toddy; "gi' me Bill Meredith for my minister, afore all your canting orthodox hypocrites. He 's the pleasantest and the sociablest minister ever I see; I won't except Southerly. Bless my body, how funny he does make town-meeting! My old woman says she does n't want to hear much about t'other world, when she can get him to crack his jokes, and tell cozy stories about this."'

"Mr. Anderson paused, and looked me steadily in the face. — 'My friend,' said I, after a brief pause, 'your remarks cut me to the soul; but I deserve them all, and many more. If the Lord shall give me length of days, by his help I will do my duty in this heritage of thistles; and, if I cannot succeed in making this moral wilderness to blossom like the rose, I will, at least, devote my best energies to the removal of those tares and brambles, which I have wilfully permitted to accumulate, when I might have resisted their increase. I speak not without reflection. Day and night, since the recovery of my reason, I have diligently and prayerfully employed it in this behalf. I have digested my plans. My settlement is for life. I cannot be removed, but for such grounds of offence, as are well understood. The popular process for the ejection of a clergyman, who renders himself obnoxious, by opposing the vicious inclinations of his parishioners, we all understand; and it has been often and successfully employed. Gratuities and facilities, which he has hitherto received, are to be withheld. This is a matter of course, and I count it as nothing. His salary is to be cut down, and the process of starvation is to be conducted against him, as energetically by his parish, as it is by a besieging army against the tenants of a citadel. For this I am prepared; I am willing to be poor, that I may make many rich; I am ready to serve the Lord on bread and water. I have been a great sinner, and I fervently desire to present upon God's holy altars, some practical evidence of my repentance I ardently long to save one soul alive!' — My friend

clasped my hands, and exclaimed, 'Go on, and may God support you! Paul, thus converted, became an advocate of Christ.' — I informed my friend, that I intended to preach on the next Sabbath. He suggested my weakness. I told him that God would give me strength. After an impressive prayer, Mr. Anderson left me, engaging to be present, and assist me in the services of the sanctuary.

"During the previous week, the intelligence had been extensively circulated, that I should, on that day, resume my ministerial duties, and the gathering was unusually large. No tongue can describe the intensity of my feelings, when the first stroke of the village bell came upon my ear. I was fearful that my friend would disappoint me, and, though extremely feeble in the flesh, yet, as it was a delightful morning, — it was the last Sabbath in June, — I set forward slowly, and on foot. I had not gone far, when I saw Mr. Anderson, with his horse and chaise, advancing towards me. We rode to the church together. There was an unusual collection about the door. The first person who greeted me, and in the most cordial manner, after we alighted, was old Gabriel Kelly; — it was he whom Mr. Anderson had offended, by refusing his toddy. I overheard him saying to a neighbor, as we were entering the church, 'Well, we sha'n't hear about no brimstone to-day.'

"The preparatory services were conducted in an admirable manner by my kind friend. When I rose, the congregation was unusually solemn and attentive, possibly on account of the emotion, which I undoubtedly exhibited, for my heart was full. I had chosen for my text a part of the seventh verse of the thirteenth chapter of St. Luke. '*Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig-tree, and find none: cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?*' I applied this passage to myself, and my unfaithful ministration, and begged the Lord, in the language of the dresser of the vineyard, to *let it alone this year also.* I plainly told my people, that, as I should not spare their sins, I would not spare my own. I set before them a strong picture of my own unfaithfulness. I told them, that I had been appointed their shepherd, but that I had suffered the wolf to come into the fold; that I had been set apart to preach the gospel, which I had not preached; that I had accepted the office of their spiritual guide, to lead them in the way of salvation, instead of which I had walked with them in the paths of wickedness. In conclusion, with tears in my eyes, I most penitently begged the forgiveness of Heaven, and of my parishioners. The concluding prayer by Mr. Anderson was admirable; and, even among my misguided people, there were melted hearts and moistened eyes, when he con-

cluded, in the words of holy writ, '*and if it bear fruit,—well; and if not, then, after that, thou shalt cut it down.*' "

"Ah, mynheer," said the Dutchman, who had seized hold of the clergyman's hands, while the tears ran freely down his own cheeks, —"ah, mynheer, how much petter you feelt after you had made de clean preast, in dat vay!"—"Indeed," continued the narrator, "I derived a measure of strength and exhilaration from the performance of my duty on that occasion, which it falls not to the lot of any dram-drinker to enjoy or comprehend. My friend Anderson endeavored to dissuade me from preaching again upon that day; but I persisted, assuring him, that I felt stronger, than when I entered my pulpit in the morning. I preached, in the afternoon, from a part of the thirty-fourth verse of the twenty-first chapter of St. Luke: '*Take heed to yourselves, lest, at any time, your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness.*' I had read my text, and was in the act of repeating it, as usual, when old Gabriel Kelly rose up, in evident indignation, and walked out of the meeting-house. This was a fortunate occurrence. Had the example been set by any one of my less culpable parishioners, it might have been followed by others; but the pioneer, in the present instance, was an incomparable drunkard, and no one appeared willing to follow such a notable file-leader as Gabriel Kelly. My sermon was simple in its arrangement, practical, and direct. I expressed my opinion very plainly, that our village was remarkable for intemperance; that, when I first assumed my pastoral duties, I was a temperate man; that my desire of pleasing man was then paramount to my desire of pleasing God; that a non-conformist was not more offensive to the professors of an established religion, in certain countries, than a water-drinker, in the midst of an intemperate population; that a clergyman, who would not imitate the dram-drinking habits of his people, inflicted a negative insult upon some one of them, as often as he refused the proffered cup; that my desire of popularity had induced me to be *sociable* with my parishioners, which I readily perceived was an impracticable matter, without the assistance of strong drink; that I had, according to my conscientious construction of past conduct, sinfully yielded to the temptation, until a craving for that beverage, which, in the outset, was by no means agreeable, had brought me to the condition of a tippler. I quoted the remark of a French writer, who has observed, that, in the misfortunes of our very best friends, there is commonly something not altogether disagreeable to our feelings; and that even the funeral of a parishioner had not been without its fascinations for us all,—for the bottle, on such occasions, was always full, however empty and impotent the

prayer. I recited before them the vow which I had made upon my sick-bed, and, as I had feared, upon my *dying* pillow, while I had been suffering from the effects of those evil habits, which I had contracted during my unworthy ministration. That vow I renewed in the most solemn manner, before them all. — The congregation were grave and attentive, beyond my most sanguine expectations. Nothing occurred, after the departure of old Kelly, to mar the solemnity of the services, with a single exception. While I was pressing earnestly, upon the consideration of my hearers, the uncertainty of life, the certainty, and the possible suddenness, of death, and the horrible idea of being summoned — drunk — before the bar of an indignant God, — old Mrs. Troutbeck, the butcher's widow, fainted away in her pew, to the great consternation of the assembly, by some of whom it was probably accounted an awful illustration, as the old lady's habits were notoriously bad. She was removed into the open air, and speedily recovered.

"As I walked down the aisle, after the service, though few of my male parishioners remained to greet me, I was received by several of the females, with unusual cordiality; and some of them, as they shook hands with me, could not refrain from shedding tears. As I passed through the porch, and bowed kindly, but solemnly, to such of my people as still lingered there, they returned my salutation with unwonted respectfulness of manner, some of them even touching their hats, — a thing almost without precedent in the parish of Micklefield.

"There was a man in my society, who, from my first arrival in Micklefield, had treated me with marked neglect. His name was Kirk Bradish. He was a farmer, and supposed to be the wealthiest man in the village. From this man, and his wife, Elspeth, I had never received the slightest token of friendship. I had been forewarned, by one of those volunteers, who may be found amongst every people, ready to furnish all descriptions of small knowledge to the new minister, that Kirk and his wife were unsocial people, and never treated. I called upon them, once or twice, as a matter of duty, — was civilly but coldly received, — and there our intercourse seemed likely to terminate. They lost their only child, about two years after my ordination, and removed the body full twenty miles, to the town in which Mrs. Bradish was born, and there it was buried. I was highly offended, when I heard that Kirk Bradish had assigned, as a reason for this conduct, that he intended his child should have Christian burial, and that there was no such thing to be had in Micklefield. I disbelieved the story at first, but it was soon confirmed by several of those witnesses, who are ever

the swift messengers of ungrateful tidings. Our greetings were accordingly cold and uncompromising, and I set him down as the greatest enemy I had in Micklefield. — When I was leaving the meeting-house steps, after the services of the afternoon, leaning, for support, upon the arm of my friend Anderson, I was agreeably surprised, by a cordial greeting from Kirk Bradish and his wife. The old lady took me by the hand, and exclaimed, 'God bless you, Mr. Meredith, and give you strength and length of days to do his holy will!' I was much affected by the earnestness of her manner, and thanked her for her kind wishes. 'You are feeble, — you will go home in my chaise, Mr. Meredith?' said her husband; 'here, — let me help you in.' Kirk's theory and practice of friendship were so closely allied, that I had no time for debate. In a moment I was riding, side by side, with *the greatest enemy I had in Micklefield:* Mr. Anderson followed, on foot. We rode on in silence, till we had nearly reached my lodgings. 'Mr. Meredith,' said he, as we were drawing up before the door, 'you have a hard task before you, but I was sure, when I heard you this morning, that you had an unearthly support, and that the grace of God had been shed abroad in your heart.' — My feelings were too strong for utterance. I had supposed, that, in the performance of my vow, I should be compelled to enter the field against every member of my parish; — that I should commmence my arduous work of reformation without one earthly friend. It was otherwise. God had already raised up on his side, the most powerful of my parishioners; for, if wealth is a powerful instrument, in the hands even of bad men, it may be made still more so with those, who are willing to exert the influence it affords to its proprietor, on the side of virtue and religion. I made no reply, but shook the honest farmer by the hand, which he returned with a cordial grasp, that, from such a man, was equivalent to a covenant, under seal, acknowledged, and recorded.

"I passed an hour with my friend Anderson, who congratulated me on this auspicious beginning. When my good landlady returned, who had dropped in upon a few of her neighbors, after meeting, she informed us, that there was a great excitement in the parish. The morning discourse might have passed off quietly enough, as she supposed; but the sermon of the afternoon had set the congregation in a blaze. Several of the females, she remarked, were decidedly in my favor, and wished their husbands could be persuaded to leave off spirit, but the men were excessively angry. She had gathered the information, that a town meeting would soon be called in consequence of my conduct.

"Before breakfast, on the following morning, I received a visit

from Deacon Anthony, who desired to see me in private. He endeavored to be civil, but was evidently offended by the course I had pursued. — 'Well, Mr. Meredith,' said he, 'it 's just as I told you; you 've thrown the whole parish into an uproar. I thought you understood our people better. Do you think your whole congregation are going to give up spirit, because it don't agree with you?' — 'Certainly not, Deacon Anthony,' said I; 'I truly wish they would give it up, not to please me, but to please their Maker, who has warned them against drunkenness; and to benefit themselves, and their families.' — 'Pshaw! Mr. Meredith, you 're getting to be notional.' — 'I do not think so, deacon,' I replied; 'you once told me, that, for many years, the average of common drunkards in Micklefield was about seventy or eighty. This number, I understand you, remains unimpaired. The drunkards themselves stagger into their graves, but, to maintain the average, their places must be supplied. Now, since you appear to be perfectly contented with this condition of things, permit me to ask you who, among our people, are to supply their places.' — 'I 'm sure I can't tell,' said the deacon; 'perhaps you think, that I, myself, may become a drunkard, Mr. Meredith.' — 'No, sir,' I replied, 'I think you may possibly escape; you commenced the use of spirit, as you have told me, after your constitution was pretty well confirmed. When I was last at your house, you had your son Amos upon your knee. I think he is not yet six years old. You held a glass in your hand; you had drunken the liquor, and were giving your child, with a spoon, the rummy sugar at the bottom. I never shall forget his eagerness, as he ran towards you, when you were mixing your dram, indicating how well he understood the process, and how much of a little slave he had already become to his appetite for rum and sugar. I recollect that, after he had received the whole *reliquium*, he cried for more; and that, when you gently reprimanded him, he exclaimed in a passion, "I don't care; when I grow up, I 'll have as much rum and sugar as I want." — Now, Deacon Anthony, I ask you, affectionately, but most solemnly, would it be contrary to the common course of things, if little Amos should, at some future day, be one of the common drunkards of Micklefield?' — The deacon's countenance was immediately convulsed with conflicting emotions. He was angry, but he was shocked and violently agitated, by the picture I had drawn. — 'Mr. Meredith,' said he, 'don't you trouble yourself about Amos. But let 's cut this matter short; you 're settled here for life; there 's no agreement about salary, only that we 're to give you a reasonable support according to our ability. Now we seem to be getting poorer every year. This year, in particular,

everything has gone behindhand. We had a horrid freshet in the spring, and it 'll cost the town a sight o' money for the upper and lower bridges; both were carried away, you remember. Then crops have been short; besides—' 'Stop, deacon,' said I, 'save yourself this trouble, and tell me frankly your wishes.' — 'Why, to be plain, Mr. Meredith, we don't doubt a man of your talents can find a settlement, that will suit him better, and if you had as lieve as not, I think the people would be willing to pay up what they owe you, and make you some sort of a present, and put an end to the contract.' — 'I perfectly understand you, Deacon Anthony,' said I, 'and I now tell you, after grave and prayerful consideration, that I will not leave Micklefield, until I shall have atoned for my errors. You speak of the amount they owe me; they owe me nothing. I have already eaten enough of the bread of unfaithfulness. What they please to give, I will receive. If nothing, I am ready to starve, if it be God's will, and to wear that sackcloth, which I have so well deserved.' — 'Well, Mr. Meredith,' said he as he rose to go, 'then they 'll call a town-meeting, and settle it their own way.' — 'I shall pray God to give them wisdom in all their deliberations,' said I.

"Deacon Anthony's predictions, touching the affairs of Micklefield, were about as likely to be verified, as those of the master of a puppet-show, respecting the movements of his little operatives. In the early part of the following week the notices were abroad; and, after certain unimportant matters, the main object was set forth, in the usual phraseology of the warrant, — *to see what measures the town will take to fix the minister's salary;* the design of which was in fact *to fix* the minister, if I may be permitted to adopt the expression, employed by the lady in her narrative of Parson Pottle. The day arrived. It was then very common for clergymen to attend these assemblies and take a busy part in town affairs. Upon this occasion, I was absent of course. The son of my landlady gave us a full account in the evening. He stated, that the parish was very much excited by my late course; and that the affairs of the meeting had been conducted in a bitter spirit. One person moved, that a committee be appointed to invite the minister to resign. Deacon Anthony assured the meeting, that he had sounded Mr. Meredith, and that such a course would consume time and produce no possible good. Squire Higgle, the attorney, in answer to a question from one of the distillers, gave his opinion, that no legal ground existed for terminating the contract. It was then moved by one of the distillers, and seconded by an inn-holder, that, considering the poverty of the town, it could not afford, during the present

year, to pay more for the support of a minister, than one dollar per Sabbath, or fifty-two dollars per year. This motion was opposed with great zeal, by one person only, who had never spoken in town-meeting before. He inquired after the real object of this meeting; and boldly put the question to the distillers, and inn-holders, and dealers in liquor, if their real object were not to rid the town of a man, who was likely to interfere with their traffic. — The speaker was called to order, and Deacon Anthony, the moderator, informed him, that it was not in order to call on members of the meeting in that manner; and that all his questions must be put to the moderator. 'Well, then, Mr. Moderator,' continued the speaker, 'I put the question to you; Can you lay your hand upon your heart, and honestly say, that you are not desirous of driving your minister out of town, because he is likely to lessen the rum profits of your shop?' — The directness and unexpectedness of this appeal, while it deprived the deacon of the power of utterance, had an obvious effect upon the assembly, which effect was increased, by the resolute, uncompromising manner of the speaker. — Under a specious misnomer, how easily we become familiar with the perpetration of sin and folly! the dissipated and the drunken *only drown care.* — The miser obeys the injunction of holy writ, and *provides for his own household.* — The well-trained members of a political party may be too thoroughly accustomed to the exposition of their corrupt motives, to be diverted from their course; but it was not precisely thus in the town-meeting of Micklefield; and, while the speaker continued to expose the injustice of a measure, designed to crush a clergyman, because he had resolved to do his duty, more than one, either from principle or shame, seceded in his heart from the main body. When the vote was taken, the motion was lost by a very small majority. It was, however, voted to fix the salary at one hundred and four dollars, for the current year. For several years, I had annually received about two hundred and fifty dollars; and, until the present occasion, as I have stated, the salary had not been limited to any particular sum. Notice of the new arrangement was sent me by the town-clerk. Deacon Anthony was probably ashamed to be the bearer of this intelligence himself. The final motion was also opposed with great earnestness by the speaker, who had opposed the first. This speaker was Kirk Bradish, the man, whom I had once accounted *the greatest enemy I had in Micklefield.*

"On the next Sabbath morning, the meeting-house was unusually full; many being desirous, without doubt, of witnessing the effect, which the late vote had produced upon the minister. I preached from 2 Corinthians, ix. 6, 7 — *He that soweth little shall reap little, and he*

that soweth plenteously shall reap plenteously. Let every man do according as he is disposed in his heart, not grudgingly or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver. My text had possibly led not a few of my parishioners to expect a sermon, full of complaint, on account of my straitened condition. But I really felt, that I deserved nothing at their hands; and I told them so, in the heartfelt language of simplicity and truth. I thanked them for the allowance they had voted me, and stated my desire to live even upon a smaller sum, if my present salary should be found burdensome to the parish. I compared the luxurious lives of many modern clergymen with the necessities and distresses, the watchings and fastings, the stripes and imprisonments of the primitive apostles. I told them, that I desired nothing so ardently as the salvation of their souls, and that they should, one and all, decide as I had done, between God and Mammon. Many of my hearers were deeply affected. Those, who, when I commenced, had planted themselves in their seats, with an expression of dissatisfaction and even defiance, and who had anticipated a sermon full of censure and crimination, hung their heads for shame and disappointment. When I passed down the steps, the touching of hats became so contagious, that I began to hope for a reformation in the manners of Micklefield. There was an old sailor in our parish, long retired from the sea, who was a moderate drinker. This man, Captain Plunket, had an only son, who was exceedingly dear to him, but was becoming a fearful drunkard; and it was thought he would one day break the old man's heart. As I came out of the meeting-house, Captain Plunket caught me by the hand, with a convulsive grasp. — 'God bless ye, Mr. Meredith,' said he. — His lip quivered, and the tears came into his eye. — 'You don't know what you 've done for me.' — 'And pray what is it, sir?' I inquired. — 'What is it!' said he; 'why, my son John, that was head on the rock, has come right about. That shot you fired last Sunday afternoon, took him right betwixt wind and water, and he 's been plugging up ever since. Why, sir, he says he 'll never touch another drop, while he lives. He 's coaxing me to leave off too.' — 'Take his advice, my old friend,' said I, pressing his hand. — 'Would ye?' said he. — 'Indeed, I would,' I replied. — 'Well, I 'll think on 't,' said the old man, 'I will, really.' — I was not prepared so speedily to witness the fruit of my labors, and I failed not to bless God, for the increase.

"Previously to my conversion, — for such I may justly call it, I was in debt, — though not to a large amount. I was particularly anxious to be absolved from this obligation. My chief creditor was one of the malecontents of my parish, and had already begun to

press me for the amount of his demand. My landlady had offered to loan me the amount, but I was at that time negotiating with her for humbler accommodations, and lower board, and thought proper to refuse her offer. I had no other convertible property than my library, which I had taken much pains to collect. It comprised about four hundred volumes. Of these, I had catalogued about three hundred, which I thought I could most easily relinquish; and, having annexed the lowest prices, informed my landlady, that I intended to sell them separately or together. A few days after, she came to inform me, that she had found a person, who, she thought, would like to be a purchaser, and, if I pleased, would show him up. I begged her to do so; and, in a short time, Kirk Bradish entered my apartment. — 'I 'm not much of a reading character, Mr. Meredith,' said he, 'but it 's a pity such a fine library should go out of the parish, and my good woman 's of a mind that I better buy it.' — I showed him the catalogue, and the reduced prices. — 'Well,' said he, 'please to make a bill of sale, and I 'll pay you for it.' — He counted out the money, and put the bill of sale in his pocket-book. 'When will you send for the books, Mr. Bradish?' said I. — 'I can't rightly say,' he replied, 'but I 'll let you know the day before, if that will answer.' — 'Perfectly well,' said I. — A month after the transfer, I reminded him, that he had not sent for his books, and have done so repeatedly since, but he always replies, 'I 'm to let you know a day before, and you said that would answer.'

"My efforts, to obtain more humble accommodations of my landlady, were in vain. She put me off with various excuses, and thus compelled me to retain the best apartment in her house. A few days before my quarter bill became due, I told her, that the necessity of adapting my expenses to my limited means would compel me to leave her house, unless she would permit me to occupy an upper chamber. The old lady smiled, and bade me not take so much thought for the morrow. I had reserved enough to pay for my board; and, when quarter day arrived, I put down the money, and, as usual, requested a receipt. 'You will find it,' said she 'on your table; it has been already paid.' — I was unable to get any explanation from her; and, when I expressed my conviction, that it was the work of Kirk Bradish, she simply placed her finger on her lips. When I taxed him with this act of beneficence, however, he denied all agency, in such a manner, as left me no doubt of his sincerity. In this way, my board continued to be paid by some unknown benefactor, for six years. I have never been able to unravel the mystery, in any other way, than by the correspondence of events. — It was never paid in this manner, after I committed the remains of old

Captain Plunket to the grave. — The town-meeting produced a very different result from that, which its projectors designed. It increased the number of my friends, and taught me, that, even with a reference to the comforts of the present world, it is easier to serve the Lord, than Baal, if we *seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.*

" Although we had not then such means, as are derived from the principle of association, yet the village of Micklefield presented no contemptible example of local reform. Clergymen are eminently the fuglars or exemplars of their parishioners, and accordingly they lie under a fearful responsibility. I continued, by example and by precept, to operate upon the feelings and upon the reason of my flock ; and my success was vastly beyond my most sanguine anticipations. Though temperance societies and temperance pledges were, at that time, unknown, the mischievous effects and the utter inutility of every intoxicating liquor as a beverage, were well understood, by those, who considered the subject with attention. Sensuality and selfishness inculcated a different and a more popular doctrine. It was almost futile to war against a people, whose very habits so obviously tended to elevate the creature, and depress the Creator, — with such weapons alone, as the spiritual armory affords. At first, and before the pervading spirit of temperance itself had prepared the way, for the higher and holier influence of the gospel, the success of my efforts seemed mainly to depend upon a correct demonstration of such temporal evil, as springs manifestly from intemperance. Loss of money, and land, and comfort, and respectability, and health, and domestic happiness, and friends, and reason, and life itself, — such considerations were simple and intelligible, and readily traced to intemperance as their source. I found it of much advantage, even in my sermons, to introduce the opinions of those medical writers, who delivered their sentiments long before the first conception of such a thing as a temperance society ; and upon whose pages may be found the great leading features of total abstinence. I often said to my people, '*Many imagine hard labor cannot be supported without drinking strong liquors. This is a very erroneous notion. Men, who never taste strong liquors, are not only able to endure more fatigue, but also live much longer than those, who use them daily.*'*

" Long before the great temperance reformation arose in our land, Micklefield enjoyed a reformation of its own. So manifest were its advantages, that, although, for the two first years, my parishioners

* Buchan, p. 85, Coffin's Ed.

inflicted the petty municipal indignity upon their pastor of electing him hogreeve of the village, the attempt to repeat it, for the third time, was resisted by a large majority, who were already sensible of their increasing happiness. In the course of seven years, the fires of three distilleries were extinguished. At the present day, no license is granted in this village; and it would be no easy matter to find a town, in the same commonwealth, more remarkable for its industry and sobriety than the village of Micklefield. My good old friend, Deacon Anthony, who is yet living, at a very advanced age, has thanked me a hundred times for my resolution, in remaining with my parishioners. Years have gone by, since he abandoned his cheerless occupation, and became, in fact, that, which he had long been, only by profession, a sincere Christian deacon. A short account of his conversion shall close my narrative of the parish of Micklefield. — About four years after my severe illness, I received a message from old Gabriel Kelly, requesting me to visit him, as he was thought to be dying. I made my way with all possible expedition to his miserable dwelling. I reached the door almost at the same time with Deacon Anthony, who appeared somewhat embarrassed by the meeting. — 'Kelly is dying,' said I. — 'O, no,' said he, 'he 'll live a good many years yet, I guess. I 've come here on a little business, and, if you 're going in, I may as well stop on my return.' — 'There must be some mistake in this matter, Deacon Anthony,' said I; 'if Kelly is not dying, there is no reason why I should remain, and I will immediately return.' — 'Pshaw, Mr. Meredith, he 's no more dying than you are, — he 's only drunk,' cried the deacon, opening the door. — We entered together. Gabriel Kelly was stretched upon his straw-bed. Dr. Snuffler was sitting upon a broken chair. Gabriel's wife, manifestly in liquor, endeavored, upon our entrance, to draw forward a chest, that we might be seated. Their son, Gershom, a young man, about nineteen years of age, was lying, apparently dead drunk, upon the floor. The only member of this wretched family, who seemed to be capable of self-government, was a daughter, about fifteen years old. She had the reputation of being perfectly correct in her habits; and, though misery appeared to be written in broad, deep lines, upon her features, their expression was amiable, and, under other circumstances, she would have been accounted pretty. — 'How is he, doctor?' said I. — 'He can't live through the day,' replied the doctor; 'they 've been giving the old man rum, though I forbid it, and it will carry him off a little sooner.' — 'He did n't drink but two — two qua — quarts,' said the woman. — 'Two quarts!' cried the doctor. — 'No,' she replied, 'we got about two qua — quarts.' —

'Well,' said the doctor, 'how much did he drink?' — 'He — he drinkt all that was n't left in the — the — that 's what he drinkt.'

"'Gabriel,' said the doctor, putting his hand on the dying man's shoulder, 'Mr. Meredith has come to see you, with Deacon Anthony.' — He opened his eyes, and called for cold water. The doctor said he might take just what he pleased. He drank a little, and in a feeble voice addressed the deacon nearly as follows: — 'So, you 've come to see the old drunkard die?' — 'No, Gabriel,' said the deacon; 'I came because you sent for me.' — 'I did n't,' said he. — 'Your son Gershom,' said the deacon, 'came to my shop this morning, and said if I would let you have two quarts of rum, and come down myself this forenoon, you 'd settle our account, and that you could n't go out.' — 'He and the old woman plotted it, I s'pose,' cried Gabriel, 'and they 're drunk, no doubt; — settle the account, with a vengeance! What an account you 've got to settle in t'other world, deacon! I 'm a-going afore ye, for one of your vouchers. Settle the account, to be sure! Ask the minister, that 's setting on the chest with ye, what he thinks you 'll look like, when you 're called up for a set — settlement, yourself.' — 'Kelly,' said the deacon, 'you 're light-headed.' — 'Well, — maybe so, but I a'n't light-hearted, any how. — Settle the account! You made me a drunkard, — and the old woman there, — and Gershom, — and now I want you to make a solemn promise to a dying man.' — 'You 're so abusive, Kelly, that you have no right to ask anything of me.' — 'Well, well, deacon, do promise a dying man; it won't touch ye in your substance, — so ye need n't be scared, deacon. Now, if you 'll promise, I 'll tell ye something for your advantage.' — 'Well,' said the deacon, hoping to shift the topic, 'I 'll promise, if the thing is n't unreasonable.' — 'That 's a good deacon,' cried Gabriel. 'You see Alice there, my daughter; — now promise me you 'll never make her a drunkard.' — The old man would not desist, though he was evidently growing weaker, until the deacon had made him a solemn promise, that he would never furnish Alice Kelly with a drop of intoxicating liquor. — 'And now, Deacon Anthony,' said he, 'I feel myself a-going, and I must be short, but I 'll keep my word, and tell you something for your advantage. It 'll be for your advantage, deacon, to know jest what folks thinks on ye, — and I 'll tell ye. Last new year's night, more than twenty on us was together down to Kendall's tavern, and we was all unanimous, that Deacon Anthony had made more drunkards in Micklefield than any other five rum-sellers beside.' — At this moment, old Kelly was seized with a fit of coughing, which put an end to the deacon's persecution. — I asked the poor old sinner, if I should pray for him;

he replied, that it was of no use, but he thought it might be well for me to pray for Deacon Anthony. I inquired why he had sent for me. He said he wished me to be a witness of the deacon's promise, that he would not make Alice a drunkard. — The doctor observed that his pulse was failing. — 'How long can I live?' said old Gabriel. — 'Not long,' said the doctor. — 'I forgive ye, deacon,' said he, 'and hope God will, but I should die something easier, I think, if you was out of the house.' — The deacon had never undergone such a trial before. He went out in silence. The effect of this interview was greater than I could have expected. About a fortnight after old Kelly's death, which occurred on the evening of that day, Dr. Snuffler informed me, that he was in the deacon's shop, when a customer called to have his jug filled with New England rum, and the deacon informed him that he had done selling spirit. From that time, he became a truly respectable deacon. He more than redeemed his pledge to Gabriel Kelly; for he received Alice into his own family, where she remained, until she married a worthy mechanic. But it is time for me to offer you my apology for this trespass upon your patience." — "Vell, mynheer," said the Dutchman, "dat ish vat I calls a vary goot shtory; and who ish to tell de nex von? Here," continued he, addressing the daughter of the Emerald Isle, "vat have you got to zay apout dish temperance pisness, eh, voman?"

PART SIXTH.

"Och, daar sir," cried the poor Irish woman, "it 's no moor nor a poor widdy, that I am, a lone wuman, sir, lift dissolute, and this same has happunt to me foor times already. It 's not for the like o' me to prate afoor quality." — "Vell, vell," cried the Dutchman, "naver moind apout dat; let us know vat ish your idees of de temperance pisness." — "Lard bliss your honor," she replied, "it 's timp'rance, and nathing else in the warld, has done the job for myself and my poor daar husbands, — all foor on em, — and I, as I toult ye, a lone widdy into the bargain." Here she covered her face with her hands, and uttered a problematical sound, between a scream and a howl. — After a considerable pause, during which the Dutchman had listened to the widow's ululations, with evident impatience, — "Dere 's notting," said he, with a comical expression, "will shtop grief, ven he preak loose, and make a pig noise, ike Hollands; did you ever try 'em?" — At first we were a little

shocked by the Dutchman's plain inquiry He had evidently seen something of human nature. He had given abundant evidence, during the day, of an affectionate heart, but he was apparently unwilling to squander its sympathies upon a worthless object. — "I zay, goot voman, did you ever try de Hollands?" continued he, repeating the question. — "Och, my sowl, your honor, niver nor any kind o' shpirit; it 's not mysilf, that would do that same; I niver tuk a dhrap in my hull life, only jist, as the good old praast, Father O'Callaghan, used to say, in silf-defince, to kaap the wind aff the stomach, or the like o' that. At wakes and birrils, ye know, sir, it 's all right for the dacency o' the thing. But it 's mysilf, that has had enough o' timperance in my dee, ye may well say that. There was my first husband — rest his sowl — John Dory it was, he was a raal timperance man. In my oult father's cabin, there was the crathur a plinty, and mony 's the brukken head that 's fell to my share, for interfaaring atwixt the oult folks, whin they kim to licks or the like o' that ower their whiskey. So I was detarmint niver to be the wife o' ony other nor a timperance mon. John Dory was forward enough in his way o' coorting, for one o' my country, and I soon got a chance to smill o' the lad's brith, and swaater it was nor ony rose, to be sure. There was not the laast parfume o' the crathur. So I made up my mind, that John Dory was the man for Polly M'Gee. I pit the plain quistion to him, this a way, 'John Dory,' said I, 'it 's not mysilf, that 'll sit down for life wid a whiskey-drinker.' 'Daar Polly,' said he, 'my name 's not John Dory, if I 'm the like o' that. I despise the maan shtuff, and ye 'll niver find me a touching a dhrap o' it, no time o' dee.' So John and me was married, and he kipt his promise to the litter. But, for all that, there niver was a woman in County Cark, that got sich tirrible baatings fro' her drunken husband, as Mrs. Dory, that was my own self, ye know. And, for all that, he niver touched a dhrap o' whiskey. It was nathing in the warld but brandy and Hollands. John was kilt outright, in a riglar shelala fight in the city o' Cark; and while we was a raising the *keena* at the poor mon's wake, the very night afore his birril, Pether O'Keefe, his third cousin by the mother's side, squaazed my hand and breathed so hard, that 't was plain enough, he was after coorting mysilf jist thin. 'Pether,' said I, in a whisper, 'be aisy; how can ye be so unsaasonable?' — 'Och ye 're a jewel,' said he, in a low tone, and thin he 'd raise his voice, to the top o' his lungs, and join in the *keena* for the poor departed mon, his own third cousin, as I toult ye.

"In about a waak Pether kim to coort mysilf riglar. I toult him that I was not ower covetous o' being married again. 'Ye 're

maaning to shpake indirictly,' said he, 'o' my cousin Dory's not being so perlite as he might 'a been. He baat ye, I 'm toult, — it was the ondacent thing, to be sure; but he 's anunder boord now, and we 'll be after saying pace to his sowl. Ye 'll be safe enough, Polly, wid Pether O'Keefe, if ye 'll be a little consinting to be the wife o' a jontleman like mysilf. It 's not my father's son that wull be sucking the mountain dew, hinny, from marning to night. Whiskey 's a maan thing, ony how; Jamaica is haating; so is brandy; and gin is pertikler dishagraable. I niver tak a dhrap o' 'em, Polly, and, by the powers, it 's not mysilf that ever wull.'

"Haar, ye see, was a raal timperance mon, none o' your half-way spalpeens, that are nather one thing nor the tother. Afoor two months we was married, Pether and myself, and a right pace-able time we had o' it, for four and twenty hours. The very next night it was, that Pether O'Keefe kim home as drunk as a baast. 'Och, Pether,' said I, 'I 'm faaring it 's yoursilf, that has been midling wid the crathur.' — 'Hout, ye jade,' said he, 'away wid your blarney, or, by the powers o' mud, I 'll be after knocking your taath claan down into your bread-basket, ony how.' — 'Och, Pether, Pether,' said I, 'is it yoursilf that wull be using me that a way? Ye 've been up to the dishtillery.' — 'It 's a lie, an plase ye,' cried Pether; 'I 've been down to Bill Keegan's wid half a dozen moor tasting a few quarts o' broon shtout.' — 'Daar mon,' said I, 'ye 've promised me to have nathing to do wid the crathur; now jist tak a bit o' paper, and gie it to me, in black and white.' — 'Black and white it is?' cried Pether, as he shprang up in a rage; 'by the powers ye shall have it in black and blue,' said he, and he gave me a click in the eye, that sent me head ower haals upon the floor. I was soon Pether's widdy, for he died in a fit, about siven waaks after we was married.

"I thought I had had enough o' matrimony and timperance to boot; so I resolved to be my own woman for the rist o' my dees. But how it happunt I niver was able to tell, in a yaar or something liss it was, after Pether O'Keefe was pit under boord, I was ower-persuaded by Phelim McCarthy, a swaat young mon it was. Afoor we was married, I toult Phelim o' all the throubles myself had had, wid John Dory and Pether O'Keefe, and how I was detarmint niver to be married agin to ony mon, what tuk shpirit or the like o' that. 'Daar Polly,' said he, 'ye 've found your own mon, and its Phelim McCarthy, at your sarvice. It 's mysilf it is, that 's signed the plidge o' the timperance society.' — 'Sowl o' me,' said I, 'how I wish I 'd jist met wid ye, Phelim, afoor. A mimber o' the timperance society ye are!' — 'It 's aven so, Polly,' said he, 'and ye 'll

not be after finding more jonteel and raasonable people, to be sure.' I lost no time in being married to Phelim, but I repinted at my lasure, indaad I did. He was a bigger drunkard nor John nor Pether. He laid in three berrils o' oult sour cider in the beginning, and he kipt himsilf drunk dee and night. Och, sirs, whin John Dory, my first husband, daar mon, — whin he was drunk wid the raal crathur, he bate me, to be sure, but after a little bating fro' mysilf, wid the poker or some sich convanient machine, he 'd lay aisy, he would, till the nixt dee. It was n't jist that same wid Pether. The broon shtout and the porther was moor slaapier for his nathur, it was; and though, if I did n't claar out o' his way, whin he was raal befuggled, he 'd be sure to gie me a click in the chaps, or a teest o' his great showther of mutton fist in the ribs, yet if I kipt a look-out, whin he was taking his short tacks and bating into the door-way, I could na fail to manage him nately wid the oult mop, ye see. The handle was jist o' the length to kaap him aff, and the oult rags, whin I pit 'em in his face, saamed to confuse him pretty considerably entirely. It was an aisy thing it was, to pish Pether ower on the bid or maybe the floor, and 't was aisier for him thin to get aslaap, than to clamber up on to his ligs agin. Och, sirs, these here was a moor paceable sort o' a way o' baaing drunk nor Phelim McCarthy's on his oult cider. He was iver a jowering, and niver so raal drunk as to be aisy. He kipt his ligs he did, and had the fraa use o' his arms, whin he was the drunkest. He made nathing at all o' drubbing me, wid a hull gallon o' cider aboord. I tried to kaap the oult woolf in order, one dee, wid the mop, jist as I did Pether so aisy. He whisked it all away in a jiffy. 'I 'll gie ye a ride,' said he, 'ye Kilkenny divil's bird,' — an ondacent reflection that same upon my barthplace, — so he saazed me by the hair, and dragged me a half quarter o' a mile, and I crying for marcy the hull way. Whiniver I toult him he was drunk, as I did pretty riglar ivery dee; 'It 's yourself that 's an ignorant baast,' he would say; 'how can Phelim McCarthy be drunk, whin it 's known for a universal thing that he 's a mimber o' the timperance society, and niver touches nor tastes a dhrap o' the raal fiery crathur!' We was married aboot two years, whin Phelim died o' the colic. He said, wid his last brith, it was the cider, that had gi'n him his gruel; and that he did n't belaave there was a doctor in the hull warld, no moor nor a potecary, that could take the twist out o' his bowels jist thin. So ye see, sirs, I was lift alone in the warld, a poor widdy, and a lone wuman entirely. But I 'm fear'd ye 'll be thinking I had the luck o' being coorted, for it was n't moor nor a waak arter Phelim's birril, that Patrick McClannigan made

me an offer of his own silf. He was five yaars younger nor me; maybe there did n't saam that differ, for I was wonderfully supported under my throubles, to be sure. I was more detarmint nor iver niver to be nobody's wife any moor. Patrick was not the liss detarmint himsilf in his own way. It was not the aisiest thing in the warld to resist the lad that he was. I lit him see jist how I had been desaaved and chated; and I toult him I 'd not be the wife o' the man alive, who would take a dhrap o' onything, that would be the maans o' gitting him drunk. 'Polly,' said he, 'I 'll not desaave ye, by the powers. I 'll confiss the hull truth to ye now. I 'se taken a chaaring dhrap now and thin, to be sure, but it 's mysilf that 'll do a'most ony thing to plase the like o' you. Now, an it 's your wull an plisure, we can fix it this a way: haar 's a timperance society, that goes the hull as they say, none o' your half-way societies it is. Ivery mimber o' it is boond fast, sowl and buddy, not to take a dhrap o' any fuddlesome liquor, ye see, saving as a midicine. Now it 's Patrick McClannigan, that 'll sign the pildge o' that same society.' — 'Do it, Patrick,' said I, 'and I 'll be Mrs. McClannigan right away.' — He shprang upon his naat and wint off like a shut. In liss nor an hour he kim back wid a certificate, that he had pildged himsilf to abstain from ivery intoxicating liquor saving as a midicine. We was married, and I 'm tilling ye the truth whin I say, that he niver had a wall day after that. He drinkt whiskey like a sponge, he did, and iver as a midicine. Whin he got drunk, as he did at Billy O'Finnigan's birril, I toult him he had brukken his pildge. — 'No, Polly daar,' said he, 'is n't it midicine for the sowl o' me?' But he is did and gane, poor lad, and I am lift a dissolute widdy once moor. I 've no great opinion o' timperance, ye may belaave."

The Irish widow, by her extraordinary narrative, had occasioned more smiles than tears. "Vell, mine goot voman," exclaimed the old Dutchman, at the termination of her story, "you have sailed upon von vinegar voyage, mitout coming to de haven where you vould pe. Vat dish voman tell," continued he, addressing the company, "prove dat de only vay ish to let de shtuff alone, call 'em vat you please. Now, mynheer," looking at his watch, and turning to the elderly gentleman, "dere vill pe moor dan von hour pefore ve arrive at ————. Vill you please to give us a leetil more of your talk apout de temperance pisness? Maype, you can give us a shtory yourself."

PART SEVENTH.

"The subject does not appear to be exhausted," said the elderly gentleman, "and I cannot refuse to comply with your request, since every other individual has freely contributed to the common stock.

"Nothing appears to me less extraordinary, than the commencement of the temperance reform in the warfare against ardent spirit alone. Though used, more or less, by all orders in society, it was emphatically the beverage of the humbler classes. — It was the poor man's brief consolation and permanent curse. — We are more prone to correct the vices and follies of our neighbors than our own. To such, among the higher classes, as were disposed to be philanthropists, it was a graceful and an acceptable office, to carry the banners of moral reform among the poor. Yet, if education, rank, and riches serve to aggravate our sins, the wine drunkenness of the rich was more enormous than the rum drunkenness of the poor. The beam, therefore, was not unfrequently found in the rich man's eye. There was, at the commencement of the reformation, as I think, not less intemperance, proportionally, in the higher than in the lower walks of life. If this opinion should be thought erroneous by some, let it be remembered, that the rich are few in number, and the poor an overwhelming majority. The poor were not likely to commence a reformation for the rich. Accordingly, the higher orders commenced it for the poor. Rum, brandy, gin, and whiskey were denounced. Wines and cordials were spared. The drunkenness forbidden in holy writ, as every one knows, was drunkenness on fermented liquors, for distillation was then unknown. With him, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, it can be no cause for qualification; it cannot vary the character of the offence the tithe of a hair, that drunkenness is produced by one intoxicating beverage, rather than by another.

"The appetite for intoxicating liquor has been coeval with its existence. Drunkenness has existed upon the earth, as a personal, domestic, and national curse, since the means of drunkenness were contrived. Man, for all the purposes of drunkenness, is precisely such as he was in the wine-making days of Noah; and, while similar means of drunkenness remain, similar effects will result from their employment. This appears to me to be plain common sense. Now, if ardent spirit should be abandoned, mankind would fall back upon one fermented liquor after another, as a retreating army retires successively upon its strong-holds. I perceive no reason, therefore, why wine, if it should ever become the beverage of the people as of

old, should not work for us the very same miserable results, which it wrought for '*all the inhabitants of Jerusalem*,' in the days of Jeremiah. In the narrative, which this poor woman has given us of her matrimonial experiences, you perceive, that drunkenness may be produced by more than one intoxicating liquor.

"When the natural appetite for water becomes vitiated, by the use of any inebriating liquor, the desire for the accustomed stimulus will induce the beer-drinker and the wine-drinker to prefer the more fiery beverages to that of God's appointment, if wine and beer are not to be obtained. Nothing, in my opinion, would be gained by mankind, if the highest achievement of the reformation were he substitution of one intoxicating liquor for another, and such, I have no doubt, would be the result, if its advocates should aim at the abolition of ardent spirits alone, permitting mankind to employ all other inebriating liquors at discretion.

"In the city in which I reside, there was a young man of uncommon promise, who was well known to me from his earliest years. His character and bearing were singularly lofty. Meanness, in all its forms, was sure to awaken his indignation and disgust. Among the vices of mankind, there were few, which he seemed to detest so thoroughly, as drunkenness. His abhorrence of a drunkard was perfectly Castilian. This young gentleman, whose name was Arthur Middleton, had, in his own family, the most melancholy examples of intemperance. His two elder brothers had long continued in the habit of almost daily intoxication. They were both married, and each was surrounded by a group of unhappy little ones, destined, apparently, to that inheritance of ignorance, poverty, and rags, which so commonly falls to the lot of a drunkard's progeny. The contrast, between these unhappy men and their younger brother, was singularly striking. It was precisely all that difference, which lies between vicious poverty and honorable thrift.

"After a collegiate education and the regular term of professional study, Arthur Middleton had commenced the practice of the law, with no ordinary prospect of success. His brothers had not enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education. One of them had been engaged in trade; and the other, following the plough, after the example of a worthy father, had been a respectable farmer, until he became an idler and a drunkard. The superior advantages of education and professional success were not suffered, by Arthur Middleton, to constitute a barrier of pride and selfishness, between himself and his unhappy brothers. Upon more than one occasion, I have been deeply affected, as I have listened to his elevated sentiments, when speaking of these misguided relatives. 'My education,' he

would often say, 'has placed me, I trust, far beyond the reach of this vulgar liability. God has prospered me in my affairs. I have acquired some property, some reputation, perhaps. Show me the way, in which I can employ all that God has given me, more acceptably in his sight, than by flying to the rescue of my unhappy brothers. They are the children of my father and of my mother. They were the companions — the playmates of my childhood. I can never forget a parent's dying injunction, as he took a hand of us each, within his own, gave us his parting benediction, and bade us love one another. They are sadly intemperate, it is true, — but I will be the last to despair of their reformation.'

"For the accomplishment of this important object, and under a strong consciousness of duty, he suffered no expedient to remain unemployed. Suffice it to say, that he was completely successful. The painful relation, in which he stood to these unhappy men, had very naturally drawn him into closer connection with temperance men and temperance measures. He became an active and efficient member, and, finally, an officer of a temperance society. The application of such means, as were thus brought within his reach, enabled him to exert that happy influence upon his two brothers, which finally produced their perfect reformation. He became, under God, the minister of happiness to these two miserable families, and enabled them to gather once again in peace around their firesides."

The elderly gentleman paused for a moment, and, with evident emotion, continued as follows: — "Arthur Middleton had long been attached to a lovely girl, a distant connection of his own. She was very young, and his admirable qualities of head and heart seemed not, for a time, to be as carefully weighed by her, as they might have been, in the balance of some graver spinster. It was my fortune to be the first, who related in her hearing the circumstances, to which I have just now referred. She appeared to listen with unusual interest. I was entirely willing, that she should have in her possession the most ample materials, for judging correctly of this excellent young man. I exhibited before her the wretched, fallen state of these miserable men, — the sufferings of their wives, — the worse than fatherless condition of their children, — the entire absence of every gleam of happiness from their firesides, — the prospect before them of committing, sooner or later, to the drunkard's grave, their husbands, — their fathers, — once the objects of their love and reverence. I contrasted this sickening picture with another, and bade her look on that. I set before her imagination the same unhappy men, sacrificing their idols upon the altars of domestic repose — shaking off the bandages of a moral death, — taking once

more into their hands the implements of honest industry, and no longer converting its avails into the means of misery, but into bread, that their little ones might eat and live. I bade her contemplate the beggar's rags exchanged for comfortable raiment, — the drunkard's cheerless hearth for the happy cottager's fireside. 'This change,' said I, 'under the merciful providence of God, is entirely attributable to the zeal, and energy, and brotherly love, of our young friend.' For the first time, as I believe, that sentiment was awakened in the heart of this amiable girl, which ultimately ripened into the most devoted affection. As I concluded my simple narrative, and while she was brushing the tear from her eye, the door opened, and Arthur Middleton entered the apartment. — Nothing has ever appeared more lovely, since the fall of man, than certain impulses of the youthful heart, — as yet unsullied by the world's alloy, — chaste, and unsuspecting, and all untrammelled by those ceremonious usages and laws, which belong, of right, to social intercourse, and which it is by no means my purpose to condemn. This young gentleman no sooner entered the apartment, than Margaret Alston rose from her chair, and walked earnestly towards him. 'I am delighted to see you, Mr. Middleton,' said she, giving him her hand. Arthur Middleton was evidently embarrassed by this unexpected salutation, from one, of whose coldness or indifference he had hitherto believed himself entitled to complain; and Margaret herself, abashed by the consciousness of her own precipitation, somewhat awkwardly resumed her seat and her needle-work. 'We were speaking, Mr. Middleton,' said I, with the intention of removing the unpleasant sensation as speedily as possible, — 'we were speaking of the happy result of your efforts for the reformation of your two brothers.' — 'The change in their condition is truly wonderful,' he replied. 'I yesterday returned from a visit to Geoffrey, my oldest brother. I passed the Sabbath with his family, and, I can truly aver, the happiest Sabbath of my life. He has five girls and one boy, — and six lovelier children I never beheld. I had not been half an hour in the cottage, before Tim, their little boy, who is about seven years old, took me down into the field, and showed me a spot underneath an old walnut, where the green sward appeared to have been broken. "Daddy's jug is buried there," said the child; "he broke it on that stone, when he left off drinking, and the next day he said he could n't bear to see the pieces; so he buried 'em. Daddy prays every night out loud now, that God would help him to keep his pledge and drink no more rum. He asks mother to pray for him too. Daddy lets me ride jack-horse on his knee, just as he used to. I aan't a mite afeard on him now. He don't kick the children into the fire, when

they 're a-parching corn, as he did once. Uncle John 's left off too. He was here last week. He and father used to quarrel, but they 've made all up. When he used to come here, daddy always got out the jug, and mother used to say we should have trouble afore long; and so she got us all out o' the way over to Deacon Blaney's. But when uncle John come last week, and brought aunt Sukey, they did n't have any such thing; and, afore uncle John went away, daddy did n't get out any jug, but he got out mother's Bible, and read a chapter, and then he prayed, and uncle John prayed, that God would keep 'em both from drinking any more rum; and mother and aunt Sukey cried like all possessed." — When Sabbath morning came,' continued Mr. Middleton, 'my brother Geoffrey's wife expressed some little uneasiness on account of little Tim's threadbare apparel. "Never mind, wife," said Geoffrey, "God looks at the heart; — let 's pray to be able to mend that; — I don't believe the Lord will mind Tim's old clothes; and, afore another Sabbath, maybe we 'll do better."'

"We were deeply affected," continued the elderly gentleman, "with Arthur Middleton's account. From the period of this interview, the relation between this young man and the object of his affections became of a closer character. Ere long, she announced to her parents, that Mr. Middleton had made her proposals of marriage. Their approbation was cheerfully bestowed, and the young lady received a full moiety of all those felicitations, which commonly abound upon such occasions as these. Such were the talents, character, and prospects, of Arthur Middleton, that Margaret Alston was universally accounted a most fortunate girl. — They were married. — They were happy. — In little more than a twelvemonth, she gave birth to a lovely girl. — His professional prospects were unclouded. — At this period of his life, he gave a willing ear to the suggestions of his political associates and friends, who endeavored to persuade him, that his talents and accomplishments were not altogether the private property of their possessor. Accordingly, he entered upon the career of public life. With those, whose suffrages contributed to place him among the legislators of his native commonwealth, the friends of the temperance reform were delighted to coöperate; and they had no occasion to regret his election. His efforts to correct the evils of the license system, so far as it is susceptible of legislative amendment, were indefatigable. Mr. Middleton's manner of life could not, with perfect propriety, be styled extravagant. He was exceedingly hospitable, and a liberal entertainer. His income at no time exceeded the limit of his expenditure. He was never able to say that he had laid up a farthing, at the close of any year.

"In addition to his professional and political engagements, the temperance cause levied no ordinary tax upon his time and toil. He had occasionally lectured upon several of its interesting topics with the happiest effect; and he suffered no occasion to pass unimproved, for the reformation of intemperate men.

"Notwithstanding his natural temperament, which was uncommonly ardent, Mr. Middleton was remarkable for his entire self-possession at the bar. I never recollect, but on one occasion, to have seen him manifestly nettled, and so thoroughly confused, that he was utterly unable to reply. Three young men, students in the university, were indicted for an aggravated assault and battery upon a farmer, somewhat advanced in years. I presided at the trial of this indictment. Mr. Middleton was counsel for the young men, and endeavored to prove, that the old man was drunk, and the aggressor. It was clearly shown that he had drunk five glasses of rum, during the day, upon which the assault and battery occurred, and that he was in the habit of drinking ardent spirit. This testimony was rebutted, by the evidence of an experienced dram-seller, well qualified to judge, from his knowledge of the old man's habits. The dram-seller testified, that he had sold him rum almost daily, for twenty years;—and that he could drink three times that number of drams in a day, without being drunk; and that he was remarkable in the parish for the strength of his head. Other witnesses corroborated this testimony; and it was proved that the old farmer had made some shrewd bargains, a very short time before the rencounter. On the other hand, it was shown to the entire satisfaction of the jury, that the young men, one and all, were unquestionably drunk;—that they were members—in good standing—of the Porcellian Club;—that they had just come forth, at the time of the assault, from a Porcellian dinner;—and that they had drunken no stronger intoxicating liquor than wine. At that time, the principles of the temperance reformation were less perfectly understood, than they are at the present day. Mr. Middleton, though strenuously opposed to the use of ardent spirit, was in the daily practice of taking his wine, and *putting his bottle to his neighbor!* In the then existing condition of the temperance reform, a proposal to abstain from wine, and all other fermented liquors, would have been rejected as thoroughly absurd, by an overwhelming majority of all those, who had set their names to the temperance pledge. It would have been thought impossible to get along with the common courtesies of social intercourse, without this wonderful promoter of '*the feast of reason and the flow of soul.*' Mr. Middleton evinced considerable irritation, when he perceived, that the old rum-drinking farmer was

likely to escape the imputation of drunkenness, on the present occasion; while, at the same time, the charge was effectually fastened upon his gentlemanly clients, whose beverage was wine. In the course of his defence, he became extremely sharp upon the old farmer; referred to his notorious habits; and spoke, with unsparing severity, of the venders and partakers of ardent spirit. When the prosecuting officer had closed for the government, the old farmer rose, and requested permission to say a few words, which I readily granted. — 'Please your honor,' said the old man, 'Squire Middleton don't think worse of ardent spirits than I do. I know they 've done a great deal of mischief in the world, and perhaps very little good, if any. I can go into the graveyard in our village, and put my foot agin the headstone of more than a hundred, who, in the course of nature, might have lived as long as I have, but whom rum has carried to the drunkard's grave. 'Squire Middleton is n't more in favor of the temperance cause than I am. I 've three sons and two daughters. I made all five on 'em sign the pledge. I advise everybody else to do the same thing. Your honor wonders, maybe, why I don't sign it myself. Please your honor, I 'se got a dreadful strong head. I would n't have anybody justify himself by my example; for I never met the man that could drink as I can, without feeling the effects on 't. 'Squire Middleton 's a great temperance man, please your honor, and he says we all ought to leave off, if it 's only for the sake of the example to other folks. Your honor sees as how the young blades was all drunk, though 't was only on wine; and that I was n't drunk, though I never denied that I 'd taken a few glasses of rum and water that day. Now, 'Squire Middleton won't deny, I s'pose, that rum won't make some folks drunk, and that wine will. Please your honor, I think well enough of the 'squire, and am sorry he seems to think so poorly of me. It 'll come proper hard for me to give up spirit. I 've used it more than fifty years. Howsomever, I 'll make the 'squire an offer here afore the court; — I 'll give up rum, and brandy, and gin, and the like of them are, if the 'squire 'll give up wine, and beer, and cider, and sich as they. — Come, 'Squire Middleton, what d' ye say to that?' The court-room resounded with peals of laughter, which the officers found it no easy matter to suppress.

"'It is somewhat difficult,' said Mr. Middleton, as we met in the evening, 'to furnish a sufficient reply, upon the spur of the moment, to such an unexpected proposal as that, which old Barnicoat tendered to me in court to-day.' — 'The easiest thing in the world,' I replied. — 'And how so?' he inquired. — 'Close with the old man's proposition at once,' I rejoined. It was very evident that he

did not relish my suggestion, and the conversation soon found its way into some other channel.

"Not long after this occurrence, the friends of the temperance cause, perceiving, as they supposed, the insufficiency of the pledge of abstinence from ardent spirits alone, began to agitate the question of abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. Meetings were frequently called, for the purpose of discussing this interesting topic. The society, of which Mr. Middleton had long been a distinguished member, adjourned its meetings for six successive evenings. Mr. Middleton himself argued against the extension of the pledge, with more than all his usual zeal and ingenuity. It was nevertheless decided, by an overwhelming majority, to assume higher ground, and to adopt the pledge of abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. Mr. Middleton, with two or three others, who refused to sign the new pledge, were necessarily excommunicated, or rather ceased to be members of the temperance society. He joined in the common cry, that the cause of temperance was at an end, and that the ultraism of its misguided and over-zealous friends had brought destruction upon one of the most noble of all human undertakings. From this moment, he never spoke of the cause, nor of its advocates, without an expression of disgust and even bitterness.

"It is not good for man to be alone. No one is more sensible of this profitable truth, than a dissenter from those opinions, which are acquiring an extensive popularity. His peculiar sentiments appear too valuable, in his own estimation, for his exclusive enjoyment; and he is forever uneasy, unless he is employed as a propagandist. Truth may be enjoyed by its happy proprietor, in perfect silence. Heresy commonly affords little pleasure, unless some willing ear is at hand, to receive our doubts and relieve us of our theories. The Christian is happy in close communion with his God The infidel is ever restless, unless engaged in the promulgation of his unbelief. The wine-drinking members of old-fashioned temperance societies, are commonly, more or less, conscious of their inconsistency. There are many degrees between the very first impression of that inconsistency, vague and undefined as it occasionally is, and that full conviction, which speedily converts the midway temperance man into a tee-totaller. Private reflection, upon this interesting topic, is frequently preferable to public discussion. In the latter course, sides are to be taken, and opinions maintained. Mr. Middleton had long been esteemed a social and convivial man. During the discussion, to which I have referred, it was not to be expected, that either party should forbear the exhibition of any argument, which could be legitimately brought to bear upon the

question. Frequent allusion was made to those selfish and personal motives, which governed many, who were unwilling to extend the pledge. Their attachment for the bottle became a subject of considerable mirth. It was true, upon this, as it has been elsewhere upon many similar occasions, that almost every individual, who opposed the extension of the temperance pledge, was in the habit of using fermented liquor, with a greater or less degree of moderation. No one gave stronger evidence of personal irritation than Mr. Middleton. I expressed my surprise to an old friend, as we were leaving the assembly one evening. He shrugged his shoulders, and observed, that 'Squire Middleton drank more wine than was good for him. I was greatly shocked by this remark; for I had never suspected before, that he was an intemperate man.

"It was very evident to me, that Mr. Middleton had lost his interest in the temperance cause. He levied the most open and unrelenting warfare against the advocates of total abstinence, and devoted a large amount of his leisure moments to an exposition of their madness and folly.

"My position, in regard to this young gentleman and his wife, gave me sufficient authority for directing my attention more closely to his habits of life. In connection with the remark of my old friend, I recollected, that, during my recent visits at Mr. Middleton's house, I had noticed some indications of anxiety on the countenance of his wife. They did not appear so perfectly happy in each other's society of late, and I began to charge myself with stupidity, for not having been more forcibly impressed by these appearances. The next morning, I called at his house: it was shortly after breakfast, and he had already gone abroad. Margaret was walking the room with her little girl. I came rather abruptly into the apartment; and, as I entered, I heard the little girl exclaim, 'Don't cry, dear mother.' She was in tears, and turned towards the window to conceal them. I took her hand, and affectionately inquired after the cause of her sorrow. After some hesitation she admitted, that her husband's affairs were somewhat embarrassed. 'And is this the only occasion of your tears?' I inquired. 'I cannot bear,' she replied, 'to see Mr. Middleton so terribly excited, as he often is, by these temperance discussions.'—'And pray,' said I, 'is he ever excited from any other cause?'—She gazed at me intently for an instant, and burst into tears. The position, in which I stood to this lady, as I have already stated, warranted the freedom of my inquiry, and the fulness of her reply. She frankly told me, at last, that she was alarmed for the consequences of his habit of indulgence; and that, although he never tasted ardent spirit in any form,

his free use of wine and other fermented liquors had materially affected his temper and lessened her happiness. She informed me, that her tears, which I had noticed upon my first arrival, had been occasioned by a sharp reprimand from her husband, while dissuading him from giving a dinner-party, which he could not afford. She added that it was settled, nevertheless, against her counsel, and would take place the ensuing week. She said, that her husband intended to invite me, and I promised to accept the invitation. I offered such counsel, as I thought adapted to her situation, and took my leave.

"Without the slightest committal of Mr. Middleton's reputation, I gave a fair occasion to others to speak freely of his habits in my hearing. I soon discovered, to my sorrow, that he had, for some time, been accounted an intemperate man. As a zealous member of the temperance society, he had been placed aloof from all suspicion; and the whole common sense of the framers of the old-fashioned temperance pledge seemed completely to negative the idea of intemperance, on wine. I found, that a very common impression prevailed of his incompetency, as a business man, in the after-part of the day; and that his particular case was very generally cited by those, who desired to prove, by example, the utter insufficiency of the pledge of abstinence from ardent spirits alone.

"I felt it to be my duty to have a full and frank conversation with this young man. I was revolving the subject in my thoughts, and devising the most suitable plan for its execution, when he called to invite me to dine with the Rev. Dr. Mockturtle, our new clergyman, and a few friends, on the following day. I was half inclined to refuse, or to accept on condition that wine should not be introduced. On further reflection, however, I decided to accept the invitation, and seek a more suitable opportunity for the expression of my opinions. The impressions, which I had recently gathered of his intemperate habit, induced me to regard his appearance and manner more carefully; and I noticed in his countenance the marks and numbers of dissipation, which I had never observed before.

"When I entered Mr. Middleton's parlor, upon the following day, I found the guests already assembled, with the exception of our new clergyman, for whom the entertainment was made. The host and hostess were, from some cause, not perfectly at ease. An illy-concealed anxiety was too plainly visible upon the countenance of Mrs. Middleton, which it was painful to observe. After the lapse of half an hour, the door opened, and the long-expected guest made his *entrée*. The Rev. Paul Mockturtle was about five and forty years of age, unusually short, round, and rubicund. He was evi-

dently, if I may so express myself, a man for both worlds, having no intention of relaxing his hold of the present, until he had secured a firm grasp upon a better. I never looked upon a face of clay in which the muscles were so wonderfully pliable; nor have I ever seen an individual, whose tones of voice and general manner were so instantaneously variable — valuable qualifications, beyond all doubt, for an individual, who is called, at one moment, to mourn with those who mourn, and the very next, to rejoice with those who rejoice.

"We were soon ushered into the dining-parlor. The blessing was craved most reverentially, by the Rev. Paul Mockturtle; and, from the position of his expanded hands and the curvature of his body, it seemed to be especially bestowed on a capacious oyster-pie, upon which he subsequently made a lion's repast, whetting his appetite with an occasional glass of wine, and clearing his fauces with one or two tumblers of London porter. Nothing could be done in a more workmanlike style. Short ejaculations and brief responses now and then interrupted the work of consumption. — 'Poor Mrs. Davidson has lost her husband, doctor,' said Deacon Eldridge. 'God have mercy upon her,' cried the doctor; 'a few more oysters, Mrs. Middleton, if you please. Dear me, this is a world of sorrow — you have a French cook, madam, no doubt.'

"I had already seen and heard enough to excite my contempt for our new clergyman. He was elected, during my absence in a neighboring state, and I felt some little satisfaction in the consciousness of my irresponsibility for such a selection.

"The cloth was removed, and the wine began to circulate. After some general conversation, a remark from Deacon Eldridge turned the attention of the company to the subject of temperance. I was not sorry for this, as I was desirous of affording our new clergyman an opportunity of exhibiting his sentiments. 'Old Anthony Jones, the undertaker, is dead,' said Deacon Eldridge. — 'A wretched drunkard,' said Mr. Middleton — 'we should have reformed that poor fellow, if — fill your glass, doctor, — if it had not been for the suicidal conduct of our temperance society — perhaps you prefer the Sherry, Deacon Eldridge.' — 'Old Anthony,' said Mr. Snakeroot, the apothecary, 'was eternally drunk with beer; he did n't take much ardent spirit.' — 'Could n't be, sir,' cried Mr. Middleton; 'impossible — John, some clean glasses and the old Monteiro, — no man ever became a drunkard, a *real* drunkard, on beer, Mr. Snakeroot.' — 'Anthony Jones was a terrible drunkard, Mr. Middleton,' replied the druggist. — 'No doubt of that, sir; but he drank rum, sir, rum, sir, rum, rum, New England rum; depend upon it as certainly as your

name is Snakeroot. There, Doctor Mockturtle, what d' ye say to that?' — 'Nectar, Mr. Middleton, nectar, indeed it is; but your Sh — Sherry is incomparably fine; did you imp — ort it yourself?' — 'Yes, sir — no, sir, not exactly the Sherry — John, open the Champagne, — fill the doctor's glass, — Joly's brand, my dear doctor.' — 'Excellent, most excellent, my very dear friend,' cried the doctor, who was palpably the worse for liquor. — 'Dr. Mockturtle,' cried Mr. Hoogs, one of the most influential members of our parish, 'I should like to have your opinion of the temperance society.' — 'Sir,' replied the doctor, drawing himself up, and holding fast upon the arms of his chair, and turning upon Hoogs the only eye which was entirely open, 'it 's done up, sir, — dephlogisticated, — extinct, — and defunct, body and spirit. It 's all over with it now, sir. It 's ultraism, sir. — Is n't this a good creature of God? that 's my argument, sir, — the glass is empty, Mr. Mid — Middlington, a little more, if you are agreeable, sir. My health is delicate, sir, and I follow the direction of the apostle, and take a little for my — my stomach ache and often infirmities. My learned friend, Dr. Tweedles, does the same thing. He is an in — invaletudinarian, and requires it. He is in the habit of taking a little, but he does not take it habitually. The fanatics have set no bounds to their audacity. Dr. Tweedles tells me, sir, that a member of his society had the impudence to adulterate the communion wine, — good, old, strong-bodied Madeira, — by putting spring water into it. What an unhallowed innovation!' — 'You don't say so, doctor!' cried Deacon Eldridge, holding up his hands and rolling his eyes aloft with an expression of horror. — 'Yes, sir,' replied the doctor, 'I do say so, — it 's nothing less than sacrilege, sir. — For my own part — I 'll take a little more of the Champagne, if you please, my dear sir — I was going to observe — to remark that a — bless me, it 's gone out of my head — O — ah — yes, yes, I 've got it — I was going to say everything done by our blessed Redeemer was sacred. His example is enough for me. I make it a point to take wine at weddings always, and it never tastes so good, because I do it in honor of my Redeemer. Dr. Tweedles does the same thing.' — 'I always do,' said Deacon Eldridge. — 'So do I,' said Mr. Hoogs. Six or eight of the company affirmed, that they were in the same habit. — 'I 'll tell you what it is,' cried Mr. Middleton, who, though he had been silent, had not been idle — 'I 'll tell you what it is,' said he, with an excessively flushed and excited countenance; 'it 's all a humbug — I 'm sick of it, and by — I beg your pardon, doctor.' — 'O, my dear friend,' said the doctor in a sleepy voice, 'no sort of occasion, I assure you.' — 'Doctor Mockturtle,' continued Mr. Middleton, 'our

notions correspond exactly, and I 'm rejoiced that you 've — fill your glass — that you 've come among us. Was there ever such an infernal piece of non — nonsense as the notion, that men of character and standing can get drunk on good old Madeira?' — 'Never, my dear friend,' replied the doctor, 'never, never. Why diminish our com — comforts, why take away our innocent rec — rec — recreations?' — 'Sure enough,' cried two or three of the company. 'These temperance folks are certainly carrying matters to extremes,' said Deacon Eldridge; 'pray, judge,' continued the deacon, turning to me, 'don't you think they 're going too fast and too far?' — I had continued almost entirely silent during this entertainment, which had afforded anything but pleasure to me. Mrs. Middleton had retired, as soon as the common courtesy of the table would permit, and I had remained to ascertain, if possible, from the carriage of her husband, the nature and extent of his intemperate habit. I was perfectly convinced from all that I saw, in connection with all that I had heard, that his love for intoxicating liquor was the sin, that most easily beset him; and that, unless immediately vanquished, it would inevitably bring ruin upon himself, and misery upon his household. I perceived, that my presence was embarrassing to Mr. Middleton, and I was upon the point of withdrawing, when called out by the inquiry of Deacon Eldridge. On the whole, I was not disposed to regret so fair an occasion for expressing those opinions, which my position, as a guest, would have prevented me from obtruding upon such a company. 'Deacon Eldridge,' said I, in reply to his interrogatory, 'I foresee no great danger from the rapid progress of the reformation. Excesses, if such there are, will probably correct themselves. You well know my opinions, deacon; they are those of a cold-water man.' — These last words seemed to awaken Dr. Mockturtle from the lethargy, which had been evidently getting the better of his energies for some time past. It had never occurred to him, in all probability, that any diversity of opinion, upon the subject before us, existed among the guests who were present; and he had been too seriously occupied with his own operations, to pay any very particular attention to the proceedings of his neighbors. He was evidently surprised, that any person should have the hardihood to avow himself a cold-water man before an assembly, in which every other individual had furnished such abundant evidence, that he was not. He turned toward me with perfect astonishment. I cannot say, that he lifted the light of his countenance upon me, for every spark of intelligence was utterly extinguished. — 'I am a cold-water man, deacon, as you well know,' continued I. 'Water is a safe and a salutary beverage; we

have sufficient reason to believe, that wine is neither. I will avail of this occasion to bear my testimony, for all that it is worth, against some wild opinions, as I deem them, which I have heard to-day. It is easier, I conceive, to follow our blessed Redeemer's example in some things than in others; it is a pleasanter employment, perhaps, to drink wine, at a wedding, in commemoration of his example at Cana, than to bear a splinter of the cross, in testimony of our gratitude for all he suffered for mankind on Calvary. Jesus Christ never *commanded* that we should drink wine upon such convivial occasions as these; yet he certainly *forbade* surfeiting and drunkenness. If drunkenness had not existed, he would not have forbidden it. Fermented liquors were then the only beverages, by which drunkenness could be produced. It is therefore absurd to contend, that wine, even when unenforced with brandy, is insufficient for the production of drunkenness. It is not less irrational to assert, that the addition of water is an adulteration of communion wine,* however pure that wine may be; and this remark is still more just, if the communion wine be such as is commonly employed and enforced with brandy, for such wine was unknown when Jesus Christ was upon the earth.' Having made these remarks, I took my leave, and returned home with many sad forebodings, in relation to the future prospects of poor Middleton and his unhappy family.

"It had been my intention to seek the first fitting opportunity, for a solemn conversation with Mr. Middleton, on the subject of his habit. Impressions, produced at the late interview, tended to dissuade me from the execution of this design. I had ascertained, that both his brothers had become members of the new society, and signed the pledge of abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. At a temperance convention, recently assembled in a neighboring county, Geoffrey Middleton, the elder brother, who was a man of strong natural understanding, had distinguished himself, by making, in his plain way, one of the most argumentative and affecting addresses, that I have ever heard, in favor of the comprehensive pledge. It occurred to me, that my object would be most likely to be accomplished, through the instrumentality of this elder brother. About a week from this time, I had occasion to pass through the village, in which he resided, and called at his farm-house. I stated my fears, in relation to his brother, without any reserve; and suggested, that, possibly, exhortation and argument, from the lips of a brother, might avail, which would fall ineffectually from those

* See Appendix.

of any other man. — 'Do go, Geoffrey,' said his wife; 'we owe everything to Arthur.' — 'I know it,' said Geoffrey, as his lip quivered and the tear came into his eye. 'I 'll go, judge,' continued he, 'if you 'll go along with me and bear me out. Arthur 's a tonguey man, judge, and I should feel badly, if I could n't make the whole truth plain for the want of words.' We made an arrangement to visit Arthur Middleton together, on the following Monday. Before we parted, I apprized his brother Geoffrey of all the circumstances in Arthur's situation, which had come to my knowledge, — his pecuniary embarrassment, — the extent of his habit, — the undesirable reputation, which it had already acquired for him; to all which he listened with evident surprise and sorrow.

"At the appointed hour, on the following Monday, Geoffrey Middleton arrived at my door, in company with his brother John. 'I 've brought brother John with me, judge,' said he, as he entered my study; 'I 've been thinking he might put in a word now and then. John is about as much indebted to Arthur, as I am myself, and has as much interest in this matter as I have; and, as he was entirely willing to go with us, I thought I would bring him over, and take your advice about it.' — I knew the character of John Middleton very thoroughly. He was a man of good common sense, but decidedly inferior to Geoffrey in point of talent. The natural impulses of his heart were more impetuous; he was not much older than Arthur; and, having been more closely associated with him as the companion of his earlier years, he cherished towards him very naturally a much warmer attachment. Both Geoffrey and John, subsequently to their reformation, had expressed, in my hearing, their grateful sense of their younger brother's efforts in bringing it about. Upon such occasions, Geoffrey was always perfectly collected, and gave a clear account of his former state, contrasting it, in the happiest manner, with his present condition; and bestowing the full measure of grateful praise upon his brother Arthur. John's heart was always too full for such a calm, collected narrative; and, before he had relieved himself of one half of all he had to say, his voice choked, his eyes filled with tears, and all he could utter, as he held my hand in his own convulsive grasp, was, 'O, judge, — I can't talk about it.'

"I told John, that I was persuaded his presence would be beneficial. I informed them both of such facts, as had recently come to my knowledge. At the close of the entertainment, of which I have given a description, the Rev. Paul Mockturtle was put to bed at Mr. Middleton's, being utterly unable to seek his own lodgings Mr. Middleton himself was unable to reach his own chamber with

out assistance, or to come abroad during the two succeeding days. I also ascertained, that his pecuniary affairs were in a much worse condition, than I had ever imagined.

"After some little discussion, in regard to our plan of operation, we proceeded to Mr. Middleton's residence. The domestic informed us at the door, that Mr. Middleton was particularly engaged. I requested to see his wife, who came down to us in great agitation, with the intelligence that their furniture had been attached that morning, by the sheriff, who was then with her husband in the parlor. 'What shall be done?' inquired Geoffrey Middleton.—'I guess we can pay off the debt between us, Geoffrey,' said John.—I desired the sheriff to be told, that a gentleman wished to see him at the door. He immediately came to us. I looked at the writ; it was at the suit of J. J. Jaffier, a French wine-merchant; the action was brought to recover the value of a quarter-cask of Sherry, and six hampers of Champagne. We gave our personal responsibility to the officer, who released the furniture, and took his leave. We entered the parlor with Mrs. Middleton, where we found her husband, walking the apartment with hasty strides. He had evidently expected the officer's return, and was greatly surprised by our appearance, and painfully embarrassed by our visit, at such an unlucky moment. 'Where is the sheriff?' he inquired of Mrs. Middleton, in an under tone.—'He is gone,' she replied; 'our good friends here—' —'I thought so,' he quickly rejoined, as the tears filled his eyes; 'this is very kind of you.'—'Pshaw, Arthur,' cried John, as he clapped him on the shoulder, 'what is such a trifle, compared with what you have done for us?'—'But how strange!—What conducted you all here at this particular juncture?'—'We have come, my young friend,' said I, 'as I devoutly trust, the ministers of good to you and yours.'—'We have come,' said Geoffrey Middleton, 'to make a small return for all your inestimable kindness to us and ours.'—'There is some mystery in all this, which I cannot comprehend,' said he.—'Brother Arthur,' said John, 'we promised, upon your earnest request, to give up ardent spirit; we have done so, and we shall never cease to bless God, who has enabled us to keep our promise thus far. Now, we want you to make us a promise in return, that you will give up fermented liquors and all other intoxicating drinks.'—'Pray tell me,' said he, with no little evidence of excitement in his voice and manner, 'if you have all come to me upon this formal embassy?'—'We have, brother Arthur,' replied Geoffrey, with perfect composure.—'We have consulted together, and have resolved, that it was our duty to do so, and that your future happiness, and that of your family, require of you

the entire abandonment of intoxicating liquors.' — 'Gracious Heaven!' he exclaimed, rising suddenly from his chair, and walking across the apartment, 'has it come to this! Am I in any danger of becoming an intemperate man? Perhaps,' added he with a sneer 'you have made up your minds, that I shall die a drunkard. — Possibly, according to the ultra constructions of modern fanatics, you consider me a drunkard already! Your motives are entitled to my respect, but you must forgive me for expressing my astonishment at such an application from you, Geoffrey, or from you, brother John.'— 'Arthur,' said Geoffrey, after a short pause, 'who, of all mankind, can address you with greater propriety upon this deeply interesting subject than ourselves? We have been drunkards; and, had you not come, like an angel of mercy, to the rescue, we should have been drunkards still; our wives would still have continued the trembling slaves of two drunken, ungovernable tyrants; our children would still have hid in holes and corners at our coming. — But it is not so; your efforts have been blessed; we have abandoned our evil habits; our wives and our little ones are happy. For all this, we owe a debt of gratitude somewhere; and, under Providence, we owe it to you.' — 'Really, brother Geoffrey,' cried Arthur Middleton, with an air of affected vivacity, 'you have learned to play the orator.' — 'I have learned to seek the truth,' replied the elder brother, 'without any fear, but the fear of God; and, if it lies where it is said to lie, at the bottom of the well, I 'm not a going to flatter myself that I have found it, when I am only half way there.' — 'Well, Geoffrey,' said Arthur, 'when I drink ardent spirit, it will be very just and right for you to lecture, and for me to listen; but, as it is, I give you my word, there is no possible danger of that result.' — 'Arthur,' rejoined the other, 'experience is better than theory. When I was twelve years old, the very year you was born, I told our father he lied, for which I merited a severe flogging, and I got my deserts with interest. I have asked myself, a thousand times, how I came to say such an outrageous thing to our good old father, and my conscience has always given me a ready answer: I was drunk, — drunk with fermented drink, — drunk with cider. Neighbor Faulkner's cider-mill had been at work for several days, and I had drunk, till I lost all respect for myself and for everybody else. I have often thought of father's words, when he took me alone, the next day. "Cider," said he, "is the first letter in the drunkard's alphabet, and raw rum is the last; if you go on as you 've begun, you 'll soon learn from A to Z; and, with the assistance of your school-master, the devil, you 'll be able, in a short time, to spell out DESTRUCTION." Now,

if there is anything fanatical in the views of those, who are for total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors at the present day, our father's notions were just as fanatical, long before you or I ever heard of a temperance society.'

"Geoffrey's argument was unanswerable. Arthur said not a word, but appeared to be meditating a reply. The countenance of Mrs. Middleton, anxious and pale, — save that circumscribed flush, which tells of anything but health and many years, — was lighted up with an unwonted smile, as she listened to these words of truth and soberness, and looked hopefully upon the features of her husband for some testimony of their happy effect.

"'I don't pretend to know as many things as you do, brother Arthur,' said John, 'but I believe, as truly as I believe anything, that I should never have been a drunkard, if I had n't begun with beer. Ardent spirit used to be very disagreeable to me, till I was past nineteen. When I lived with Mr. Paradise, the brewer, the boys had plenty of beer; and, when I left him, and went where beer was not set before us, I found my mouth was quite out of taste for water. Anything tasted better than water; — a little rum, or gin, or brandy, gave it a very agreeable flavor; — and so I went on increasing the quantity, till I became what I was.'

"'Let me ask one question,' said Arthur Middleton, with the confident air of one, who has not the shadow of a doubt, that the response will be entirely in his favor, — 'let me ask, if either of you ever saw me the worse for liquor, or heard of such a thing in your lives?' — Geoffrey and John turned their countenances upon me, and Mrs. Middleton cast her eyes upon the floor. I perceived it was my duty to speak, and to speak frankly. — 'My young friend,' said I, 'when I tell you, that the visit you are now receiving from your brothers was concerted by me, you will believe that I entirely concur with them in their solicitation. We all urge you to resign every species of intoxicating drink; and we certainly think we have good reasons for the course we have adopted. You have put a direct question, which is entitled to an honest reply. Habits are insidious; and they are commonly manifested to those about us, at an earlier period than we imagine. They are frequently apparent to others, before we ourselves are conscious of their existence. It is with the deepest regret, that I assure you of the fact, — you *have* acquired the reputation of an intemperate man.' — If a skilful physician had affirmed that the plague had fastened upon his body, he could not have been more completely overthrown. He stared upon me with wild amazement; — poor Margaret burst into a flood of tears, and buried her face in her hands. — 'I am grieved to give

pain,' continued I, 'but I am bound, by many considerations, as you well know, to be explicit. You ask if we, or either of us, ever knew you to be the worse for liquor, or heard of such a thing. Men, who love and desire to respect you, men of years and high standing, have told me, that an impression had long since gone abroad, that you were unfitted for professional business in the afternoon. The docket, which is before me at every term, has indicated, for the last three years, an extraordinary declension of your business. Your furniture was attached this morning by a wine-merchant. Your personal appearance, — the loss, in some considerable degree, of your good looks, — has become a subject for remark among your acquaintances. Your case is also frequently cited, as I am informed, by those, who are desirous of proving, by forcible example, the insufficiency of the old-fashioned temperance pledge. Now, it is apparent, that any individual, so circumstanced in every respect, is decidedly the worse for liquor, in *mind*, *body*, and *estate*.' — 'Sir,' said he, with something like asperity, 'I see how it is; — I have long thought it might be well for me to try my fortune and seek for friends elsewhere.' — 'You will seek in vain elsewhere,' said I, 'for better friends, than are now gathered around you. Your course is a plain one; — sign the pledge of total abstinence at once; resume your position as a distinguished leader among the advocates of this holy cause; and live down this evil reputation, which is gathering about you. Depend upon it, my dear young friend, your clients will return, your days will be brighter, and yours will be again the happy fireside that it was, when Margaret first exchanged a fond father's roof for your own.' — 'I wish the voice of our father and mother could speak from their graves,' said Geoffrey Middleton. — 'Do sign the pledge, dear brother,' cried John, as he sprang from his chair, and seized Arthur by the hand. — Margaret had risen from her seat, and was standing by his side, with her hand upon his shoulder. — 'My dear husband,' said she, — the tears, that choked her utterance, fell fast upon his bosom. At length he rose, and with vehemence exclaimed, that he was pledged already, — that he had sworn most solemnly, and upon many occasions, that he would *never* sign the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, nor put it in the power of the fanatics to say he had relinquished the use of fermented liquors.

'We urged upon his consideration, the utter emptiness of all such rash and senseless vows, and pressed him, in the most earnest and affectionate manner, with every species of argument, which seemed likely to operate upon his head and heart. It was all in vain. He remained fixed and unchangeable; and, after an inter-

view of more than two hours, we were compelled to relinquish our task, as apparently impracticable by man. He continued in his old habit; his health, especially the digestive function, became impaired; his business declined; embarrassment gathered rapidly about him; his temper became irritable; and his disposition appeared to lose almost the whole of that natural frankness, which, at the age of twenty-one, had rendered Arthur Middleton an object of universal admiration and esteem. From the period of our late interview, he assumed, towards his very best friends, a more cold and formal carriage. His very look and manner seemed distinctly to proclaim his fixed resolve, to hear nothing further upon a certain subject. Nothing seemed left, for a Christian friend, but to remember him most earnestly in prayer, and, in all possible ways, to meliorate the condition of his unhappy family.

"His habit of intemperance was unquestionably, in its commencement, a social vice. As it became more absorbing in its character, more imperative in its demands, one after another, his old associates began to break away from his society. A few still gathered together, with whom the festive qualities of wine were of little moment, compared with its magic power of balancing accounts; of smothering care beneath its mantle of oblivion; of hiding the neglected wife, and the group of starving little ones, from the profligate husband and apostate father. At length, it happened to Arthur Middleton, as it has happened to many others, that he could sit and drink, glass after glass, — and all alone, — till the waning afternoon left him too little space for any profitable occupation at his office, and persuaded him to finish his second bottle of Port or Madeira, before that insipid hour, — in the tippler's estimation, — the hour for tea.

"Among Mr. Middleton's bottle-companions, there was probably not one, who, like himself, had scrupulously abstained from the use of ardent spirits. I have been repeatedly assured, that, to the very last, he held them and their employment in abhorrence.

"About four months after our unsuccessful effort to correct his intemperate habit, I had passed the last hour of the afternoon with Mrs. Middleton. When I inquired after her husband and Elinor, their only child, she told me he had gone, that day, to dine with Major McBride, in the country; and, against her judgment, had taken Elinor with him in the gig, but had promised to bring her home before tea. This Major McBride was a miserable fellow, a bad husband and father, and an intemperate man. Mrs. Middleton's manifest anxiety was occasioned, in part, by her knowledge of these facts. After waiting more than an hour for their return, we took our places at the table. It was a chill autumnal evening, and snow

had begun to fall. We sat in silence for some time. — 'You seem ill,' said I; 'perhaps you will feel better if you sip a little tea.' — 'Really,' she replied, 'I have no appetite. I am very anxious about Mr. Middleton and Elinor. She has been very ill of late.' — I said everything, which suggested itself to my mind, in the shape of comfort and encouragement. The time passed wearily enough. Hours rolled slowly away, and it was nearly eleven, when we heard a vehicle stop at the door. I rose and opened it myself. I saw nothing but a butcher's cart. — 'Pray,' said I to the driver, who had already alighted, 'have you seen anything of Mr. Middleton?' — 'Yes, sir,' he replied, in an under tone, 'he 's in my cart, — met with a pretty bad accident.' — 'Where is the young lady?' said I, impatiently. — 'I can't tell you, sir; — I only know, that I saw a chaise dashed to pieces, about three miles out of town; and, while I was looking at it, two gentlemen — one called the other Doctor Jones — asked me, if I knew where 'Squire Middleton lived. I told 'em I did, and then they brought him out of the house, and got me to bring him home.' — 'And why does he not get out of your wagon?' said I. — 'Why, I guess he can't very well,' replied the man, 'without a little help.' — During this conversation, which was carried on in a low voice, Mrs. Middleton, oppressed with a fear of some undefined tidings of evil, had not quitted the apartment, but, falling upon her knees, had thrown herself upon the mercy of her God. — Mr. Middleton was speedily removed from the wagon. He could not stand. I supported him to the parlor door, and, attempting to walk, he fell prostrate upon the carpet. His poor wife sprang to his assistance, — we placed him in a chair. — 'Arthur,' said she, in an agonized tone, which I can never forget, 'what is the matter? — where is Elinor?' — He made no reply. — 'Mr. Middleton,' said I, speaking in a clear voice, and directly in his ear, 'what has befallen you? where is your daughter? where is Elinor?' — He uttered an inarticulate sound, and shook his head. He was drunk, — utterly drunk. I might as well have demanded a response from the dumb beast of the field. — I turned to request Mrs. Middleton to call a servant, that we might bear her husband to his chamber; — the tempest in a mother's bosom had already done its work; — she had swooned upon the floor. — I summoned the domestic. After the usual appliances, the poor sufferer was apparently restored to her senses. — 'I am rejoiced to see you more calm,' said I. — She turned upon me, with the same sweet smile, that used to beam upon her lovely features when a girl. I had not seen it for years. It had been lost amid the cares and anxieties of life. It cut me to the soul, — it was so strange and ill-timed. — 'What is the matter with

you, Margaret?' said I, taking her hand, and looking steadfastly upon her. — 'Elinor is dead!' said she. — 'Drive such thoughts from your imagination,' said I, 'if you value your own peace and mine.' — She threw her arms about my neck, and, with the same unchanged expression, — the same sweet smile, — whispered in my ear, 'We will not have any funeral, but you and I will dig her grave in her little garden, before the snow covers the ground; — come with me now,' said she, rising from her chair. — I perceived that her reason was shattered, — perhaps gone forever.

"With the assistance of a kind neighbor, Mr. Middleton was borne to his apartment. A physician was soon called to prescribe for his unhappy wife, and I had despatched a messenger, to gather, if possible, some tidings of Elinor. The physician was soon in attendance, and proclaimed, that, although manifestly intoxicated, Mr. Middleton had received a severe blow on the left temple."

"Pray, mynheer," said the old Dutchman, who was exceedingly affected, "vas dere much harm to de poor young lady?" — "While the family physician," continued the elderly gentleman, "was engaged above stairs, I remained below, waiting the return of the messenger, whom I had despatched. It was after twelve o'clock, when I heard a gentle knock at the outer door. I opened it myself, and a gentleman entered, who introduced himself as Dr. Jones. — 'I believe, sir,' said he, 'that I am in the house of Mr. Middleton.' 'Yes, sir,' said I; 'I heard your name from the person, who brought him home a few hours since, and beseech you to give me tidings, if you can, of his daughter.' — 'Sir,' said he, 'I am the messenger of evil. I know nothing of the relation between Mr. Middleton and the young lady, whose body now lies at my house; but — ' — 'She is dead, then!' I exclaimed. — 'I am grieved,' he replied, 'to say it is even so. — I perceive, sir, from your emotion, that you have a deep interest in this event, and will recount all that I know of it. About nine in the evening, a neighbor came to me in haste, with intelligence, that two persons had been thrown from a chaise, near my residence, and were either killed or severely injured. I immediately repaired to the spot, with lights and assistants. I discovered a gentleman and a young lady, lying apparently senseless, upon the ground. The gentleman I instantly recognized to be 'Squire Middleton. I examined his limbs; none were broken; and though bruised, no doubt, by his fall upon the frozen ground, he did not seem to be seriously injured. He could scarcely articulate, and seemed unable to give any account of the disaster. This circumstance I was compelled to understand, as connected with the cause, rather than the effect of the accident. The road

was broad and smooth, and the stars unusually bright. The young lady was without sense or motion. She was taken a very short distance to my house. Upon a careful examination, I discovered that three ribs were broken and the skull severely fractured. Death was produced, beyond a doubt, almost instantaneously. The chaise, which was broken to pieces, had been driven, as we perceived by the wheel-tracks upon the light snow, entirely out of the road and against the wall.'

"On the following morning, Mrs. Middleton remained in the same condition of mind. She had not slept during the night. Her husband was threatened with a brain fever. The physician suggested, as a last resort, the propriety of leading the distracted mother to the apartment, where the body of Elinor lay, and which had been brought to the house, at an early hour of the morning. It was suggested, as an expedient that had been tried in similar cases, and sometimes with the happiest effect. 'We may expel the creature of the imagination,' said the physician, 'by substituting the reality, awful as it is; and the mind having gotten back into the channel of natural grief, time and care may be expected to effect a cure. Upon a somewhat similar principle, we deal with certain diseases of the body,—we convert an ulcer into a burn, and cure the burn at our leisure, or suffer it to cure itself.' As it appeared to him, that matters could not be made worse by the experiment, I yielded my consent.—I entered Mrs. Middleton's apartment, and giving her my arm, requested her to walk with me.—'Then you will go with me,' said she, with the same touching expression, 'and dig little Elinor's grave.'—I made no reply, and she suffered herself to be conducted to the apartment, where the body of her poor Elinor lay. The physician followed, to render such assistance as might be needed. I opened the door,—the body had not yet been committed to its narrow house,—it lay arrayed in the vestment of the grave, and retained, in an unusual degree, the semblance of living and breathing slumber.—The mother's eye fastened upon the object before her,—with expanded arms she darted towards it, and clasped the cold body to her throbbing heart.—I looked at the physician,—he placed his finger upon his lips, and I continued motionless and still.—After a pause of many seconds, she raised herself from the bed, and gazed upon the corpse.—'Elinor!' said she, 'Elinor! my child! speak to me,'—then putting her hand upon its brow,—'How cold!' she exclaimed, and turning her inquiring gaze upon us both,—'is it so?' she cried in a faltering voice,—the smile of disordered imagination had fled—the lip quivered—the uplifted eye turned again to Him, with whom are

the issues of life and of death — and the dry and feverish tempest of the soul found vent, at last, in a torrent of tears. — 'It is well,' said the physician, in an under tone, and, drawing a chair by her side, he took her hand, while she lay her head upon my bosom and sobbed aloud. — 'And how is this?' said she, after a long paroxysm of sorrow. The physician proceeded, with great calmness and propriety, to narrate the circumstances, in as brief a manner as possible. She was then extremely urgent to see her husband, but this, in his highly-excited state, was positively forbidden.

"The fever ran its course, and left him exceedingly feeble. His poor wife, who, after a few days, was permitted to approach his sick bed, though suffering herself intensely, was constantly at his side. The physician, after the lapse of three or four weeks, pronounced him to be in a decline. During this period, I was frequently in his chamber, as were his brothers, Geoffrey and John. It was truly affecting, to witness his contrition. The image of his ill-fated child was constantly before him, and, at times, when he was upbraiding himself as the cause of her death, no martyr on the wheel ever presented a picture of more perfect agony than that, which tortured the soul of this miserable man. He was fully sensible of his approaching end. — 'It is too late for me,' said he, one day, as we were all sitting by his bed-side, 'to do much good by my example; possibly, however,' he added, 'the attestation of a dying man may have some little influence when I am no more. If you think so, I will sign the pledge of your society.' John Middleton soon procured the book, and this unhappy young man, with considerable effort, wrote his name for the last time. 'Would to God,' he feebly cried, turning to his wretched partner, as the pen fell from his faltering hand, 'that I had done this, dear Margaret, before our dark days began.' — He lived but a week after this event; and I have good reason to believe, that the sight of this trembling autograph, — almost the last act of a dying man, — was not without its influence upon a few of his misguided associates. I was with him, during his last moments; they were certainly moments of the deepest contrition. As I closed the eyes of this young man, and gazed upon his cold, and pale, and motionless features, I was forcibly struck by the almost inconceivable change, which had taken place in the compass of a few fleeting years. I had taken unusual pains in preparing Arthur Middleton for his professional career. He was under my eye, as a student in my office, for three years. I had acquired an intimate knowledge of his character. His talents were of a very high order; he had the keenest sense of honor; his disposition was altogether amiable, and his deportment universally

acceptable. His professional prospects were equal to those of any gentleman of similar standing. He had married the girl of his heart, and their matrimonial connection, formed under the happiest auspices, gave abundant promise of all that rational felicity, of which the married relation is susceptible. Their union was cemented by the birth of an uncommonly beautiful and lovely daughter. But all these considerations were insufficient to restrain his appetite for wine; talents and learning, health and reputation, wife and child, and even life itself were sacrificed upon the altar of this false god."

"And pray, mynheer," said the old Dutchman, "vat vas de fate of de poor lady herself?"—During many parts of the recital, the countenance of the narrator had indicated the deepest emotion; yet he had related the story, on the whole, with great firmness of voice and calmness of manner. But the old Dutchman's interrogatory was perfectly overwhelming. The elderly gentleman's features were instantly convulsed, and the tears ran freely down his cheeks. —"I pe feared I as done wrong, mynheer," said the old Dutchman, with a look of painful anxiety.—"No, sir," said the narrator, after he had recovered his self-command, "your inquiry is perfectly natural, and I have no desire to withhold from the world the full advantage, which it may derive from this melancholy example. I am not desirous of concealing any part of that misery, which, in the present case, proceeded directly from the employment of a beverage, which by many is accounted so entirely innocent. The lady, whose fate you are desirous of knowing, still lives,—the tenant of a mad-house. After the death of her husband, she became exceedingly depressed; and her melancholy, in a few months, became changed into absolute insanity. The sole object of my present journey is to visit this ill-fated girl. I have endeavored to suppress my emotions, as much as possible, during this painful recital. Those of you, who are parents, will readily pardon these tears, which it is not easy for an old man to restrain, while he is describing the sufferings of a devoted daughter, an only child."—"Mine Got!" said the Dutchman, as he touched his hat reverentially.—A long and solemn pause ensued, which no one appeared disposed to interrupt. A deep and affecting impression had been produced upon us all, saving the young woman in the Tuscan bonnet, who had enjoyed a profound slumber for the last two hours.—At length we arrived at our last stopping-place for the night—the passengers alighted, responding in their hearts to the sentiment expressed by the old Dutchman, as we were separating from one another, that "nopody ought to pegrutch vat he pay for de STAGE-COACH."

APPENDIX.

NOTE. — Page 149.

To those, who have studied the subject with careful attention, the mixture of *water* with the elemental *wine*, at the eucharist, whatever the character of that *wine* may have been, will appear neither an "*adulteration*" nor an "*innovation*" upon primitive usage. So much misconception has prevailed, and still prevails, that it may not be a worthless sacrifice of time, for those, who have not duly considered this highly interesting subject, to give their attention to the evidence subjoined.

Upon Matthew xxvi. 27, Bloomfield has the following commentary: — "Wine and water were used in the paschal cup; and the Rabbins say, over wine unmixed with water, no blessing is asked. This custom of mixing wine with water was adopted by the first Christians, and is still continued by the Romanists. See Justin Martyr, Clement, Cyprian, cited by Grotius."

Water, mead, or hydromel, milk, the juice of the grapes pressed forth at the table, at the time of the celebration, — these and other matters were employed from the earliest times, at the eucharist; and, while approved by some, were condemned by others. These facts are stated by Bingham, in his Antiquities, fol. ed. vol. i. book xv. chap. ii. sec. vii. Bingham is a writer of the highest authority. The use of water *alone* was reprobated by many; so was the use of wine *alone;* in proof of this, he quotes Cyprian, Ep. 63 ad Cæcilium. Cyprian was born in the beginning of the third century. The third Council of Carthage, says Bingham, expressly decreed, that nothing should be used *but what Christ offered, that is, wine and water;* and he adds, that St. Austin was a member of that Council, who quotes Cyprian's epistle with approbation. Gennadius, who wrote in the fifteenth century, questions not the ancient custom of using *wine and water*, but gives two reasons for it; first, because Christ did so, and secondly, because water and blood flowed from his side, when he was pierced. We have nothing to do with the second reason of Gennadius; we desire only to establish the fact. St. Ambrose was of the same opinion. Milk, and also water, *alone*, and new wine, pressed from grapes at the table, and upon the occasion, were severally condemned at the Council of Braga. But the same Council expressly approved of *wine and water*. The Council of Auxerre decreed against honey and mead, but expressly in favor of *wine mixed with water*. Justin Martyr, Apol. ii. p. 97, and Irenæus, lib. 4, chap. 57, explicitly state, that *wine mixed with water*, was used at the Lord's supper. Irenæus was born A. D. 120. The birth-time of Justin Martyr is not known; he was converted A. D. 130. Bingham does not consider it *necessary* to mix *wine with water*, but his words clearly prove, that he entertained no doubt that such had been the primitive usage. — "Yet, after all," says he, "as there is no express command for this in the institution, notwithstanding this *general consent of the ancient Churches*, it is commonly determined by modern divines, as well of the Roman as Protestant communion, that it is not *essential* to the sacrament itself." It would not be decorous to offer our own ver-

sion, unaccompanied by the original text. St. Jerome, commenting on Mark xiv., writes thus: — "Accepit Jesus panem, &c. formans sanguinem suum in calicem, vino et aqua mixtum, ut alio purgemur a culpis, alio redimamur a pœnis." "Jesus took bread, &c. and forming his blood in the cup, with a mixture of wine and water, that, by one, we might be cleansed from our sins, and, by the other, redeemed from our punishments."

Probably the most able writer upon this subject, is Gerard John Vossius, whose works were printed at Amsterdam, in six volumes, folio. In vol. vi. p. 426, he treats "de sacris cœnæ Dominicæ symbolis;" — "concerning the sacred symbols of the Lord's supper." Having treated of the bread, he proceeds, on page 439, to treat of the other element. "Venio nunc," says he, "ad alterum symbolum, quod vinum esse, inde cognoscimus, quia illud γεννήμα τῆς ἀμπέλου disertim appellet Christus." — "I come now to the other symbol, which we know to be wine, because Christ expressly calls it the *fruit of the vine*." That is to say, Vossius had the same reason, which we have, and no other, for calling "the fruit of the vine" by the general name *wine*, whether *fermented or not*. This writer is opposed to the use of water *alone*, at the eucharist, but he expresses not the slightest doubt of the fact, that *wine, mixed with water*, was generally used in ancient times. He proceeds, in the third thesis, to inquire what shall be substituted, if wine cannot be had, and quotes an extract from one of Beza's letters, and approves the doctrine it contains. Beza died early in the seventeenth century. The extract runs thus: "Rogatus piæ memoriæ vir D. Calvinus a fratribus, qui tum in America erant, ubi nullus est vini usus, liceretne pro vino, uti in cœna Domini, vel aqua simplici, qua plerumque illic utuntur, vel alio illic non inusitato potionis genere: respondit, fuisse in hoc instituendo sacramento consilium, ut spiritualis alimoniæ nobis sub communis cibi et potus symbolis representaret: ac proinde, si non fuisset tum in Judæa communis vini usus, procul dubio alia vulgari potione usurum fuisse, quod ex ipsius scopo ac consilio liqueat. Itaque nihil a Christi consilio ac voluntate alienum facere videri, qui non contemtu, neque temeritate, sed ipsa necessitate adacti, pro vino aliud in iis regionibus usitatæ potionis genus usurparent. Hoc D Calvini responsum, ut optima ratione nixum, et Christi consilio consentaneum, noster cœtus adeo comprobavit, ut eos superstitiose facere censuerit qui a vini symbolo usque adeo penderent, ut alteram cœnæ partem omittere mallent, quam ἀνάλογον aliud symbolum, ita cogente necessitate, usurpare.' "D. Calvin, a man of pious memory, being asked by his brethren, who were then in America, where wine was not used, if it would be lawful to use, at the Lord's supper, either pure water, which was the common drink there, or any other customary beverage, replies, that, in instituting the sacrament, it was intended, under the symbols of common meat and drink, to represent a spiritual aliment; and, if wine had not been a common drink in Judea, at that time, it is clear, beyond all doubt, from the very scope and design of the institution, that some other common beverage would have been employed. Therefore, those persons, who substituted some other customary drink of those regions for wine, having acted neither contemptuously nor rashly, but from necessity, appear in no wise to have contravened the will or design of Christ. This answer of D. Calvin, full of sound sense, and so agreeable to the design of Christ, our assembly so entirely approves, that it considers those as acting superstitiously, who lay so great a stress on wine, that they had rather omit the rest of the supper, than employ any other analogous symbol, in such cases of necessity." We have given, as we believe, a faith-

ful translation. The opinion of D. Calvin is approved, not only by Beza and Vossius, but by the "assembly." So far as the opinions of D. Calvin, and Beza, and the "assembly" are entitled to pass for authority, we cannot doubt, that, wherever the fruit of the vine is not a "*common beverage*," any other innocent beverage may be employed, provided the communicants are not moved to the change by a spirit of "rashness" or "contempt" for the ordinance. The *necessity* does not seem to depend on the fact, that not a drop of wine can be had, but that it is not a *common beverage*. If *fermented* wine, therefore, *were* used at the original institution, how can it be considered *essential*, under all circumstances, to a just performance of the rite?

The Council of Clermont, can. 28, enjoins the communion in both kinds, adding two exceptions, "one of necessity and the other of caution;" the first in favor of the "*sick*," the other of the "*abstemious*," or those who had an aversion for wine. — We now proceed to give the remainder of the extract from the letter of Beza. "There were some," says Vossius, "who might object to water, because of the imperfectness of the analogy, inasmuch as water was not composed of *many grapes*, signifying that we are *many* members of one body:" "Deinde quia objici poterat aquæ in simile potione non inesse ἀναλογιαν illam, ut ex multis acinis confiat, ad mutuam conjunctionem testandam." To this the letter of Beza replies as follows: — "That truly the analogy of bread, composed of many grains, and wine, of many grapes, is not to be disregarded; but still it should not be too precisely enforced; for it is enough, if the unity of the members be signified by the use of the symbols, that is, *meat* and *drink*, in *some kind*, and by testifying the same faith:" "Non esse quidem negligendam, at non tamen adeo precise urgendam analogiam panis ex multis granis, et vini ex multis acinis confecti: sed ad illam mutuam conjunctionem testificandam sufficere, quod iisdem in genere symbolis, nempe cibo et potu utamur, eandemque fidem testificemur." — A question was afterwards proposed in relation to abstemious persons, and such as were unable to take wine on account of its effects: to this he replies, rather than omit the whole supper, let such use water or any other customary drink; nor doubt that the blood of Christ would be as surely communicated to him by the symbol of such drink, as by that of wine, since the promise is general, and refers to all the faithful: "Potius quam integram cœnam non peragat, vel aqua, vel alia sibi familiari potione utatur: neque dubitet, tam sibi sub hoc potu, quam sub vino, sanguinem Christi communicari, cum promissio sit generalis, et ad omnes fideles spectet." — Philip Melancthon observes, that the Ruthenians acted rightly, who substituted hydromel, or honey and water, at the eucharist, on account of the scarcity of wine. Upon this, Bellarminus exclaims, lib. iv. c. 24, de Euchar.: "Sed quis dedit Philippo auctoritatem mutandi sacramentorum materiam?" — "But who gave Philip authority to change the material of the sacrament?" Whereupon Vossius remarks, — "As though Christ, in the institution of the supper, referred not *generally* to the utility of some *drink*, but *particularly* to the propriety of *wine!*" "Quasi Christus non universe utilitatem *potus*, sed particulatim *vini* proprietatem in institutione respexerit!" To exhibit the character of Bellarminus, Vossius observes, — This Bellarminus presently adds, "How much more wisely has the Church of Rome conducted; she has not changed the materials of the sacrament, but remedied its defects, by administering to the people in one kind:" "Quanto sapientius ecclesia (Romana) non mutat sacramen-

torum materias; sed incommodo illi medetur, unam speciem tantum ministrando." — In contemplation of such facts, and with the opinions of the ancient fathers before us, is it not perfectly absurd to proclaim, that nothing can rightfully be employed at the communion, but *fermented wine*, and that even this cannot be mingled with *water*, without "*an unhallowed innovation?*"

Vossius, in his fourth thesis, vol. vi. p. 440, proceeds to inquire "an vinum aqua dilui sit *necesse:*" if it be *necessary* — not if it be an "*unhallowed innovation*" — so to mix the wine and water. No person can fail to perceive, that, however *unnecessary*, in the view of some persons, Vossius never surmised that it was unlawful, much less an "*unhallowed innovation.*" Our readers are convinced, by this time, that this most learned and sagacious writer knew something more of these matters than certain modern divines. Vossius expressly states — "Christum ipsum præcipisse, ut aqua vino misceatur sensit Cyprianus:" Epist. 63, ad Cæcilium: "Cyprian thinks, that Christ commanded *water* to be mixed with *wine.*" Vossius also refers to the third Council of Carthage, which decreed the same thing, (can. 24,) that, in the sacrament of the body and blood of our Lord, nothing more should be offered than the Lord himself delivered, that is, bread and *wine*, mixed with *water:* "ut, in sacramentis corporis et sanguinis Domini, nihil amplius offeratur, quam ipse Dominus tradidit, hoc est panis, et vinum, aqua mixtum." Commenting on this opinion, Gregory Valentin remarks, that this is much more probable than the notion that this practice originated with the church: "hanc sententiam esse magis probabilem, quam illa, ut solum Ecclesiastici sit præcepti:" Disput. vi. quæst. 11, de Euch. mat. punct. 1. Gregory adds, that Hosius, Alanus, and Scotus have expressed the same opinion. These writers, says Vossius, place the foundation of this opinion in the example of Christ, who, as Justin, Irenæus, and others of the ancients inform us, diluted the wine: — "Fundamentum hi sententiæ suæ ponunt exemplum Christi, quem diluisse vinum tradunt Justinus, Irenæus, et alii veterum." — Vossius is rather in favor of omitting the water, on the ground that it is not absolutely *necessary*, but the notion never occurs to him that such mixing of wine with water is unlawful, or in any way improper, much less, that it is an "*unhallowed innovation.*" On the contrary, he quotes Justin Martyr's words to prove that bread, wine, and water were employed. Justin, who was converted, as we stated before, A. D. 130, in his description of the supper, (apolog. 11,) speaks of the eucharistal bread, and wine and water, "*τοῦ εὐχαριστήντος ἄρτου, καὶ οἴνου, καὶ ὕδατος.*" It is for the same reason, says Vossius, that Irenæus speaks of the tempering of the cup; "temperamentum calicis," lib. iv. cap. 11. Cyprian, continues he, speaks of it in many places; so do Julius, Basil, Gregory, Chrysostom, Jerome, Augustin, Proclus, Bede, Damascenus, Rabanus Mautus, Paschasius, Algerus, Nicephorus, and many others of the fathers and ancient writers. The curious reader may find the particular passages with ease, by recurring to the references of Vossius. — The words employed, at the Council of Trent, are these: — The holy Synod admonishes, therefore, that it is commanded by the Church to its ministers, that they shall mix water with the wine, in offering the cup, because it is believed that Christ our Lord did so, &c.: "Monet deinde sancta Synodus, præceptum esse ab Ecclesia sacerdotibus, ut aquam vino in calice offerendo miscerent, tum quod Christum Dominum ita fecisse credatur," etc. — It is, surely, unnecessary to press this evidence any further.

THE LIFE-PRESERVER.

Temperance ships are claiming and receiving a large proportion of popular favor. The world is too frequently admonished of their inestimable value, by the occurrence of nautical disasters demonstrated to arise from the employment of intoxicating liquors. Innumerable instances of the most afflicting calamities at sea, arising from this prolific source, may be gathered from the records of navigation, in every age. The wreck of the Halsewell East Indiaman, in 1785, upon the rocks between Peveril Peak and St. Alban's Head, arose from the drunken desperation of the crew. Upon that occasion, many lives were lost. Nothing, however, excited the public sympathy more strongly, than the fate of Captain Pearce, her commander, who, after every exertion to preserve the passengers and crew, was swept overboard with his two lovely daughters, locked in the arms of one another.

The case of the General Arnold, wrecked December 26th, 1778, is well known. A particular account of that calamity may be found in Dr. Thatcher's History of Plymouth. "*Those who drank rum,*" says the historian, "*were the more immediate victims, several being found dead, in the very spot where they drank it.*"

The Kent, East Indiaman, was burnt at sea, in February, 1825, at night. She was a fine vessel, of 1400 tons, and had on board, at the time of the disaster, 20 military officers, 344 soldiers, 43 women, 68 children, and 148, ship's officers and crew. Of these, 81 were buried in the deep. All probably would have shared a similar fate, had not the ship Cambria, guided by the light of the fire, borne down to the rescue. This awful casualty was occasioned by a soldier, who had gotten into the spirit-room, and undesignedly set fire to the liquor, which he had come to steal.

The loss of the steam-packet Rothsay Castle is familiar to us all. She was wrecked August, 1831, near Beaumaris, in the Menai Strait. Upon that occasion, more than one hundred men, women, and children were buried in the ocean. This awful disaster has always been attributed to the drunkenness of the commander. He fell a victim to his own misconduct.

The year, which has just now closed, has left us the record of similar calamities amidst our own waters, — upon our own shores, — involving deeper and more complicated misery, and a greater sacrifice of human life.

On the ninth day of May, 1837, at one o'clock in the morning, the steamer, Ben Sherrod, was destroyed by fire on the river Mississippi, upon her passage from New Orleans to Louisville. Upon that occasion, one hundred and fifty lives were lost! A committee of investigation, composed of highly-respectable individuals, appointed at a public meeting in the city of Natchez, presented a long and elaborate report, on the 16th day of May, 1837. In that report, they employ the following words: —

"*Your committee would further report, that, at the time the Sherrod took fire, the hands on duty were in a state of intoxication, having access at all times to a barrel of whiskey, placed forward of the boiler-deck for their use; and that the engineer then on duty was equally culpable, having furnished the firemen with large quantities of brandy or other spirits, as an inducement to keep up excessive fires, with a view of overtaking the Prairie, then ahead of them.*"

The captain of the Ben Sherrod has published a defence, — a matter of course. Had he lived, the captain of the Rothsay Castle would also, in all human probability, have published a defence. In his defence, the captain of the Ben Sherrod boldly claims the reputation of unusual temperance for himself and his boat; at the same time, he admits that a keg of whiskey was *always* kept open, day and night, on deck, for the use of the crew; and that he never attempted to restrain them from indulging their appetites by any other process, than by expulsion from the boat, — *when they were drunk.*

The attention of the community has been called more recently to the destruction of the steam-packet Home, on the coast of North Carolina. The following little narrative, which, for reasons that will become apparent to the reader, we have called *The Life-Preserver*, is founded upon this awful calamity. The names are fictitious, but dates and circumstances are not materially varied. The Home left New York for Charleston, S. C., between four and five o'clock, P. M., October 7th, 1837. The crew, comprising officers, were forty-three in number, and she had on board between ninety and one hundred passengers, of both sexes, very many of them of the highest respectability and standing in society. Sixty hours had not elapsed, from the moment of their departure, before the steamer was a wreck, and ninety-five human beings were buried in the deep.

MEMORY has been called a labyrinth: — How readily the smile of an old acquaintance, whom we have not seen for many years, furnishes a clew to some of its recesses, and unfolds the record of the past! I encountered my old friend, Roger Kennedy, about a month ago. The last time I had seen him was on the day of our

separation at the university. He was wonderfully altered Time had come down with all its powers of alchemy upon my friend Roger: it had changed his dark brown hair for a badger's gray; and ploughed, and cross-ploughed among his features, and so varied the surface, that not a land-mark remained. His keen, black eyes were intently fixed upon me, as we drew more closely together. I should nevertheless have passed him by, as an utter stranger, had he not revived my recollection, by one of those good-natured and peculiar smiles, which, in connection with his admirable qualities, had obtained for him the appellation of *honest Roger Kennedy*. It operated like the finger of magic; and, in an instant, a thousand long-buried images of the past sprang from their graves. I took him home with me, to the endangerment of my *caste*, at least in the eyes of Colonel Faddle, with whom I happened to be walking, and who, after glancing for an instant at poor Roger's rusty black, bade me a formal good morning, and left us together. We gave the residue of the day to a thousand reminiscences, the majority of which would have been utterly uninteresting to all the world beside.

Roger Kennedy had long been a country parson, living on a moderate salary. His early and consistent piety had adapted him, in an eminent degree, for the holy office; and his happy disposition enabled him to be more at ease upon his humble competency, than many an archbishop upon a princely revenue. He was a faithful shepherd, and an honest man; and, though he was in the habit of frequently preaching thrice on the Sabbath, he never referred to it unnecessarily, nor solicited the sympathies of his parishioners, on account of his *Mondayish* feelings. Notwithstanding his apparent humility, no anxious competitor for a bishopric had ever a greater share of ambition than Roger Kennedy; but Roger's highest ambition was to serve the Lord, and save the souls of his fellow-men.

"I have been much gratified," said he, "to hear, that you have taken a lively interest in the temperance cause, and still more, that you have adopted the principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. You drank wine at college, I believe." — "Yes," I replied, "and long after, and well remember to have taken a glass now and then with Roger Kennedy." — "I have not forgotten it," said he, with a smile. "Neither of us, I believe, was ever in the habit of taking ardent spirit. However absurd it may appear to us at the present day, wine was a very common beverage for undergraduates, during our college life." — "It is by no means abandoned even at the present day," I replied. — "What an escape some of us have had!" he rejoined.

We enumerated more than twenty of our class, who still lived

intemperate men, or had died so; and several, who had turned from their early habits of indulgence, and taken worthier courses. We expressed our mutual astonishment, with the record of our college life before us, that any doubt should have existed, as to the propriety of comprehending fermented liquors in the temperance pledge.

"Pray, friend Kennedy," said I, "can you tell me anything of Jack Montgomery, whom we used to call *Ready Jack*, on account of the alacrity, with which he embarked in any scheme of mirth or madness?"—"Poor Jack!" said he; "he was not ready for all things. He was not *ready* to die. Free-thinking and free-drinking were the ruin of Jack Montgomery. With all his vaunting, he died a most fearful and truly miserable death."—"I knew he was an infidel," said I.—"He was so," replied Kennedy, "until a few hours before his death; and whether his dying declarations were truly penitential, or the effects of terror, is known only to the Searcher of all hearts. How often, during our connection at the university, have I walked and conversed with poor Montgomery for hours together, of a moonlight night, upon this interesting topic! With the exception of this melancholy feature in his character, Montgomery was an amiable man, until he fell into habits of intemperance. There was, as you are well aware, all that disparity between our fortunes, that lies betwixt affluence and poverty. He was kind to me, and I made him the only return in my power,—I wept over his miserable unbelief, and prayed unceasingly for his conversion. I urged every reason upon his mind, with which my limited reading had supplied me; and, at last, for the sake of argument, assumed his vagaries to be true. Suppose the doctrines of Christianity are false,—revelation is a legendary tale,—Christ, Calvary, the resurrection, the judgment day are all illusion,—there is no God,—yet the dread of death is so very general, that we give to it, by common consent, the appellation of the *king of terrors*. Many, who are summoned to lay aside their crazy, time-worn tabernacles, filled with disease and suffering, are yet unwilling to comply! They have drained the cup of pleasure to its dregs—there is nothing there. They *know*, that an eternal sleep will terminate their sufferings, and they proclaim, that death is that eternal sleep. Why, then, shrink from its cold yet comforting embrace? Because there is still a lurking, inextinguishable principle within, which whispers in their ears—If that sleep should *not* be eternal—what then? Death, after all, takes most men by surprise. If a doubt remain upon the infidel's mind of entire annihilation, that doubt, however it may fail to interrupt his career, while health and fortune are at command,—in a dying hour will expand, till it burst the

agonized heart with despair and madness." — "These are undoubtedly the words of truth and soberness," said I. "I perceive, that your views have undergone no change, friend Kennedy. Do you recollect some lines, which you wrote at the university, contrasting the last hours of a Christian and an Infidel?" — "I have an imperfect recollection of them," he replied. — "You gave me a copy some twenty years ago," said I, "and I have little doubt, that I can readily find them among my papers." — I made the search, and soon placed before him upon the table,

THE CROSS AND CRESCENT.

In Holy Land, the fight was done,
And those who lost and those who won
In mingled carnage lay;
The sun its parting lustre gave,
While sacred Jordan's modest wave
Blushed in its evening ray.

And, when the moon o'er Hermon rose,
Casting abroad on friends and foes
Her cold, impartial beam,
Christian and Moor, promiscuous throng,
Crescent and Cross were swept along
In Jordan's hallowed stream.

There rode, upon the Moorish side,
A chief, that day, in turbaned pride,
As frank as Moor can be:
A braver Moslem never laid
O'er Christian foe Damascus blade
In holy chivalry.

A gallant barb the Moor bestrode,
And round the bloody field he rode,
Like tiger for his prize:
True to his idol god, he bore
A Koran at his belt before,
His guide to sensual skies.

Athwart his way, his feet unshod,
With scrip and staff, a pilgrim trod,
Who sought the holy shrine:
That pilgrim left his native shore,
With Richard, and his good claymore,
To fight in Palestine.

"Down, paynim, down," he cried, "and try
Who best can fight, and calmest die,
Where Jordan's waters flow!"

To earth, like light, the Moslem came,
In wrath invoked the prophet's name,
And rushed upon his foe.

His scrip the pilgrim cast aside,
And bared his blade; "For him," he cried,
"The cross who freely bore!"
Each gave one parting stroke and fell,
Pilgrim and Moorish infidel!
They fell, to rise no more!

With flushing cheek and throbbing heart,
Each marks his eddying life-blood part!
To each his heaven is nigh!
Say, Moor, can wine or woman's smile
Thy pangs allay, thy fears beguile?
Or can thy prophet lie?

Oh! mark that wretched paynim now,
While rage and anguish rend his brow!
His prophet, once adored,
Despised and cursed; his Koran rent;
His nerveless hand, with vain intent,
Grasps at his broken sword!

Those lips, no more in rage set fast,
Supinely part; the strife is past;
The flickering purple flies!
His haggard eyeballs fiercely glare,
For Death has set his signet there,
He bites the dust, and dies!

That wounded pilgrim marked him not;
This world its cares and joys forgot;
"Thy will be done," he cried;
Against a palm his shoulders braced;
Before him there his falchion placed,
Its hilt the cross supplied.

Upon that cross his thoughts reposed;
His hands were clasped, his eyes were closed
And o'er his brow was seen
A ray of mild, celestial light;
So smiles the pensive queen of night
O'er Arnon's wave serene.

When fled the spirit none might know,
By flush, or pang, or mortal throe;
There came no sob or sigh:
And less the parted pilgrim seemed
Like dead man's corse, than one who dreamed
Of brighter realms on high.

The faithless, like the pagan, die;
The hopeless with the Moslem lie:
Who spurn that holy name,
And doubt Jehovah's awful power,
Shall find their doubt in dying hour,
Despair, and rage, and shame.

Calm as the breath that gently blows
The soft perfume of Sharon's rose,
Abroad in summer skies,
So from the world the just shall part:
The broken and the contrite heart,
That God will not despise.

He read the stanzas with manifest pleasure, and a faint blush came over his features, as he returned me the manuscript. — "I see the poet is not quite extinct, friend Kennedy," said I. — "I have but little time for poetry," he replied; "a country parson's life is made up almost entirely of sober prose. I have passed from theory to practice long ago. Those lines were of course the offspring of fancy. I have been long conversant with the grave realities of life — I have often witnessed the death of the faithful disciple and of the impenitent sinner. I have seen the man of wealth, and power, and worldly courage, shivering like an aspen leaf before this great adversary; and I have seen the poor, contrite sinner smiling at the approach of the king of terrors, and triumphing over death and the grave." — "My friend," said I, "a thought has just now occurred to me; you shall pass the night with us, and, in the morning, I will leave it to your candor to declare, if you have or have not been compensated, for the devotion of your time and attention. There is in this city, at the present moment, an intelligent man, in the humbler walks of life, who, I am informed, can relate, in a plain, sensible manner, and upon his own personal experience, a narrative of considerable interest, and which may serve to illustrate the power of the gospel in a trying hour. I think I can find him out, and persuade him to comply with my request." — My friend consented, and I went forth to complete the arrangement.

On my return, I informed my friend Kennedy, that I had been successful, and that Bill Atherton had promised to be with us, at an early hour in the evening, and give us a narrative of the circumstances to which I had referred. — "And pray, who is Bill Atherton?" inquired my wife and children. — "You will see for yourselves," I replied, "when he arrives. As I have already informed you, he is a man in the humbler walks of life. His dress

and appearance may surprise you perhaps, and his manners may possibly partake of the roughness of the element, upon which he has been tossed for thirty years. He is a common sailor, and, that we may have the full benefit of his recital, we must put him completely at his ease, by our unceremonious reception. We must treat him precisely as a sailor would like to be treated." — "Sha'n't I get him some tobacco, father?" said my youngest boy. —"No, no, my little fellow," I replied; "we shall get on well enough without that."

The tea service had scarcely been removed, when Bill Atherton, punctual to his appointment, rang the door-bell, and was ushered into the parlor. He was a square-framed, thick-set, broad-shouldered man, with dark complexion and weather-beaten features. He seemed about five and fifty years old. — I welcomed him in the most cordial manner, and introduced him to my friend Kennedy, and the members of my family, while my elder boy handed him a chair. — "You had better take off your great coat," said my wife. "It 's my pea-jacket, ma'am," said he, with a little embarrassment, as he seated himself, and began to twirl his thumbs. This little incident and Bill Atherton's peculiar tone of voice had well nigh upset the gravity of my children. It was decidedly the most sonorous guttural that I had ever heard.

"You have been long acquainted with the sea," said I. — 'Rather an old salt, your honor," he replied. "And you have seen a great deal of the world," I continued. — "'Most every corner on 't, sir," he rejoined. — "My friend, Mr. Kennedy, and myself, are very desirous of hearing an account of your voyage in the Volante." — "It 's rather an ugly yarn to spin, that, your honor," replied Bill Atherton, as he shook his head, and continued twirling his thumbs. "I 've told that story over a number of times, and I never slept sound arter telling it yet." — "We are very unwilling to give you any trouble," said I; "but we should esteem it a favor, if you would give us the narrative." — Bill Atherton unbuttoned his pea-jacket, and taking half a handful of tobacco from his right cheek, to the astonishment of my wife and children deposited it carefully upon the corner of the white marble mantle, and, resuming his seat, recommenced the business of twirling his thumbs. After collecting his thoughts for some time, he scratched his head with his left hand, pulled up the waistband of his breeches with the right, and proceeded as follows: —

"When I was first afore the mast, — quite a youngster, — I could reel off a story at no rate. My thoughts were bright enough then. But I 'm an oldish sort of a fellow now, and you must make

allowance for a poor sailor, that's had no larning." — "I don't doubt," said my wife, "Mr. Atherton, that we shall be greatly interested in the story." I perceived, however, that she had no little apprehension of a failure. Bill Atherton was as evidently cheered by my wife's encouraging remark, as was the "last minstrel," by the fair words of the ladies of Branksome, and immediately resumed his narrative with increasing confidence.

"'Twas an odd sort of a craft. I'd been used all my days to square-rigged vessels, ships and brigs, ye see. But an old messmate persuaded me to go aboard the steam-packet Volante, Captain Black, for Charleston. I'd been home from sea over a month; so I thought I'd e'en take my chance, as it didn't seem to be very easy to get a foreign vige, and I couldn't well afford to be landlubbering it about New York no longer. — When I first saw that sort o' craft, it seemed to me the oddest thing in natur to go to sea in. Afore I shipped, I'd never been aboard one on 'em in all my life; and when we was a getting under way, I couldn't, for the soul on me, help laughing right out. I'd been used to loosening fore-topsail, weighing anchor, and all that; here there was nothing to be done, but to let go the ropes, and a sort of a blacksmith with a leather apron, I thought he was, — they called him an ingineer, — pried upon a crow-bar, and away she went, like a stream o' chalk. I didn't see, at first, what there was for a sailor to do; but the first mate soon set me to work a stowing away the bandboxes and trunks. I could hardly get along for the women folks and waiters. I should have felt more at home among bunt-lines and reef-tackles any day. Howsomever, I was in for it. 'Twas about half-past four o'clock, on a Saturday afternoon, the seventh day of October, we left the wharf in New York. 'Twas pleasant weather, and the wind about south-west, rather light. The pilot took us through Buttermilk Channel, and left us just arter we had got by Governor's Island. We had a crew of forty-three, including the ingineers and firemen, and about ninety passengers. I never saw so many happy faces aboard ship, as when we first left the wharf. But they looked a little down in the mouth afore long, for in less than an hour arter we started, the Volante was fast aground on the Romer Shoal." — "Was Captain Black at the wheel?" I inquired. — "No, your honor," replied Bill Atherton; "he wasn't at the wheel, when she grounded. I never knew where he was at that time, until an old shipmate showed me Captain Black's defence, about a week ago. He says he had gone below to get out the silver for supper, and to let the steward know how many there was aboard to set down. So, ye see, while they was a looking

over the list and a counting out the spoons, the man at the wheel — somebody called him a 'beetle-head' — run us upon the Romer as slick as a whistle. — When Captain Black come up, and saw the Volante heading off to the eastward, and headway nearly stopped, he cried out to the man at the wheel, 'Hard a-port!' and the steersman answered that the helm was hard a-port, but she would n't mind it. By this time, 'Beetle-head,' as they called him, had burrowed the boat pretty well into the shoal, for the ingines was kept a working all the time. The blacksmith — I mean the engineer — asked Captain Black if he should n't work her off, starn first, or, as an old salt would call it, boxhaul her. So Captain Black told him he should n't. After he had pushed her pretty hard on, and found she would n't go over, he altered his mind, and told the ingineer to take his own way, and back her off; and we shifted the wood and chain-cable to the larboard side to give her a list. But the tide was ebb, and 't would n't do. So the passengers had time enough to take their supper on the Romer Shoal, and there was no need of any more hurry about the spoons; for we let the fires burn out, and hung on for five hours. 'T was a peck o' trouble from the very beginning. About this time, the third ingineer, in attempting to shut one of the cocks, scalded himself and two other hands pretty bad. About seven o'clock, we was boarded by a Sandy Hook pilot, and Captain Black axed him to stay by, till we 'd passed the Hook.

"About half arter ten that night, when the tide had riz, the captain ordered the square-sail hoisted, and laid aback, — that looked natural. — The ingines was set agoing, and off she went. Some folks thought we could have got off in the same way, when she first touched the shoal. The Volante was a monstrous long craft, about two hundred and twenty-five feet, and carried a terrible weight of machinery right a-midships; and, when she struck so hard forward, 't was plain enough she 'd stick faster a-midships. How they ever expected to mend the matter, by shoving the heaviest part on her onto the shoal, I could n't see. We got off at last, however, as I told ye, past the Hook; the pilot left us, and we proceeded on our vige. 'T was n't thought the Volante had received any injury by running on the Romer, but for some reason or other there was considerable dissatisfaction aboard. Some was afraid the wind would rise; some said the boat was on fire; others thought she 'd get hogged on the shoal, and maybe spring a-leak. There was a good deal of swearing about it. Some cursed the captain for not being at the wheel, and others cursed the shoal for being where it was. Some turned in, and some kept up all night, and made themselves as

comfortable as they could, by smoking and drinking." — "Was there a bar on board the Volante?" inquired my friend Kennedy. — "Sartin," replied Bill Atherton, "sartin, your honor; pretty well stocked it was, I reckon. Why, 't would be thought about as much irreglar for one o' them are steam craft to leave port without plenty o' liquor, as for an Indiaman to put to sea without a cable and anchor. There was among the passengers a couple of old sea-captains, who seemed rather oneasy from the time we got on the Romer; 'specially one on 'em, a Captain Slater, I think they called him. He got out of his beth, and cautioned the man at the wheel not to run too near the land off Barnegat light. I don't s'pose he meant to interfere, but Captain Black did n't like him none the better for that. All went on pretty well till next day, Sunday, about noon, when the wind hauled to the north-east, and began to stiffen. I thought we should have a bit of a storm. About that time one of the great tea-kettles or boilers got out o' kelter; so we had to make steam with t' other alone, and set the square-sail. To enable the blacksmith to mend the kettle, Captain Black put the boat afore the wind, and stood about south-west. Slater told him he 'd get on a lee shore, as sure as a gun, if he steered so. — Captain Black got his back up, and told him he 'd manage the boat himself. About midnight we got both kettles agoing again. We kept heaving the lead, and soon shoaled into eleven fathoms. Four o'clock, Monday morning, the mate's watch was called, and we shifted our course to south-south-east, until about seven o'clock, when we got a sight of land about fifty miles north of Cape Hatteras. The sea was rough enough, and the wind blew a gale. A good many of the passengers came up afore day, because the water had worked into their beths. Captain Slater got proper oneasy. Said he to Captain Black, 'I warned you of this last night; you see you 're on a lee shore, and it 's all your fault. How will you get her off!' — 'Why,' said Captain Black, 'with her wheels, to be sure; so long as the ingine will work, I 'll keep her off any shore!' — 'Well,' said Slater, — and he looked pretty solemn, I tell ye, — 'well,' said he, 'we must make the best of it.' — The sea raged like all possessed, and the wind blew a hurricane. Matters looked bad enough. The passengers got to be frightened, and the oldest salt aboard thought there was good reason for 't. When a sea struck the Volante, you could see her bend and quiver from stem to starn. The panels of the ceiling began to drop out of their places. She rolled and pitched so bad all Monday, that 't would have been impossible to cook a mouthful, if anybody could have mustered sufficient appetite to eat it. Very few of the passengers had much

desire for eating, I can tell ye. But I can't say as much about drinking. They held on to that, some on 'em; and the harder it blew, for a long while, the more of a thriving trade the bar-keeper had of it. Poor fellow! he went to Davy's locker; and he 'd no time to calculate his profits unless 't was in another world.

"Well, as I was a saying, the storm was a raging bad enough. 'T was a perfect tempest. I never sailed over an uglier sea. Captain Black ordered jib and foresail to be reefed, supposing he might need 'em. About nine o'clock on Monday morning, one of the ingineers told Captain Black that both boilers had gi'n out. He ordered the jib and foresail set, the reefs turned out, and the boat's head to land, to beach her. It soon appeared to be the ingineer's blunder; the boilers had n't gi'n out, but one on 'em had got out o' kelter, jest as it did afore. The ingineer soon fixed it, and the captain then ordered jib and foresail taken in, and tried to work her off shore with the ingines. But, ye see, we 'd lost a bit by this manœuvre, and soon found ourselves among the Wimble Shoals. Some of the passengers began to get the boats ready for launching; but it seemed to me, that no boat could live in such a sea. In passing the Wimble Shoals, we received the shock of three terrible heavy rollers on the larboard beam. They stove in our after-gangway, and some of the state-room windows. We then proceeded to knock away some of the forward bulwarks, that the sea might have a fair breach through, for fear some of the seas might fill the deck and cabin.

"'Twixt two and three o'clock in the arternoon, 't was discovered that the boat had sprung a-leak. It soon got about among the passengers, and produced a great deal of confusion. Everybody, men, women, and children, were asking all sorts of questions, that nobody could answer. We tried the ingine-pump, but the leak continued to gain upon us. All hands were then set to bailing and pumping — passengers as well as crew, and without distinction of age or sex. Those, who were sick, forgot their feeble health, and fell to with the strongest. We had a large number of lady passengers, and every one on 'em had a basin, or a pitcher, or a bucket, and worked for life. We was all on a footing then, your honor, — 't was no time to think of their fine clothes, or the rings on their fingers. Captain Slater, who seemed to be an able seaman, asked for a light, and went below with a Captain Dale, another passenger, to find the leak; but they could n't find it, and it continued to gain upon us fast.

"We all felt pretty bad; night was coming on, and man's help seemed to be a miserable reed. About eight o'clock that night, the

leak had risen so high as to put out the furnace fires. Steam could do no more for us; and it now seemed to be necessary to run the Volante ashore, as the only means of safety. When it was understood, that this was resolved on, the stoutest heart quailed. The poor mothers wept over their children, and husbands, brothers, and fathers, felt, no doubt, as though their hour of separation was at hand. There were some, who cursed and swore; others seemed frantic; some flew to the bar for liquor; some went to prayers; and others seemed stupefied. Among all this confusion I saw very little like composure in any part of the boat. There was a sick clergyman aboard, a Mr. Jones; he had his wife with him; they were going to Augusta. He was in his beth, and he never looked more calm, I reckon, in his pulpit, than he did that horrible night. A number were gathered round him, and after having a chapter read to him, he offered up a prayer, which, so far as I could judge from his features, seemed to lift up his soul above the tempest.

"Some time before this, the bar was closed. During the evening, a number of the passengers, who were in liquor at the time, and were resolved to have more, made a rush upon the bar, to break it open, and succeeded. There were some, who endeavored to prevail upon the bar-keeper to destroy his liquors; but he couldn't make up his mind to such a dreadful sacrifice of his property. Poor fellow! I've told ye already, that he didn't live to enjoy his gains. They then called the second mate, who laid about him with a heavy hand, and the contents of the demijohns, bottles, and kegs, were soon mixed with the salt water."

"Mr. Atherton," said I, "it has been currently reported, that Captain Black was intoxicated. What is your opinion upon that point?"—"Please your honor," said he, "you can judge as well as I. I'd a little rather not give any opinion about it. Captain Slater and ten other passengers have published a certificate that he was intoxicated. He says he wasn't, and that he only drank two glasses of Port wine and water, and two of cordials. Captain Black has published the affidavits of six or seven of his crew to prove that he wasn't intoxicated."—"Had the captain any private store of liquors in his state-room, or was there any liquor upon deck?" inquired Mr. Kennedy.—"I don't know that he had," replied Bill Atherton.—"There was a keg of spirit brought up for the firemen and the rest of the crew. I don't know that the captain drank any on it. He says, as I have told you, that he drank nothing but Port wine and cordials."—"Noah," said Mr. Kennedy "was drunken, after he became a husbandman, on the pure juice

of the grape, on *unenforced* wine. If he had permitted a bar to be kept on board the ark, and had himself drunk *Port wine and cordials*, his navigation might not have been so successful as it was." — "Were the other captains, Slater and Dale, addicted to liquor?" said I. — "Captain Black, in his defence," replied Bill Atherton, "stated, that Captain Dale was intoxicated; but nobody ever said anything of the sort about Captain Slater." — "You have said," observed Mr. Kennedy, "that Captain Slater and ten other passengers have published a statement, that Captain Black was intoxicated. Was anything said about Captain Black's intoxication during the voyage?" — "O yes, your honor," replied Bill Atherton. "I was a-going on to tell ye. We had set the square-sail, and 't was no sooner set than it split from foot to head; so we hauled it down; and as the fires were out, we made slow progress towards the shore, and you can have no idee of the misery on every countenance. Everything that could be torn up for lashing, was rent into strips, chiefly the blankets, and tied round the men and women, ready to lash, who still kept on bailing. Captain Black was then in the wheel-house. Captain Slater came up, and told him he had come to take charge of the boat. 'What for?' said Captain Black. — 'Because you are intoxicated,' said Captain Slater. 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Clear out.'" — "And pray," said Mr. Kennedy, "what did he reply?" — "Why," said Bill Atherton, "he looked up, and says he, '*Who says so?*' — Captain Slater then told him Mr. Motley, the mate, said so; and being called by Captain Black, Motley said that the passengers said so. I 've heard Captain Slater say that Captain Black resisted a little at first, but finally gave up the command, and did not resume it: this, Captain Black denies in his defence. One thing is sartin, if we had not carried liquor, and had not had a bar aboard the Volante, we should have been spared all this dispute about who was drunk and who was n't.

"The water was over the cabin floor. Some began to think of launching the boats. About eleven at night, all were obliged to leave the cabin, as the boat had settled so that her deck was nearly flush with the water. About this time, those on the forecastle shouted, *Land! land!* — But there was no land, — nothing but the roaring breakers to be seen right ahead. Just afore we struck, two of the passengers, with the assistance of some of the sailors, attempted to save their lives in one of the quarter boats. There came a sea, and swept it from the davits in a jiffy, and carried off one of the poor fellows, who was instantly swallowed up in the surge. Mr. Motley, the mate, and several of the passengers, ten or

twelve of them, began to launch the long-boat. 'T was stark madness, your honor; we was right in with the breakers; the long-boat was swamped in an instant, and the whole that were in her perished.

"It seemed every moment that we should strike among the breakers. They were close under our bows, and looked like the very jaws of death. 'T was a dreadful scene, — the moon broke through the clouds now and then, and gave us a clear view of the whole misery. The passengers, all looking for the means of safety, had gathered into groups. Here was a man and his wife; there a mother and her daughters; in one place were gathered a whole family of six persons; in another stood a solitary, unprotected female, who was returning home to her friends.

"Just at this time, a young man, who had a *life-preserver*, had strapped it under his arms, and was congratulating himself upon his good fortune. Another, who was evidently intoxicated, and who was cursing and swearing, told him he would n't give a pinch of snuff for his *life-preserver*, and said he would n't take it for his own, and boasted that he had prepared himself for the worst, long before, and had a much better life-preserver in his own stomach, (meaning his grog.) At this moment, Mr. Jones, the clergyman, that I told ye of, drew near the spot. Though very feeble, he was supporting his wife as well as he was able. He wore the same calm expression that I had noticed before. We were then just in the breakers, and some one exclaimed, 'She 'll strike in a moment, — there 's no hope!' — when the clergyman replied, '*He that trusts in Jesus is safe, even amid the perils of the sea!*'"

Bill Atherton paused in his narrative, and my friend Kennedy wiped the tear from his eye. "This holy man," said he, after a short interval, "had indeed a *life-preserver*, sufficient to bear him safely over the bitter waters of this painful life to the confines of eternity and the bosom of his God."

We sat in silence for some time. Perceiving that we expected to hear the residue of this distressing narration, Bill Atherton shook his head, and recommenced as follows: — "It 's hard telling the rest on 't, your honor. — Let 's make it as short as we can. — She struck at last, and, immediately heeling to windward, presented her exposed deck to the force of the winds and waves. This was indeed a moment of unspeakable horror. The first great surge that came combing over us, swept off its victims, how many I cannot say; but I noticed, when it had passed over, that the good clergyman and his wife were both gone." — "Gone to the mansions of the just made perfect," exclaimed my friend Kennedy, with evident emotion. — "No doubt on 't, your honor," said honest Bill Atherton. — "Many

of the passengers, and particularly the ladies, rushed forward after the first wave had passed over us. — Then there came another, and once more swept the deck; the shrieks of the victims were louder than the storm or the crashing timbers of the Volante. When that wave had passed, I looked round with astonishment and horror, as I marked the monstrous havoc it had made. There were few remaining then. — I was looking towards the next coming wave. I saw it strip a baby from its mother's arms, — the poor woman sprang from the deck with a loud shriek, and leaped into the foam, after the child. Every wave did its work; and, in the midst of all this scene of horror, one of the passengers, in the vain hope of calling assistance, kept on tolling the steam-boat bell.

"A number of the survivors had taken shelter on the lee-side of the boat, in the passage, that leads from the after to the forward deck. They were chiefly ladies and children, and some few gentlemen, who had the charge of them. There were thirty or forty collected in this passage. Escape seemed impossible. The decks were swept of everything. The bulwarks were all gone, smack smooth. Among those in this passage was a gentleman, supporting his wife on one arm, and one of his daughters on the other. A boy, about twelve years old, stood by his side, holding upon his father's garments. — 'Father,' said he, 'dear father, you will save me, won't you? — you can swim to the shore with me, can't you, father?' — They were all lost. — I got ashore myself, with a few others, on the topgallant forecastle. Of the passengers, twenty only were saved, and seventy perished in the deep.

"During the raging of the tempest, and after the Volante had struck among the breakers, one of the lady passengers, who had been swept overboard, was seen clinging to the side, and imploring for help. Two gentlemen, at great hazard, ventured to her assistance, and with no little exertion drew her on board, and lashed her to a piece of timber. She was one of the only two females, who escaped with their lives.

"With the assistance of the people of the island, we buried such of the dead, as were cast upon the shore; and those of us, whom the tempest had spared, as soon as it was in our power, turned away from the scene of our late disaster, and bent our steps in the direction of our several homes."

"It is an awful and a most impressive lesson," said Mr. Kennedy, "and, whether this disaster be attributable to the unseaworthiness of the vessel, or the drunkenness of the captain, or the fury of the storm, or to all these causes combined, it presents before us a most affecting picture of the vanity of all earthly hopes. Here were

ninety human beings counting with all confidence upon even seas and prosperous gales; anticipating the speedy completion of their schemes of pleasure or of profit, — some calculating, with unerring certainty, upon the fortunate consummation of their commercial projects, — others elate with the delightful assurance of ere long embracing their friends, their parents, their wives, their husbands. How solemn, how awful the contrast! The angel of death was even then the companion of their melancholy way, ready, at the appointed moment, to whisper in their ears, — *There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.* Let us, then, be wise, while we may profit by our wisdom. We are all upon the voyage of life, and shall, ere long, enter upon the broad waters of eternity. — Let each one gird on the only LIFE-PRESERVER, which can sustain him in every trial, — the whole armor of righteousness upon the right hand and upon the left, remembering that HE WHO TRUSTS IN JESUS IS SAFE EVEN AMID THE PERILS OF THE SEA!"

AS A MEDICINE.

Nothing, short of its entire annihilation, can be more acceptable to the enemies of the temperance reform, than the inconsistencies of its friends. The opponents of this righteous enterprise are forever on the alert, to detect the slightest deviation, on the part of its advocates, in any particular, however insignificant it may be. The rum-dealer, who carries his *espionage* to the very cellars of the friends of temperance, should he there discover a solitary bottle of light French wine, concludes its proprietor to be a hypocritical partaker of the means of drunkenness, as surely as the over-zealous virtuoso infers a mastodon from every grinder that he finds.

We object not to a good word, in behalf of temperance, from the wine-drinker himself; though it unquestionably acquires additional influence, when uttered by a cold-water man. No *apparent* inconsistency has been more frequently trumpeted abroad, by the enemies, and occasionally by the friends of temperance, than the conduct of the rich, who call upon the poor to give up their cheap and vulgar inebriants, while they themselves refuse to relinquish their wine. It is high time that this matter should be correctly stated. It is certainly desirable that rich and poor should surrender their wine, and every other intoxicating material, upon those altars of domestic repose and national concord, whose foundations would receive additional support from such a surrender as this. Nevertheless, we perceive nothing more of inconsistency in the conduct of the rich man, who drinks wine, and yet calls upon the poor man to relinquish his rum, than in the conduct of the poor man, who resolves to be drunk with rum, until the rich man relinquishes his wine.

Does the poor man say that wine is as injurious for the rich man, as rum is for himself? Be it so. The poor man's language is this — You and I are bent upon destruction. Total abstinence will relieve us both. I have no interest in you. On the whole, I had a little rather you should destroy yourself than not, for I should be pleased to establish my theory, that wine will kill. Nevertheless, I am resolved to destroy myself with rum, unless you give up your wine! However extraordinary it may appear, for one, who is poisoning himself with arsenic, gravely to advise his neighbor to abstain from the use of Prussic acid, his advice is not the less excellent on that account.

It cannot be denied, however, that all those advocates of temperance are destined to labor to very little purpose, who are not, in faith and practice, TOTAL-ABSTINENCE MEN.

How far even the medicinal employment of any alcoholic liquor may hereafter be permitted to form an exception, from this practice of total abstinence, is matter for grave inquiry. Medical men — we speak of those who are members of total-abstinence societies — differ in their opinions upon this important point. In the estimation of many persons, certain kinds of intoxicating liquor are among the most agreeable materials in the pharmacopœia; individuals, who would call in the doctor in many other cases, and for the administration of most other medicines, appear to feel themselves abundantly competent, on the strength of their previous practice, to prescribe for themselves. We are confident, that no unfrequent occasion for reproach has arisen from this cause, among the professing friends of temperance.

It was an observation of my grandmother, that nothing is more wonderful than that we wonder at all. Few things are more difficult than to wonder by rule. So jealous are certain individuals of their reputation for taste and knowledge, that they would sooner be detected in the very act of cutting their cousins of the whole blood for the heinous crime of honest poverty, than in any natural expression of wonder or delight. *Nil admirari* is their maxim forever. They have dealt, or would be thought to have dealt, so entirely with the sources of superlative delight, that the bare possibility of comparative enjoyment is abolished altogether from their code of sensations. No dancing is entitled to commendation, for *they* have witnessed the *pirouettes* of Madame Vestris — no performance on the violin, for *they* have listened to Paganini.

These reflections were produced, while passing, of late, through the highest hills of New England. At every house among these

mountains, where the visitor may happen to repose, an album is exhibited before him, in which, if it suit his fancy, he may enrol his name, his residence, his destination, his achievements among the hills, and, if he see fit, some grateful commendation of his host and hostess. Therein he may also indulge his humor, whether moral, political, or geological. Upon one of these caravansary records, I was particularly struck by the remarks of a Gallican coxcomb, in his native language. He had visited the Alps, forsooth, and enrolled his autograph in the album of the grand Chartreuse. He had been upon the mountains of Switzerland, and could discover nothing worthy of admiration among the White Hills of New Hampshire. I turned away from this paltry ebullition of conceit; and, as I cast my admiring gaze upon the cloven rock, the gorge of these stupendous hills, which furnishes the only defile for the traveller, I inwardly rejoiced, that I had not neutralized my power to enjoy the majestic scene around me — that, as yet, I had not visited the mountains of Switzerland. The majestic hills of the Granite State must ever continue an object of deep and solemn interest to him, who delights to contemplate the wonders of creation. Here they stand, just as they stood, when baptized by their aboriginal proprietors, of yore — the Tuckaway, the Chocorua, the Ossapy, and the Kyarsarge; the Mooshelock, the Sunapee, and the Monadnock; and last and loftiest of them all, the Agiocochook: — truly, as we are informed by Sterne, there is something in a name. — Agiocochook was the appellation, bestowed by the red man, upon that portion of these hills, which is now designated as the White Mountains. In olden time, when, according to an ancient tradition of the red men, their country was overwhelmed with water, the highest pinnacle, the summit of Mount Washington, alone remained uncovered above the flood. Thither Powaw and his wife, who had been forewarned of the coming deluge, fled for safety; and by them the whole country was peopled anew. Such was the legend of the Indian. But the red man's Gilboa, those high places of safety, which knew him of old, shall know him no more.

Upon a lovely morning in the month of August, we had taken leave of the little village of Franconia. We were slowly ascending those long hills, over which the traveller must pass, on his way to that remarkable notch or defile, which borrows its name from this busy hamlet, whose clamorous trip-hammers have long since broken forever the silence of these mountains, and scared the hill-fox from his covert. The sun had risen with uncommon splendor; and, to us who looked upon the surrounding scene with Netherlanders' eyes, there appeared not the slightest prospect of unfavorable

weather. Masses of vapor lay low at the bases of the mountains before us; but the searching rays of a solstitial sun would not suffer them long to lie in idleness there. Light, flocky clouds were soon perceived, almost of a silvery brightness, flitting along the sides of the mountains. Ere long they assumed a darker hue, and appeared to be forming in closer column. Here and there, among the distant gorges of the hills, the rapid motion of these rolling clouds indicated that the winds were at work, driving the sluggish vapors forth from the defiles and intervals. All, however, was calm and delightfully serene in our immediate vicinity. The summits of the mountains were still high above the clouds, and in full enjoyment, like ourselves, of the morning sun.

When I was a boy, I conceived a high respect for a cock in my father's barn-yard. He was called, most deservedly withal, *the prophet*. Often, when doubtful of the propriety of carrying my plans of childish pleasure into execution, by reason of the ambiguous aspect of the morning, I have sought out *the prophet;* and, when he mounted the fence, clapped his golden wings, and sent forth his clarion note, it was perfectly oracular. I would not have believed Pythia upon her tripod to the contrary. He never deceived me; and, when, after he had served his day and generation, the poor fellow came at last to be boiled, I ate no dinner upon that memorable day, though I had my choice of a leg or a wing of *the prophet*. In our lowland chanticleers I have great confidence; but in the cocks of the mountains I shall never more put my trust. Such crowing and clarionetting I have seldom heard, as filled the air upon the morning to which I refer; and, so far as I understand the Gallic language, I am confident there was a decided majority in favor of fair weather.

"I think we shall not have any rain to-day," said I, addressing an old mountaineer, whom we met among the hills, with his rifle on his shoulder. "Sha'n't we though?" said the old man; "I guess as how ye're from below a purty considerable piece. Ye baant so well read in the signs hereabouts, as them on us that 's been up in these here craggy places for seventy years, egg and bird. There 's my almnick," continued he, pointing to the mountains; "when ye see the scud thickening up alongside o' the mountains arter that are fashion, ye 'll have a storm and a tougher, see if ye don't. It 'll be a 'tarnal wet day, I tell ye. It 's a fixin for a raal pelter."

Ere long the old soothsayer's prediction began to be fulfilled. The mist became a drizzling rain, with occasionally a few large, heavy drops intermixed. The deep, dark clouds had completely hoodwinked the sun, whose rays, but a short time before, had

tioned the summits of the highest hills. The muttering thunder, at a distance, admonished us to press forward with all convenient speed. Our party had already reconciled themselves to their ill fortune, in losing the present opportunity of beholding one of the chief wonders of the Franconia Notch; they were therefore most agreeably surprised, when, upon casting their eyes upward, in obedience to the direction upon the guide-board at the road-side, they obtained, though for a brief space, a view, full and distinct, of the "old man of the mountain." The clouds were, for a few moments, as the mariner would say, clewed up, and this extraordinary freak of nature was plainly presented to our view, beetling forth over the very summit of the bald and almost perpendicular rock. Praxiteles could not have done it better, if he had been employed to perpetuate, upon the pinnacle of the Rocky Mountain, the chief of those giants, who piled Pelion upon Ossa.

The flashes of lightning became more frequent and vivid; and the peals of thunder, rattling around, above, and beneath us, and reverberating from mountain to mountain, warned us to be gone. So we bade adieu to the defile, and left the "old man," in his glory.

It was in truth a most pitiless storm. Thunder, lightning, wind, and rain, like angry gamesters, were playing at all-fours among the hills. Our carriage, nevertheless, was perfectly dry within, and we, the inmates, were thoroughly protected from the rain; but our coachman, poor fellow, was drenched to the skin. It was an occasion, upon which a peevish and querulous Jehu might have displayed his preëminent qualities to perfection, and have become as pestilent as any heretic. — "A tremendous storm, Thomas," said I, having lowered the front window half an inch, that I might be heard. "A fine rain, indaad, sir, it is," he replied, "very much naaded." — St. Thomas Aquinas, thought I, was a fool, compared with such a philosopher as this. Shortly after, he struck up a kind of lullaby measure, of which we caught only the chorus:

"I 'm trying to plase ye;
Why can't ye be aisy?"

I was so much pleased with this evidence of his good temper, that I opened the window again, to inquire if he expected to lay the tempest. "It 's jist that, your honor," said he; "saft wards tarns away wrath, sir."

The rage of the elements became, at length, too mighty to be borne in the open field; and we looked earnestly ahead, at every turn of the road, for some place of refuge. Our eyes were at last regaled by the appearance of a little sign at the road-side. Blown

almost horizontally by the driving wind, it had well-nigh escaped our observation. "Sowl o' me, if it is n't the 'otel," cried Thomas, "what there is o' it." We were soon certified, by the almost illegible characters upon the sign, that it was even so. The brute has the best of it, thought I, as I glanced at the common advertisement, "*Entertainment for man and beast*," measuring at the same moment with my eye the dimensions of a wretched shanty, whose exterior was rather unattractive. The door-way appeared to be guarded by a janitor, some seventy winters old, whose dress may be easily described, as it consisted of two pieces only — a pair of ragged breeches and a dirty shirt. It was the last day of the week, and his chin displayed the entire hebdomadal crop of hair, as gray and grizzly as a badger's. He stood, with his legs astride and his arms akimbo, smoking his pipe. We drew up before the door, or rather before the port-hole, of this miserable apology for a public house. "How far is it," I inquired, "to the next tavern?" "Thirteen miles," replied this interesting Caliban, replacing his pipe as soon as he had spoken. "Thirteen miles!" I exclaimed with astonishment. — "Yes, thirteen miles and a quarter, to a link," he replied; "I chained it myself, twenty years ago, and I guess it haant got no shorter." — "Thomas," said I, "what shall we do?" — "A marciful mon, your honor, is marciful to his baast," said he; "and it 's myself that 's been thinking, that a couple o' packs of oots pit anunder the skins o' they poor crathurs here would be a great saving o' the lash, your honor." — "Will you call the landlord?" said I to the man who had answered my first inquiries. "I s'pose I 'm the landlord," he replied. "Well, sir," I rejoined, "can you let my horses have a couple of pecks of oats?" — "Yes, s'pose I can," he replied. — "And can you give us a shelter from the storm?" I inquired. — "Yes, s'pose I can," was the response. Nothing could be more ur propitious, and even surly, than the manner of mine host, who appeared, in word and action, rough as an artichoke and vu gar as dirt. I ushered my family into the first apartment, which appeared, as there were two or three kegs upon tap, to be the *drawing*-room, and the stronghold, as we inferred from the effluvia, of rum and tobacco. From this apartment we were speedily driven, by the arrival of other travellers, who had been compelled, like ourselves, to seek any port in a storm. We now retreated to an inner room, less capacious, but evidently of higher pretensions, in which, notwithstanding the rain was, here and there, admitted through the walls, we were somewhat more comfortable than before. A crockery parrot, without a head,

adorned the mantel, and two peacock-feathers surmounted a broken looking-glass.

The increasing clamor in the adjoining room soon advised us of the arrival of additional company. Prompted by curiosity, I left my family in the *boudoir*, and returned to the *drawing-room*. There were nearly twenty persons assembled, the majority of whom were driven together by the storm. The innholder's good humor appeared to be completely restored. He seemed the very lord of misrule. As I entered, the rude and boisterous laughter, which literally shook the apartment, partially subsided. The sudden introduction of a stranger produced some slight effect upon the assembly. I approached the window, and looked out upon the storm, and the conversation which my presence had interrupted, was speedily renewed. I endeavored, without attracting particular observation, to reconnoitre the group around me. Two sturdy mountaineers were seated upon a bed with two of the gentler sex beside them, apparently their wives, smoking their pipes. Nature's coarsest mould could not have elaborated four less attractive specimens of her handiwork. A man of short stature and middle age occupied a three-legged stool in the centre of the room. His legs were dressed in leather galligaskins, his coat was of greasy fustian, not precisely of that description denominated thunder and lightning, in which Moses Primrose was arrayed for the fair — this, when new, had approached more closely to fire and brimstone. The cut of it was somewhat peculiar, being such, as, in the nomenclature of a lady's wardrobe, is called a long-short. He wore a hat with a prodigious circumference of brim, so peculiarly slouched on one side as to enable the wearer, by twirling it the quarter of a circle, to hide as much of his face as he might be unwilling to expose. He wore an enormous pair of green goggles, with lateral eye-glasses; and, in addition to these, a pair of ordinary spectacles upon his forehead, to be used as occasion might require. Upon his right and left hand were a couple of strong wooden cases, furnished with leather shoulder-straps. From all these circumstances, I conjectured that he was one of those locomotive merchants, styled *hawkers*, or *pedlers*. In one corner of the apartment was a grave personage, some fifty years of age, decently dressed in dark apparel, and who appeared desirous of shrinking as completely as possible from the scene around him. He sat twirling his thumbs, with his eyes closed, and his head reclined backward against the wall. My attention was particularly attracted by an elderly couple, who occupied a corner of the entry, or porch, leading to the room, in which we were assembled. They had, in their youth, as I afterwards ascertained, taken each other

for better or worse, for richer or poorer; and, if marriage be a lottery, it was evident from a single glance, that each of these adventurers had drawn a blank. They had been driven hither, like the rest of us, for shelter from the storm; and appeared to occupy their seats upon the entry floor, with a full consciousness of their inferiority in point of caste. I could perceive no important difference, however, in this particular, between the miserable brace of wedded mendicants before me and several of those, by whom I was surrounded, saving the manifest inability of the former to pay for any more liquor. Aristocracy, an exotic nowhere, will flourish, like the cactus, even among the rocks, and with very little irrigation. It is not easy, thought I, to find a more remarkable example than the one before me of a distinction, where no essential difference exists, unless, perhaps, among the Pouliats of India, who, notwithstanding the extreme degradation of their polluted caste has cut them off from all direct communication with the rest of mankind, compel the Pouliches, a still more degraded race of human beings, to flee from among them and abide in trees and caverns. More wretched objects I have seldom seen than this miserable couple. It would be difficult to find a more plausible reason for their continued connection than that, which lies in the ancient proverb — Misery loves company. They were manifestly the victims of intemperance — the victims of the liquor-seller. In all probability, neither of them had undergone a thorough ablution since the revolutionary war. By some, however, this may not be accounted a very particular mark of opprobious distinction. Their natural skin was as effectually concealed by dirt, as by the many-colored rags which hung loosely about them. An old wallet, which the man had carried on his shoulder, doubtless contained their whole estate, real, personal, and mixed. There were no other persons, among this motley group, of sufficient interest to attract my particular attention, excepting a very corpulent woman, evidently over fifty years of age, who used a crutch, and continually complained of the oppressive heat of the apartment.

The vulgar merriment, which prevailed, at the moment of my entrance, appeared to have been occasioned, by a succession of gibes and jeers, in which several members of this respectable assembly were indulging themselves, at the expense of the pedler. He was a shrewd, intelligent Irishman; and had been, as I gathered from the observations of the several speakers, an itinerant trafficker over the mountains for many years.

"What, in the name o' natur, have ye got in your trunks this time, Marphy? Do let a body know," said an enormously corpu-

lent man in a butcher's frock. — "Plase ye, Mr. Slaughter," replied the Irish pedler, "na moor nor a few thrifles." — "Trifles, eh," cried one of the two male personages who were seated upon the bed; "a pack of confounded essences and glass jinkumbobs for the women's noses and ears, to gull our wives, I 'll bate a dollar." — "And like as not," exclaimed a red-faced Jezebel, with scarlet ribands to match, who sat by his side, and whose voice wonderfully resembled the sound of a steam-whistle — "like as not he 's got essences for their husbands' throats. I would n't say nothing about gulling, if I was you, Atherton." — "Haw, haw, haw!" cried the butcher, slapping his thigh, with the flat of a hand as big as a leg of mutton *souffle;* "haw, haw, haw! that are 's complete; you 've got it this time, Atherton, that are a fac." — Atherton and his helpmate were silent, but looked unutterable things at each other.

"Come, Marphy," said the butcher, "don't be so tarnal shy; open your chists and let 's see your wares." — "Plase your honor," cried the pedler, "Ise walked, or rin rather, for the last foor miles wid my pack on my shouthers, and it 's na to be dooted the ongradients are pit in disarder." — "That are 's all humbug," rejoined Slaughter; "you 're a marchant; what 's a possessing on ye, man, that ye won't show your plunder?" — "It 's mysilf," replied the pedler, "that wull be excused, if ye plase, sir; beside, daar Mr. Slaughter," continued he, in an under tone, "there 's times and saasons for ivery kind o' a thing, as St. Patrick said." — "I don't believe," cried the butcher, "but what you 've got so'thin or other what 's counterband." — "Och, Mr. Slaughter," exclaimed the poor fellow, "it 's not the like o' me that wull be after doing that same. It 's maar thrifles that 's in my little bit chist." — "Your little bit chist with a vengeance!" cried the butcher; "why, one o' these here things, if 't was only o' the right shape, would be big enough for an alderman's powdering tub — little bit chist d' ye call it? why, I tell ye one on 'em 's big enough to hold half the goods stole up in our mountains for six months." — The pedler's Irish blood was evidently roused by the imputation contained in this remark. — "Mr. Slaughter," said he, "ye 'll jist be plased to be a leetle moor o' a jontleman." — "Marphy," exclaimed the butcher, in a voice half choked with passion, at the same time clinching his fist, and assuming the attitude of a butcher militant, "d' ye say I an't a gentleman?" — "My father's son niver sed the like o' that, Mr. Slaughter," replied the pedler; "I only requisted ye, if it was parfictly convanient, to be a leetle bit moor o' a jontleman nor ye was." — "Marphy 's cunniner than you thinks for, Slaughter," said one of the by-standers; "he an't to be cotch'd no time o' day:

don't ye see he 's got his eyes all about him." — This little pleasantry, alluding to the unusual number of glasses about the pedler's eyes, put the whole assembly into good humor, the belligerents excepted. — "Eyes all about him!" said the butcher; "yes, he looks like a beetle that sees best in the night." — "It 's na proof o' your cevcelity," replied the pedler, "to be comparing a paceable thrader to a baatle. Wud it be the dacent thing for anybuddy to be after comparing yoursilf to two bushels o' your own sassinger maat crammed into a one-bushel bag? You 'll niver pit Brian Marphy up to the making sich an ondacent comparison as that same." — No one appeared to enjoy this joke at the butcher's expense, so highly as Atherton. He returned the butcher's haw, haw, upon a former occasion, with compound interest.

Slaughter's temper gave way before the peals of laughter raised at his expense. "There," said he, administering a tremendous kick with his cowhide boot upon the pedler's little bit chist, as he was pleased to call it — "there, I 'll sarve ye jist arter that are fashin, if ye don't keep your red rag between your teeth." A crash within and the immediate issue of some liquid from one of the pedler's boxes, apparently, from the strong odor, no other than Cogniac, too manifestly proved, that the butcher had inflicted a mortal wound. "Whoosh! saa what is 't ye 've done," cried the pedler. "Ye 'll pay for this, mon. Is this the right sort o' thratement for a poor felly what 's gitting an honest living, to ruin him this a way buddy and spirit?" — "Spirit it is, sure enough," cried the butcher, who was half ashamed of his conduct, and quite willing to shift the burden upon poor Murphy's shoulders — "it 's giniwine brandy, as true as you 're alive; and this here feller 's been hawking it about, for ever so long, among the mountains, and selling on it without a mite of a license." — "S'pose'n he has," said Atherton, "it don't foller, by three chalks, that everybody 's a right to stick himself up for judge and jury." — "What bisness is 't to you?" cried Slaughter. — "None in peticklar," replied Atherton, "only I think you need n't up foot and gin sich a jab agin the man's chist. You need n't ha come anist it. I was on the jury last October court, and there was pooty much sich a case; don't reckon there was any differ; and Squire Pronk said 't was clean trover. I guess you 'll have to settle it." — "Well, Mr. Atherton, may be so," said Slaughter, putting his arms akimbo; "and, if I 've got to shell out, it 'll be very convenient to have you settle your bill o' maat, that 's been due two years come next thanksgiving." Poor Atherton hung his head, and said no more. One or two of the company expressed their opinions, that the butcher was too hard upon

the pedler. "An't so clear as to that," said the landlord, whose progress round the room with a dirty black bottle, from which he had been serving the guests with whiskey, had been impeded for a few minutes, by the occurrence which I have related. "An't so clear as to that," said he, "by no manner o' means — no great opinion of a man that sells liquor without a license. It 's no better than smuggling, no, not a bit. What 's agoing to come of our riglar bisniss? The timprance folks has e'enamost done for 't a'ready. Why, my patience! I us'd to sell jist about four times as much as I sells now, and I raaly don't know what 's agoing to come on us, if these here folks is agoing to run away with the rest of the bisniss in sich an underhand way."

During this interesting colloquy, the pedler was occupied in unpacking and examining his wares and merchandise, removing the fragments of a case-bottle, and separating his ribands, laces, jewelry, essences, and a variety of other articles, too numerous for an advertisement. The females, without a single exception, actuated either by curiosity or benevolence, had come to the rescue; and no one appeared more active upon the present occasion, than the corpulent dame with the crutch, to whom I have already alluded. — "Jist look for yoursilves, leddies," cried the pedler, "jist look wid your eyes, and saa the ill wark that he 's done for me." — "What 's this? it 's all of a sop, as true as I 'm alive," exclaimed one of the group. — "And sure enough what is it, it is, is n't it? sowl o' me and by the powers if it is n't a most valleyble package that same. It contains moor nor a hunder dollars' warth o' marchandise, coort plaster, pooders for the taath, and a daal o' the dilikitest pomaty in the warld, and other chaice articles into the bargain, ivery one o' em ruinated and totally perditionized entirely. Plase to look to it for yoursilves, as ye 'll all be called to the coort for your tistimony." — "It 's a burnin shame, I vum," said Atherton's wife, as her eye glanced upon a parcel of tawdry, shop-worn jewelry; "if them are is n't the beautifullest pair o' bobs I ever sot eyes on, in all my born days; won't it spoil 'em to be soaked in this here sperret, Mr. Marphy?" — "Purty considerably entirely," cried the pedler. "Daar me," he continued, shaking his head and wringing his hands, in the most lugubrious manner — "daar me, what 'll become o' m' silf! The most o' all these articles is bought upon a cridit, and it 's daar enough they cost, ye may depind." — "These yaller ribbins is dished complete," said another of the pedler's comforters, as she drew forth a number of rolls thoroughly saturated with brandy. — "How could you do sich a thing, Mr. Slaughter? You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the portly woman with the

crutch ; "only see that are good brandy all over the floor, was it raal foreign, Mr. Marphy?" — "Bliss your swaat soul, Mrs. McGobbler, indaad an it was, ivery dhrap o' it. It 's the virry bist o' Cogniac; the same," continued he, in a lower voice, "that ye 've had o' me for mony yaars. I had it diriet fro' one of the twalve respictable liquor-sellers o' the city o' Boston, that pit his name to the report agin the shtapping o' the traffic. It 's the raal crathur, watered discrately by nobuddy but the importer, jist to destray the outlandish twang that it has, ye know, whin it first comes ow'er." — "See there," cried another, "them little books, at the bottom o' the box, is ruined, an't they? What be they, Mr. Marphy?" — "Thrue for you, they are claan done for," said the pedler; "they are Timperance Tales, to be sure, and they 're the only things in the whole colliction, that is n't greatly the warse for the liquor; for, after a little bit drying, they 'll raad jist as they had niver been ruined."

There certainly was no slight resemblance between this opening of the little bit chist of Murphy the pedler, and the opening of the box of Pandora. These Temperance Tales reposed securely at the bottom of the pedler's box, like hope, under a multitude of ills.

During this inquisition into the mutilated state of the pedler's possessions, the butcher had been engaged in a private conference with two or three of his associates, who had undoubtedly advised him to make peace with his adversary as soon as possible. "Ye 'd better settle the hash with him, Slaughter," said one of his counsellors, "or he 'll stick t' ye like a pitch-plaster, you see if he don't." — Under this influence, the butcher moved towards the door, and, calling the pedler by name, beckoned him to follow. — "And pray, Mr. Slaughter," said the wary Irishman, in the wailing accent of a much-injured man, "what 's your wush and your wull wid a poor buddy now? Like as may be not, since ye 's made me a bankrupt claan, ye 'll be after baating me, or the like o' that." — "I want to have a leetle talk with ye, Marphy," said the butcher. — "Talk wid me, it is? Ye 'll plase to excuse me, sir, for it 's not jist the time for conversation, Mr. Slaughter, whin I 'm saving what I can fro' the wrack, that ye 've made o' my marchandise." — "Well," cried the butcher, returning to the apartment, "ye may take your choice, peace or war. I 've broke your bottle o' brandy, and if ye 've a mind to settle and be friends, here 's a five-dollar bill," taking out and opening his wallet, as he spoke. — "A five-dollar bill, it is?" cried Murphy. "Och, mon, and here 's moor nor two hunder worth o' all sarts o' mischief and throuble to boot.

.o say nathing o' worry o' mind. It 's not a farding liss nor foorty ɔ' your five-dollar bills that 'll make pace betvne us, Mr. Slaugh ter." — "Well, well, very well," cried the butcher, replacing his wallet in his pocket, "you 'll not get a cent o' me arter this." — "By the powers! if I 'll not have ye up to the coort for it, though," exclaimed the pedler. — "And I 'll have you up, Brian Marphy, for selling strong drink without a license," cried the butcher. "Only jest look a here; beside the bottle what 's broke, he 's got five large case-bottles in this here chist, and I 'll bate a dollar, he 's got half a dozen in tother, for even ballast." — "It 's as onlike the truth as it can be," replied Murphy. — "Well," said the butcher, "open your chist then. I 'll bate a dollar on 't." — "It 's upon ye all, jontlemen," cried the pedler, "that I call for protiction, or, sure as life, the felly will be after kicking at it, jist as he did to the tother, and for sartin he 'll smash another buttle — that is, I maan, if there was ony there, which o' coorse there is n't." — "Don't believe a word on 't," cried the other; "stump ye to open it," continued he, drawing nearer to the pedler. — "Sure, jontlemen," said the pedler, "ye 'll not see a mon murthered this a way — there, now, he 's gitting up his big butcher's fut for a kick." — "I 'll not kick your chist," said the other, "but I 'll have ye up, as I tolt ye, for selling strong drink without a license."

The grave gentleman in black, who, when I entered the apartment, was sitting with his eyes closed and his head against the wall, had evidently become interested in the controversy. He had shifted his position, and, for some time, had watched the parties with close attention. As he sat with his chin supported by his left hand, and his elbow resting upon his knee, I had myself become exceedingly interested in the variations of his uncommonly expressive countenance, as the grave or the ludicrous prevailed. Perceiving the close attention, which he bestowed upon the matter in hand, and hoping to enlist so respectable a personage in his interest, the pedler appealed to his decision. "Plase your honor, sir," said he, "I parsave that you 're a jontleman, ivery inch above your head; wull ye be so oblaging as to listen a bit? He says he 'll have me up afoor the coort for silling shtrong drink widout a license. Now, sir, it 's no more of a thruth than nothing in natur. It 's not myself that wull deny, that I dispose of a leetle of the virry bist of Cogniac nuar among the mountains, where, your honor knows, it 's not so aisy to be had, but not a dhrap o' it has Brian Murphy iver soult as a drink, but iver as a midicine, and chafely, your honor, to the mimbers o' the Timperance Society. There 's Squire Magoon, — may be your honor knows him, — he 's a raal mon for timperance, — I

soult him a hull buttle a waak ago. He 's an ailing mon, and it halps him a bit, ye may depind." — "I think," said the gentleman in black, "that you said you had some Temperance Tales among your wares." — "Indaad and I did, your honor," replied the pedler; "the frinds o' timperance lave 'em wid me to be distreebuted, and I laves 'em aboot the contree. Iv'ry one, that buys a leetle Cogniac as a midicine, takes one or two o' the Tales, as a matter o' coorse, your honor." The gentleman in black evidently struggled hard to suppress a smile at the pedler's statement. — "Ye won't catch the old fox," cried one of the group, addressing Slaughter; "I told ye ye would n't." — "Won't I?" replied the butcher; "ifax, you see if I don't get him into his burrer, afore I 've done with him. Marphy," continued he, "you solt a quart o' brandy to Jerry Sparhawk last Friday, and there is n't a bigger drunkard this side o' Littleton; now deny that if you can." — "Thrue for you, sir, and I did that same; but you 're a rickning ontirely widout your host, for, the Monday presading the virry Friday, on which I solt him the Cogniac, he refarmed, he did, and bekim a mimber o' the Timperance Society, and purchased the brandy as a midicine ontirely." — "Well, Slaughter," cried another, "ye han't got the old fox into the burrer this time, nor ye an't like to, as I see; haw, haw!" — "Look here, Marphy," cried the butcher, his countenance indicating, that his angry passions were getting the better of his understanding; "are you willing to swear that you han't sold no brandy, within a month, to nobody, that was n't a member o' the Temp'rance Society; come, there 's no need o' lying about it." — "Indaad an there is not, sir," replied the pedler, "and I 'll be after swearing to nothing o' the sart. It 's not mysilf that wull be after doing the onjontaal thing o' revaling the sacrets o' ony family; but, since ye priss a poor buddy so close in a carner, I 'll jist say for your own petickler haaring, Mr. Slaughter, that I solt your good leddy a buttle o' the bist this virry marning, to be used as a midicine o' coorse. I lift her a Timperance Tale or two into the bargain, and urged her to join the society." Several minutes elapsed before the laughter had subsided, occasioned by the pedler's confession. "The old fox has got into somebody's burrer now, I guess," said Atherton. — "Your bill o' meat goes into Squire Pronk's hands afore I sleep," said the butcher, grinning at Atherton; "and, as for you," he continued, shaking his huge fist at the pedler, "I look upon ye as a bit o' carrin." — "A pace o' your own maat, may be," said the pedler. — "Repeat that, if you dare," cried the butcher, advancing one step towards him. — "It 's not warth repating," said the other; "but ye 'd bitter be aisy whin ye 're in

a hull skin; ye 've thrated me like a dag; ye 've spoilt my wares, and for that ye 'll have to answer the law; but if ye only lay the weight o' your finger upon me, ye 'll have your gruel hotter than ye can sup it, ye may depind." During these last words, Brian Murphy had sprung to his feet; with his left hand he had thrown his hat, spectacles, and goggles upon the floor; and, thrusting his right into his bosom, exclaimed, "I 'm riddy for ye, mon." — The butcher readily conjectured, that, whatever the pedler might have within his grasp, it was neither essence nor pomaty. He therefore contented himself with shaking his fist at a convenient distance, and muttering vengeance between his teeth. By this time, the females had become exceedingly alarmed, and, as the affray had begun to assume a very serious aspect, we were all considerably relieved from our doubts and fears of the result, when the landlord, with the assistance of two or three of his guests, prevailed upon the butcher to depart. The pedler retained his posture of defence, until the rumbling of the wagon wheels, as it rolled furiously from the door, assured him that his adversary had quitted the field. He then replaced his spectacles and goggles, and resumed the task of examination into the condition of his merchandise.

"Well," said the landlord, as he returned to the apartment, "Slaughter 's a leetle mite corned; and, when he 's so, he 's apt to get crusty." This worthy host now renewed his invitation to his guests to take "a leetle so'thing," though, from some cause, he appeared rather unwilling to extend his civility either to the gentleman in black or to myself. At length, encouraged by the constitutional rouge of my complexion, and after carefully reconnoitring my countenance on both sides, he drew near me, and with a show of civility, singularly contrasted with his manner upon our first arrival, "Don't ye drink a leetle so'thing sometimes?" he inquired. — "Yes, I do," replied I, with a smile. — "I thought so," said he; and he immediately depressed the nose of his black bottle, with the intention of pouring out for me a dram, into a dirty, broken tumbler, which had evidently seen hard service in its day. — "Stop, my friend," I exclaimed; "I never drink anything of the kind, which you have in that bottle." — "It 's good whiskey," said this importunate landlord; "had n't ye better try a leetle?" — "No, I thank you; I never drink whiskey." — "Sorry we 've got nothing better," continued he; "had some Jimaky week afore last, but the Judge o' Probit was along this way, and he drinkt the last drop on it. My gracious! what am I a talkin on? Why, here 's the marchant 's got lots o' brandy, and I don't doubt he 'd oblige a trav'ler with a snap on 't. This ere gentleman don't drink no whiskey," said he,

addressing the pedler; "can't you let him have a leetle, jest a leetle o' your brandy, Mr. Marphy?" — "Only as a midicine, sir, it is, that I sills it," replied the pedler, "as I toult ye, and niver as a drink or bivrige. The most naturalist thing in the hull warld it is, that the jontleman should be smited claan through his buddy by the dampness o' sich absard wither as 'tis the dee; so, an he naads a leetle o' the Cogniac jist as a midicine, ye saa, — and ye 're looking quite pale and streaked ontirely, sir, — why, thin it 's not mysilf, that would be so inhumanish as to refuse so very rasonable a requist." Without waiting for any confirmation from me, the pedler was already in the act of drawing the cork from one of his bottles. During this part of the conversation, the gentleman in black manifested a very considerable degree of anxiety for the result. I had no doubt, from the expression of his countenance at the moment, that he had been gratified by my refusal of the landlord's proffered whiskey. — "Do not remove the cork of your bottle for me, friend," said I. — "I shall have no shcruples in the laast, sir," cried the pedler, "an ye take a leetle as a midicine." — "I am perfectly well," I replied, "and am not sensible that I require any kind of medicine." — "You 're not saming wall, sir, indaad and you 're not," said he. "Afore I kim ower to the new contree, I tinded, a shpell, in a pharmocopoly shop, in Waterford; an ixtinsive consarn it was, kipt by Phelim McClyster and Son, at the sign of the goold galliput. A great thing for me it was, and a blissing it 's been to mony moor, for there it was that I collicted a sight o' larning, touching the haaling art and all sarts o' nastrums and cattyplasters, and the like o' them are. Why, sir, an it was not for the vanity o' boosting aboot one's oon silf, — and it 's Brian Marphy that despises that from the virry pit o' his sowl, — I 'd till ye a leetle o' the succiss, that Ise had in my practice in the new contree. Aven afoor I lift Waterford, McClyster and Son has sint me aff moor times than ye knows o', to administer a conjiction, upon my oon responsibeelity." — "Indeed!" said I, with an air of surprise. — "Indaad, sir, and it is," replied the pedler; "it 's jist as I till ye, ye may depind; and it 's mysilf that wushes Phelim McClyster and Son was haar to confarm it. And now, sir, it 's jist of yoursilf I 'll be after shpaking a ward, an plase ye. I 'd know from your apparance, that you was a jontleman of great larning in a'most all mathers — I consade ye that; but the haaling art, as I've aften heer'd Mr. McClyster obsarve, the oold jontlemon I maan — the haaling art is a guissing art, to be sure, and the oolder a mon grows, the bitter he guisses, o' coorse. It 's daap enough into the mather Ise looked, ye may wall say that. The hull thing 's divided into ramadial and

pravantive. A leetle midicine, tookt afoor, is the pravantive, ye saa, agin the disarder whin it comes, fro' coming at all. I'd be after thinking, fro' your looks, sir — and they 're maaly enough, to be sure — that 't would be the virry hoith o' imprudence to oncounter the dart and drizzle o' sich a' dee, widout pravantive midicine, to kaap aff the coult and wit o' the utmostphaar." — "And what medicine would you prescribe for me?" I inquired. — "A leetle Cogniac, sir, to be sure," he replied, "taken only as a midicine, o' coorse, not as a bivrige, to be sure." — "I never felt better in my life," said I; "beside, I never take brandy." — "Ye never do?" said the landlord; "ye baan't a temperance man, be ye?" — "No, sir," I replied. — "Glad on it," said he; "thought ye was too sensible a man to be sich a tarnal fool as all that." — "May be the gentleman will take some beer," said a miserable creature, whom I supposed to be the landlord's wife. — "No, I thank you," said I; "I never drink beer." — "Why, you said you was n't a temperance man," cried the landlord; "what be ye, and what, in the name o' natur, do ye drink?" — "I drink the beverage of God's appointment," I replied; "and, having long since become perfectly satisfied of the insufficiency of temperance, I became a total abstinence man, and such I still am." — "So am I," said the gentleman in black, rising from his seat, and shaking me by the hand. — "Divil ye be!" exclaimed the landlord; "drink nothin but water: if that an't enough to set a horse a' larfin." — "Yes, my friend," said I, "I am a total abstinence man, and drink nothing that can intoxicate." — "Well," said he, "I know what 's good for my old timbers; I can't get along without it. Sperret has helped me dreadfully, for forty years." — "You also take it as a medicine, I perceive," said the gentleman in black. — "Sartin," said he; "don't ye know how the Bible commanded Peter to take a little — brandy — s'pose 't was brandy — for his stomach ache and all his infarmities?" — "Brandy was unknown in Bible times," said the gentleman in black. — "That 's all you knows about it," said the landlord. — "Certainly," observed the other, "that is all I know about it; besides, the person to whom you refer, was not Peter, but Timothy." — "Well, well, I don't care which on 'em 't was: 't was one on 'em, and that are 's enough." — "If you quote an example, in justification of any part of your conduct," said the gentleman in black, "it is your duty to prove that it is applicable to your own particular case. Timothy was a sick man, and a very abstemious one, and it was needful that some person, whose opinion he highly respected, should press upon his consideration the necessity of taking, not brandy, as you suppose, nor whiskey, which

appears to be a favorite beverage of yours, but a little wine. Now, when I passed your house, about a week since, I heard you boasting of your great strength, and vaunting that you were a match for any man in the mountains. Surely, there is no resemblance between the condition of Timothy and your own. I really think, my friend," continued he, with an expression of amiable pleasantry, "that you would do well, if you will take it as a medicine, to wait, like Timothy, until you have an inspired apostle at your elbow to prescribe it." — "Well, well, that are 's purty fair for talk, but it won't do for me. Ye see, I 'm an old man, and I 've had the rheumatiz nigh upon forty years." — "Just about the time that you have been in the habit of taking spirit," remarked the other with a smile. — "If I did n't take a leetle every day, jist to keep up sarclation, my blood would get jock full o' rheumatiz as ever, you see." — "And pray, how old are you?" I inquired. — "I shall be seventy-two years old come the twenty-second day of next September," he replied. — "You are quite a young man," I rejoined, "to talk in this extraordinary manner. A few weeks since, I called upon a man, much older than yourself, whose name was Pew, residing in Manchester, on the borders of Gloucester, in the state of Massachusetts. He had been in the habit of using spirit for nearly eighty years, and during many years he had suffered severely from the rheumatism. It is five years since he left it off entirely, and he has been altogether free from the rheumatism during this period." "How old was he," inquired the landlord, "when he left it off?" — "About one hundred and one. This man was a common soldier, at Braddock's defeat, and has attained the age of one hundred and six."

"Well, arter all," said the landlord, "temp'rance is a good thing; there 's no denying on 't. I 'm an ardent frind o' temp'rance myself, and always have been. I don't have nobody a drinking here arter he 's drunk. I 've turned 'em out, many 's the time, as drunk as ever you see. I 'll have no such cattle here, I tell ye. I heer'd your driver say you kim from the Bay state." — "Yes, sir," I replied, "I came from Massachusetts." — "Well, now," continued he, "look a here; Ise had as much experence in this matter as most folks, I guess, and I 'll tell ye what it is; you 're a ruinin the cause, by trying to drive folks. What 's the use o' taking away the people's liberties? what 's the need o' compelling folks, by law, to leave off drinking? that 's what I wants to know. You ought to use gentle suasion; that 's the thing. You can't tell how afear'd I be that you 'll hurt the cause; for, as I tolt ye afore, I 'm an ardent frind o' temp'rance, I am raaly."

The gentleman in black could restrain himself no longer, and

laughed aloud. "I don't know what you're a larfin at, Mister," said the landlord; "but I do say, there 's nothin in all natur makes me feel more raal miserable than to see a drunkard." — "You must have had abundant occasion for feeling miserably, I fear," said the gentleman in black. "Pray, sir," continued he, "will you be so good as to inform me, in what length of time you would probably be induced to abandon the traffic, by the employment of moral suasion? for, if there is even a remote prospect of turning one individual from this traffic in the means of misery, — and such, assuredly, it is, — I am willing to labor in the cause of God and man." — "Why, that 's neither here nor there," said the landlord "Folks isn't a going to shut their mouths, cause some will get drunk. You may go and talk to the drunkards, and persuade them to leave off; that 's the right way." — "My friend," said the gentleman in black, "I will give you my views of this matter, in a few words. The drunkenness of our country, even at the present day, is a terrible evil, occasioning, as it notoriously does, a prodigious amount of poverty and crime, disease and untimely death. Intoxicating liquors are the cause of all this evil and of all these deplorable results. An intelligent, moral people ought not to tolerate the continued existence and operation of any cause, productive of evil, if they possess the power to remove that cause, unless it be also productive of some greater good. Now, it has been demonstrated, in ten thousand ways, that intoxicating liquor, as a beverage, is productive of no possible good; but, on the contrary, it — " — "Plase your honor," cried the pedler, "I grant ye that, wid a fraa wull, as a bivrige it 's as ye say; but so sinsible a mon as yoursilf, wull not shpake o' it that a way, as a midicine." — "Many of our most respectable physicians," said the other, "are decidedly of opinion, that there is no case, in which a substitute may not be employed for intoxicating liquor, productive of all its good and none of its evil consequences." — "Ise niver heer'd the like o' that, in all my barn dees," cried the pedler. "What in the warld wud oold Mr. McClyster, o' the goold galliput, be after saying to sich a sintimint as that? Why, sir, Ise heer'd him say, moor nor a hunder times, that in collery fantum, — and it 's a swaaping disarder, that same, — he could niver git along widout the virry bist of Cogniac, and a plinty." — "Well, well, my friend," said the gentleman in black, "suffer me to proceed with my remarks upon another point, if you please; and, when I have done, I will cheerfully listen to all you have to say of alcoholic liquor, as a medicine. Now, if intoxicating liquor be the cause of infinite mischief and misery, and of no possible good, as a beverage, why should the sale of it be permitted to

any person, in any quantity?" — "Well, well," said the landlord, "that are 's the point I was a wantin to fetch ye to; now come short upon that. If ye 'll get up a law to put an eend to the hull on it, that are 'll be fair; but they 've got a law down in the Bay state that 's well enough for rich folks, but right agin the poor. A rich man 'll go and buy his fifteen gallons, but a poor feller can't do no sich thing. That are 's what I call grinding the poor." — "If there be any grinding," replied the other, "it will surely be among those, who have the greatest facilities for getting at the means of drunkenness. Some of these, I admit, had better be ground between the upper and the nether mill-stone, than become the victims of some cold, calculating liquor-seller." — "I reckon," said the landlord, thrusting his head out of the window, "it 'll hold up afore long." — "My friend," said the gentleman in black, "I do not feel, myself, at all like holding up. You have opened the subject for discussion. I will listen to anything, which you may have to say, with patient attention. I shall be much gratified if you will listen as patiently to me. Besides, here are between twenty and thirty of us confined to the same apartment, for a season, by the storm; and, with the exception of the gentleman, who has told you he is a total abstinence man, the couple who are sitting in the porch, and myself, there is not a man nor a woman of us all, who is not a drinker of intoxicating liquor. I have had the testimony of my own eyes to that effect, within the last hour that we have occupied this apartment." — "I niver takes it mysilf, sir, you 'll plase to remimber," said the pedler, "only as a midicine, sir." — "We 'll talk of that presently," said the gentleman in black.

It was exceedingly amusing to contemplate the countenances of the different members of this assembly. Upon one, might be seen an expression of affected indifference; upon another, of resolute defiance. While Atherton assumed an air of insolent ridicule, his wife pretended to make her toilet before a fragment of one of the pedler's broken looking-glasses. Two or three of the party, who were smoking their pipes, sucked in and puffed out the dirty vapor with unnecessary vehemence. The landlord seized a pine shingle, lying on the floor, and, taking out his jackknife, began to whittle; while the corpulent woman, with the crutch, inquired if the wind was not getting southerly. The general expression was one of ill-nature and resentment. The whole manner of the gentleman, who claimed a right to be heard, was indicative of imperturbable calmness; and, from the observations, which he had already made, I was satisfied, that he had a good understanding of the matter in hand, and was not likely to flinch from the performance of his

task. I apprehended nothing so much, as that he might expel some of his auditors from the apartment, by his great plainness of speech. Yet, as there was apparently no other place of refuge than the open air, where the tempest appeared to rage with unabating fury, I concluded, upon the whole, that our friend might count upon his auditory, though not upon willing ears. I must not forget to state, that he had a very captivating expression, even when giving utterance to things, which could not be supposed to be particularly acceptable to the assembly. He had all the characteristic suavity of certain modern polemics, who invariably preface their home thrusts at each other, with all possible tenderness of expression, and an abundance of apostolical appellatives.

"Now, my good friends," resumed the gentleman in black, "for, though we are strangers, I entertain no other sentiment towards you all than that of Christian friendship — can any of you doubt, that the traffic in the means of drunkenness is a terrible evil? There are some persons, who seem to have the power of drinking, even freely, for years, with comparative impunity, while thousands are annually falling victims of intemperance around them. Such is, ever has been, and ever will be the condition of things, in a greater or less degree, while the means of drunkenness continue upon the earth. Who will be drunkards, and who will escape, it is utterly impossible to tell, until the fatal experiment be made. Under whose roof-tree the curse — which, as we are told, stingeth at last like an adder — will next abide, no mortal can predict. The father, who has scoffed at the temperance reform, may be compelled to regret the folly of his conduct, while committing the remains of his drunken offspring to the grave. He, who, by vending this accursed poison, has devoted himself, for years, to the task of preparing pits for other men, may become himself the victim at last: so — and it is no uncommon occurrence — may the wife of his bosom, or the children of his loins." — "If you mean that are last to worry me," cried the landlord's wife, "you don't worry me a mite. I don't calk'late to take no more than what 's good for me." — "Indeed, my good woman," said the gentleman in black, "I meant nothing personal to any one. No human ingenuity has ever devised any method, whereby intoxicating liquors may be sold only to temperate individuals. If the traffic in the means of drunkenness had not been, at all times, accounted a dangerous traffic, for the consumer, it would not have been, as it ever has, a subject of anxious and continual legislation. The sale of intoxicating liquor has been granted to a few only. The law carefully provides, that no persons shall be licensed but men of sober lives and conversations. Yet, very frequently, the venders of

intoxicating liquors are men of iniquitous lives, and abominably profane and wicked conversations. The law has hitherto required, that no vender of the means of drunkenness should permit any person to drink to excess upon his premises." — "That 's right," said the landlord; "don't ye know I tell'd ye as how I always turned 'em right out, jist so soon as they was drunk. I never suffers 'em to be a pestering round here, arter that." — "I dare say you do," continued the other, "and the only mode, in which you, or any other vender, can know, that a man or woman has drunk to excess, is the very fact that such person is actually drunken. Thus, according to the good old proverb, when the horse is stolen, you very discreetly shut the stable door. This provision of the law is good for nothing. Men who get their living by selling liquor, are not likely to stint their customers by giving any other than a very liberal construction to the law. When a man can pay for no more liquor, he, to be sure, is allowed by the vender to have drunken to excess. The law forbids the sale to common drunkards. Liquor-sellers, I presume, are not bound to recognize any persons as common drunkards, who have not been duly posted and proclaimed to be such, by the selectmen. Now, it very commonly happens, that the selectmen of towns are the liquor-sellers themselves; and they are very naturally reluctant to set the brand of infamy upon individuals, whom they have relieved of their last farthing, in exchange for the means of drunkenness. As a matter of course, this provision of the law becomes a dead letter; and, even if it were enforced, it would be productive of very little good. The fear of the gallows may sometimes deter individuals from the commission of murder; for, when a man is committing murder, he perfectly understands the nature of the crime and the measure of the punishment. But no man can look forward through a long progressive series of daily indulgences, and prospectively perceive that he shall be a common drunkard."

"That reminds me, your honor," cried the pedler, "o' Tooley Carr: whin he was pit up afoor the baily, for baaing a common drunkard, he was ax'd what was 't he 'd be after saying for his silfdefince; and says he, 'It 's not so, your honor; I 'll lave it to anybuddy if Tooley Carr 's not the uncommonest drunkard in all Waterford; an ye 'll show me the mon that 'll sit down wid me, for the hull dee, and I 'll na bate him by thraa pints o' the dew, your honor may pay for the liquor.' " — "Well, my friend," resumed the gentleman in black, "with your permission, I will proceed. The law has expressly provided, that intoxicating liquor shall not be sold to servants, apprentices, and minors; yet the records of our

courts incontestably prove, that a very large proportion of offenders belong to these three classes of persons. Now, in every view of this highly-interesting subject, it is impossible to avoid the conviction, that all past legislation regarding it, has been founded in error. It has done little or nothing to diminish the amount of drunkenness in this or any other country." — "Indaad, sir," said the pedler, "ye make it exsading plain to the commonest apprehinsion, that it should be confined ontirely to the pharmocopoly paaple, and sich trustwarthy parsons, as may be dispoosed to travel aboot the contree, as their agents." — "I do not mean," replied the other, "to convey any such opinion. I do not believe the community would gain much, by having locomotive instead of stationary dram-shops, nor by permitting intoxicating liquor to be hawked about the land by pedlers." — "You 've got it; that 's jest my notion," said the landlord. — "I 'd no moor be after laving sich a thing wid a maar pidler, nor your honor," cried the Irishman, "but wid a respictable thrader, what daal'd upon honor, and soult the virry bist only as a midicine, under the patronage, may be, of the Timperance Society." — "No, no," replied the gentleman in black, "I am not in favor of any such project. We 'll talk of that presently. Pray let me go forward with my argument. Experience has satisfied every fair, intelligent mind, that the sale of the means of drunkenness, under every possible modification of law, in all parts of the civilized world, and under every species of government, is, and ever must be, productive of intolerable evil. While a few grow rich by the traffic, thousands and tens of thousands are growing poor. These miserable victims are persuaded to exchange not only their money, their homesteads, their chattels, the very clothes upon their backs, for a bewildering poison; but, for the accomplishment of this unrighteous bargain, their health, their respectability, their happiness on earth, their eternal welfare, must all be sacrificed." — "Mister, if a poor crittur like myself may be so bold as to say one word," cried the forlorn object, who had been sitting on the entry floor — "if I may be permitted to speak, all that you 've been saying is as true as the gospel. I 'd tell you my story, if you was willing to hear it." — "Pshaw, daddy Greely," exclaimed the landlord, "the gentleman does n't want you to spin any o' your long yarns. The old feller 's been superanimated a long spell." — "No, I am not superannuated any more than yourself, Mr. Joslyn," replied the old man, addressing the landlord. — "Look a here, Greely," cried the landlord, exhibiting a degree of irritation as he spoke, which appeared altogether unaccountable — "look a here, old feller; if ve 'll behave yourself, ye may sit where ye are; if ye don't, I 'll set

ye a making tracks, quick enough. It 's gitting a leetle coolish, with this here door open," continued he, as he shut it upon the old outcast and his miserable partner. — "My good Mr. Joslyn," said the gentleman in black, with an irresistibly amusing expression of face, "with your permission, I will have that door open. You see the good lady with the crutch has frequently complained of the warmth of the apartment." As he said this, he rose from his chair, and opened the door to its utmost limit. "I think," continued he, 'after I have made one or two remarks, I should like to hear that old man's story, since he appears willing to relate it. Perhaps, as we are likely to be confined, for some time longer, by the storm, we can do nothing better." — "He 's a troublesome old feller," said the landlord. — "You did n't always use to think so, Mr. Joslyn," said the old man. "Well, now, hear what I say, Greely," cried the landlord; "don't you darken my doors agin; if 't wan 't a raining pitchforks, eenamost, I 'd turn ye out now, right off; ye 're no better than a bit o' carrin, both on ye." — "Ethan," said the old woman, "had n't we better go?" — "May be we had," said the miserable old man, rising, with some effort, upon his feet, and placing his ragged wallet upon his shoulders. — "Git along, then," cried the landlord; "good riddance to bad rabbidge; come, make haste, clear out, clear out." As these poor old castaways were upon the very threshold, and just preparing to buffet the tempest, which was literally raging among the mountains, the gentleman in black sprang suddenly to his feet; with scarcely more than a single stride he was at the door; and, extending his long, bony arm, he arrested the old man's progress; at the same moment, turning upon Joslyn an expression of indignant irony, which I never can forget, "Dear, compassionate landlord," said he, "this, I believe, is a public house, for the entertainment of travellers; is it not?" — "Yes, to be sure it is," he replied, "if they can pay for it." — "These people," continued the other, "whom you are thrusting out of doors, are evidently very old, and very poor, and, I dare say, very hungry. He, who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord. Perhaps, my friend, you dislike such security; — as I do not, you will please to look upon me as their paymaster, and I will look upon the Almighty as mine. This couple are my guests. Come, come, my good woman," continued he, turning to the tavern-keeper's wife, "let us have a specimen of your activity. Spread us a table, set on a couple of plates for these poor people. Give us the best your house affords, but keep back the worst — not a drop of the drunkard's drink. Come, come," said he, with the tone of one, who meant to be obeyed, "down with your spider." — "Are ye 'n

arenest?" said the landlord. — "To be sure," replied the gentleman. — "Well," said the landlord to his wife, "the gentleman says he 'll foot the bill." — The housewife immediately commenced her operations; and, while she was laying the table, the gentleman in black had insisted, somewhat against their will, upon bringing old Greely and his wife into the apartment, and placing them in a couple of chairs.

"Ye 're a raal benivilint jontlemon, sir," said the pedler; "I respict ye, sir, for your ginerosity to they poor paaple. It 's misery enough they 's had in their dee, Ise warrant. It 's ivident they 's waak and faable into the bargin. An your honor 's agraable, that they shud ha' a few dhraps o' Cogniac wid their maal, jist as a midicine, I 'd uppen a buttle, wid your honor's command for it." — "Not a drop," said the other, with an expression of severity; "and I beg you to understand, once for all, that I have no faith whatever in your skill." — The pedler, for the first time, appeared to be somewhat humbled; and, dropping the slouched side of his hat towards the gentleman in black, he observed the strictest silence for an unusual period, and occupied himself in repairing, as far as possible, the mischief, which the butcher had wrought, among the contents of "his little bit chist."

Money, that omnipotent prompter among the stage-players of the present world, had wonderfully stimulated the energies of the host and hostess. Bacon, eggs, bread, butter, pickles, a weather-beaten mince-pie, the complexion of whose crust was as cadaverous as that of a corpse, and a dish of apple-sauce, black — to use the forcible comparison of Montgomery, in his beautiful tale of Zembo and Nila — "as midnight without moon" — all these, and sundry minor matters, were gathered together with wonderful celerity, and placed before the astonished gaze of this miserable couple. It was not the work of a moment for their kind-hearted benefactor, to convince old Greely and his helpmate, that this repast was intended exclusively for their enjoyment. "Come," said their entertainer, "draw your chairs to the table, and make a hearty meal of it. Do you never ask a blessing, when God's bounty is spread before you?" — The old man appeared exceedingly embarrassed, and laid down the half-raised knife and fork upon the table. "Honored sir," said he, after a brief pause, "I once had a table of my own; and, when I was first married to this poor woman, I did use to ask a blessing, morning, noon, and night, when I sat down. It is not often that we get a chance to sit down at any table. We commonly eat whatever is given to us, by the road-side, or in some shed, or barn." — "God of the forlorn," said the gentleman in black, extending his hand

over the board, in the attitude of prayer, "behold these supplicants, who stand before thee in their trespasses and sins; sanctify to their use these provisions of thy bounty; pardon their offences; give them a just understanding of the error of their ways, and enable them, through the influence of thy Holy Spirit, to turn from that, which is evil, and cleave to that, which is good; and this we ask in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord." There was not an individual present, who was not solemnized by this pious ejaculation, and the fervent manner in which it was delivered. "Now," continued he, "partake in a grateful spirit." The old man resumed his seat; and it was pleasant to observe, that a bitter pilgrimage of sin and misery had not entirely blunted the sensibility of his heart — his lip trembled with emotion, and the tear glistened in his eye.

"And now, my friends," said the gentleman in black, turning his back upon the old couple, as he spoke, which movement, whether accidental or designed, enabled them to enjoy their repast with less embarrassment — "now," said he, "let us say a few words more, touching this law, which some of you appear inclined to find fault with. Intoxicating liquor is a terrible curse. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that it is ever a blessing, as a medicine, or when employed for any purpose whatever, yet, on the whole, so far as the welfare of the entire community is concerned, it is an intolerable curse. If any man will demonstrate, that it has been useful in one particular example, I will undertake to show ten thousand examples, in which it has proved destructive of health, riches, respectability, happiness, reason, and life. Even when employed as a medicine, the benefit, if any, is often accompanied with the severest injury. In a multitude of cases, in which it has acquired the reputation of a restorative, it would have been far better for the patient, in point of character and happiness, to have died an honest death, than to have been preserved a little longer, that he might transmit to his children the inheritance of a parent's drunkenness and shame.'

— "Thrue for ye, your honor," cried the pedler; "it 's jist there it is, the defeeculty. The hull matter 's aisily explain't, it is indaad, sir. Ower the pharmocopoly shtore o' McClyster and Son, at Waterford, where I sarved an apprintiship, much like, as I toult ye I 'm thinking, there was a debating society, a bit hall, I maan, for all the young puttykerries to debate in, aboot all sarts o' pharmocopoly mathers, and there it was Ise heer'd this identical mather debated, and thrated in a most masterly way, ye may wall say that. There was a young jontleman o' the fratarnity, and there was n't a puttekerry in all the length of Waterford that cud holt a link to him for pitting up a doctor's proscription. It mathered not to him, wed-

der the doctor writ it wid a goose's quill, or the big end of a shellaly; he'd pick it out for sartain. There was Doctor 'Phelim O'Griper, and he writ sich a maan fist o' it, that poor Patrick McClosky died o' a hull tally candle, that he swally'd, wick and all, whin, ye saa, Dr O'Griper meant no moor nor a candle to be taken immadiately. The young man I 'm shpaking o' niver failed to comprehind the most difeecultest of Dr. O'Griper's proscriptions. Wall, your honor, this young jontleman was up to chapping logic, and nobuddy cud pitch him at mattyfeesick. He raasoned o' the matter jist this a way. The abuse o' the virry bist o' Cogniac 's nb raason agin the use o' that same. The hoith o' all propriety requires, that it should be tookt as a midicine. Now, if a fool o' a felly wull make a baast o' himsel, and tak moor nor is good for him, that 's na the fault o' the pharmocopoly, but his oon, the baast that he was. So, ye saa, it 's jist haar, it is; whin a buddy takes moor nor is good for his particular graavance, thin he na longer takes it as a midicine; but whin he takes presaasely the quuntum soffeecit, thin, ye saa, he takes it as a midicine, o' coorse. Now, sir, is there raasoning moor irrefrigable nor that?"—"I approve neither your reasoning nor your prescriptions," replied the other. "There is an insurmountable difficulty attending the employment of intoxicating liquor, as a medicine; for ninety-nine persons in a hundred will infallibly contract the habit of taking too much physic. Mercurial diseases are well known to be frequently far more unmanageable than those very disorders, which mercury itself was intended to remove. This observation is, assuredly, as true of alcoholic disorders of mind, body, and estate, which are so commonly the effects of intoxicating liquor, taken as a medicine. If men so readily become drunkards, for the mere love of the liquor, as a beverage, how much will this evil be increased, when the liquor is swallowed under an imaginary sense of duty! If, for the sake of getting better, a man will receive into his stomach the most nauseous doses, and increase their quantity from day to day, how much more readily will he do all this, when the medicine is altogether agreeable to his taste! If the disagreeable character of most medicine, and the consequent reluctance to take it, have tended to diminish the amount of imaginary sickness, may we not reasonably anticipate the wide spread of all sorts of fantastical diseases, when the remedial process involves nothing, more unpleasant to the voluntary invalid, than lying in bed and taking drams. It is now well ascertained, as I before remarked, that an equally efficient substitute may be found for alcohol, in every case, where it has been employed hitherto"—"I wish, mister, you could hear Squire Pronk talk o

the vartoo on it," said a lank, tawny weasel-faced man, who sat in the chimney-corner, smoking for the asthma; "your notions and his'n would n't fadge no how, I guess." — "Indaad, and they wud not; he 's a raal mon o' sinse, that squire," cried the pedler, who seemed greatly refreshed by the appearance of a coadjutor. "How onlike this here gentleman's talk is," said Atherton, addressing the landlord, "to what Dr. Bull gin out, the day of the gin'ral muster!" — "Is it not fro' Ireland, that Bull?" inquired the pedler. — "No, I guess he an't," said Atherton; "he 's from up Coos." — "I thought," rejoined the pedler, "he might be one o' the Bulls o' Ballymore." — "Well, ye see he an't," said Atherton.

"Have you a temperance society in this region?" inquired the gentleman in black. — "Sartin," replied the landlord; "there 's one on 'em sot up in every town, eenamost; Squire Pronk 's the president on it this year, and Dr. Bull was last year." — "And do you mean to say, that either of them approves of the use of alcohol?" inquired the other. — "Sartin," replied the host. "Squire Pronk never goes along without taking a glass o' whiskey." — "But it 's iver as a midicine, ye 'll plase to onderstand," said the pedler. — "Sartin, sartin," cried the landlord, with a chuckling laugh, in which several of those present appeared willing to join. — "Pray inform me," said the gentleman in black, "when you take brandy, or whiskey, as a medicine, do you send first for a physician?" — This interrogatory had well-nigh closed the career of him with the asthma. His laughter became a perfect paroxysm of bellowing and wheezing. — "No, no," said the landlord, "we han't got to that quite; we han't gin up our liberties up here yet. Send for a doctor to tell a man when it 's time for toddy or a sling! haw, haw, haw!" — "Well, my friends," resumed the gentleman in black, "you have had your laugh. I will now exhibit before you a very intelligible picture of your own inconsistency and folly. Your very mirth, when you affirm that your Squire takes his whiskey as a medicine, abundantly proves that you entirely disbelieve your own statement. Opposed, as you are, to the Temperance Society, you are highly gratified with this example of inconsistency in one of its members. You would scarcely be willing, I presume, to administer calomel to yourselves, or your wives, or your children, unless by the direction of a physician. Yet calomel is not more certainly a poison than alcohol, and the latter has proved inexpressibly more mischievous to man than the former."

"The difeeculty," said the pedler, "saams to mysilf to lie here a way, your honor; if we 're to be all tied up wid a law, peribitin the sale o' it, what, in the name o' natur, wull the poor do for their

midicine? That 's it, an plase ye, and your honor saams to be a frind to the poor ony how." — "You and our worthy host here," replied the gentleman in black, "appear quite willing to persuade yourselves and others, that the poor are to be deprived of some inestimable blessing, by the passage of a prohibitory law. Now, the truth lies precisely the other way. I have heard of an Irish bishop, whose steward informed him, in midwinter, that the period had arrived for filling his ice-cellar, inquiring, at the same time, what disposition he should make of the old ice, which still remained; to which this philanthropic prelate replied — 'Why, Patrick, ye may a'an bestow 't upon the most dasarving o' the parish.' I look upon your philanthropy, my good friends, and that of all other liquor-sellers, who are so very solicitous that the poor should not be deprived of the means of drunkenness, as precisely equivalent to that of the bishop; but I should be happy to believe, that the bestowment of intoxicating liquor was as harmless as that of ice in midwinter. The grave-yard in every village contains the ashes of many a poor man, whom this *blessing* has brought prematurely to the ground; and I should rejoice to know, that intoxicating liquor was entirely discarded from medical practice." — "I 'm sure," cried the woman with the crutch, in a whining voice, "I don't know what would become o' me." — "The virry same to mysilf," cried the pedler. — "And pray, ma'am," inquired the gentleman in black, "what is the matter with you?" — "Matter wi' me? Why, it 's matter enough, I can tell ye," she replied; "it 's so hot in here a body 's eenamost suffercated. I 've got about the horridest leg you ever seed, I guess; would n't you like to look at it?" — "I have no particular occasion," replied the other. — "I 'd jist as live show it as not; most everybody 's seen it. Dr. Bull says it 's the beatemost thing he ever see; don't ye think 't is, Mr. Marphy?" — "I niver saad the like o' it in the oult contree," replied the pedler. — "Had n't ye better look at it, mister?" said the corpulent woman, who appeared ambitious of being distinguished as the proprietress of an incomparable ulcer. — "If you will excuse me, my good woman," said the gentleman in black, "I had a little rather take your word for it. Pray inform me how long you have been afflicted in this manner." — "Why, I can't remember nothin — lets me see — how long is it, Dr. Marphy, since I began to doctor for it?" — "Why, now," replied the pedler, upon whom this bestowment of his professional title produced a very visible effect — "it 's a lang time to be sure, moor nor tin yaars, it is, I 'm thinking." — "Pray, Dr. Murphy," said the gentleman in black, with an air of gravity, which did not conceal from a careful observer an expression of frol-

icsome contempt — "pray, doctor, as this patient appears to have been under your care, will you have the goodness to give us a description of her complaint." — Murphy turned his goggles upon the inquirer, to ascertain, if possible, the spirit which dictated the interrogatory. His suspicions, if any existed in his mind, were completely lulled to slumber, by the imperturbable countenance of the gentleman in black; and, conscious that his reputation in the highlands might suffer for lack of a little professional assurance, he resolved to put a bold face upon the matter. "It 's a most extraordinary case, it is indaad," said he. "A buddy must be daap in pharmacopoly to comprehind the dignosis o' this poor leddy's dishtamper. It saamed to be an iddumatus swalling." — "Yes," said the patient, "that 's what 't was; I remember the name now. There was nine cancers." — "Och, niver mind aboot they cancers," cried the doctor; "they was n't worth shpakin o'." — "And what became of these nine cancers?" said the gentleman in black. — "They was all cured right away, the hull nine o' em," replied the other. "But it saamed as it niver wud haal, the chaaf trouble, and it niver did, though I 've warked upon it tin yaars, at the laast. If it haaled ower night, 't was a did sartinty 't wud brick oot agin afoor marning." — "Well, Dr. Murphy," said the gentleman in black, still preserving the same solemnity of manner, "what process of cure have you adopted in the present instance?" — "The sacrits o' my profission, your honor," replied the doctor, "are not so virry chaap as to be toult for jist nathing at all; however, as your honor saams to be a jontleman, I 'll 'ave no objiction to infarm ye, that Cogniac 's a speceefic for iddumitus tumors." — "Do inform me, my good woman," said the gentleman in black, "have you applied the brandy inside or outside?" — "Lord a'massy, I 've applied it a'most every way you can think on. I 've washed my leg in it for ten years, and Dr. Marphy 's always advised me to take a little to keep up my strength." — "Not presasely that, your honor," cried the doctor, evidently apprehensive lest his mode of practice should be misapprehended — "not presasely that, sir; but, faaring list the bad humors wud git rappilled claan into the wumin's vitality, I 'se ricommended to corrict the qualifications o' her stomic and booils wid a strenthener, two or thraa times the dee; but iver as a midicine." — "Wall, there now, Dr. Marphy," exclaimed the patient, in a whining tone, "I 've follered your proscription, I 'm sartin, as faithful as ever you see. It happened, once or twice, to be sure, that I was out o' brandy, and I thought I should 'a died; but jist arter, you kim up, and I got a fresh supply. I b'lieve my soul I should

'a gin right up, if you had n't 'a kim up jist in the nick o' time, as you did." — "There 's na doot o' it," replied the doctor.

"Murphy," said the gentleman in black, with a keen severity of expression, which caused the pedler to bend his eyes upon the floor, "do you know, that you deserve to be indicted as an ignorant impostor?" — "And is that a dacent spaach fro' a minishter, like yoursilf, sir?" cried the pedler. — "I have not the happiness," replied the other, "to be a minister of the gospel, as you seem to suppose. I have been a physician for some thirty years. For your impositions upon the credulity of ignorant people, you deserve to be set in the pillory. You know that I perfectly understand the absurdity of your practice, as you presume to call it; and, if it were not extremely inconvenient for me, residing, as I do, at a distance, I would have you taken before a magistrate, and I should desire no other evidence to convict you, than your own declarations, in regard to your preposterous treatment of this miserable woman." — "Miserable woman!" exclaimed the party to whom this epithet was applied. "I don know whereabouts you larned your perliteness, mister. What makes me a miserable woman, I wants to know? I guess I 'm about as well to live as most of my neighbors." — "I mean no offence, my good woman," replied the other; "but I cannot repress my indignation, when I encounter such an example of gross imposition, as this unprincipled fellow has practised upon you." — "A buddy must git his living some how or anudder," said the pedler in a subdued, and rather deprecatory tone of voice. — "Upon the very same principle," said the gentleman in black, "the liquor-seller, who lives, literally, by the death of his brother, contends that he must not be disturbed in his barbarous occupation, although he is notoriously scattering disease, and poverty, and death, among the community. I tell you — for I believe it to be my duty to warn you of your terrible mistake — that this fellow is an ignorant impostor, and it is to me a matter of surprise, that you have not already become a drunkard, or died of a fever." — "How dreadful hot it 's a gittin," cried the poor woman, as she continued to wipe the perspiration from her brow. "How cud you take me in so, Marphy, pretendin as how you was a doctor? You told me I 'd got a dummaty swellin, and ever so many cancers, you did, and that nothin wud halp me but brandy. Dr. Bull told me I took too much, and he an't agin the use on 't, as a medicine, neither." — "Wall," cried the pedler, who perceived that it was time for him to be gone, and was accordingly repacking his wares as fast as possible — "wall, was it not afoor ye iver saa mysilf, that Dr. Bull toult ye that same?" — "Ye 're an imp'dent, lyin feller," cried the

corpulent woman. — "Naat shpakin and right dacent wards, for a leddy, to be sure," cried the pedler, hastening his preparations to be gone. — "Ye never heered Dr. Bull say nothin again me, I know," said the woman. — "I niver sed I did," replied the pedler, locking his little bit chist. "He sed no moor nor this, sed he, one dee, all in maar plisintry, na doot — 'Marphy,' sed he, 'it's all a wark o' superiorgation for ye to be rubbin in the shpirit into that good wumin's lig. Jist lit the daar sowl all alone by hersilf wi a plinty o' Cogniac, and saa if she don't rub it in thraa gills to your one, her oon way.'" — "What a wicked liar you be!" said the woman, with a face of scarlet. "If I was a man," lifting her crutch, as she spoke, "I'd lay this over your silly head, you Irish villin. You a doctor! How he has sarved me! I'll tell ye jist the villin he is. Don't ye think —" But the pedler stopped not to listen to the good woman's panegyric. His pack was upon his shoulders, and his shellala in his grasp. "I wush na ill to nabuddy; God bliss ye, Mr. Goslin," said he. "Good bye t' ye, Marphy," replied the landlord; "the jig's all up with ye in the hills, I reckon." — "There's mony 'll be sad enoof, though, beside the lame widdy yonder, and it 'll not be aisy to bate me oot o' it, that it's a naat thing as a midicine ony how." — The pedler toiled up the hills with his burden on his shoulders, preferring to encounter the storm without than the tempest within.

"I never calc'lated he was a riglar doctor," said the landlord. — "He 's had a mortal sight a practice up here along," said Atherton; "he used to say, that most o' the doctors had n't no conscience, and that half their patients was eat up with marcry. His chief physic was brandy, or, as he called it, akyvity; I 'de heered him say as how he could eenamost raise the dead with the very best on it." — "Dear me," cried the woman with the crutch; "the villin! I don't b'lieve one word he said, now; but he 's told me fifty times, I guess, that he would a raised 'em himself in the old country, but the pelice interfared and would n't let him do it." — "I am of opinion," said the gentleman in black, "that the practice of this impudent scoundrel would have been very much less, if his physic had not been so agreeable to his patients. And now," continued he, turning to the objects of his bounty, who had finished their repast, "since you proposed to give us something of your history, we should be pleased to listen to your narrative." — "Why, sir," said the old man, "I 've been almost sorry I said anything about it. It 's hardly worth telling; but what you said about the effect of spirit, taken as a medicine, was so true, according to my own experience, that I was tempted to give you some accoun of

my own case." — "That," replied the physician, "is the very reason why I am desirous of hearing it. I have long believed, that intoxicating liquor, taken as a medicine, has ruined thousands. You have the appearance of an intemperate man, and, if your habit had its origin in the use of spirit, taken as a medicine, I should be pleased to hear an exact account of the manner, in which that habit was contracted, and as much of your personal history as you think proper to relate." — "Mr. Joslyn," said the old man, "has told you I am superannuated. I do not feel so; and, if it was n't for the habit, which has made me and this poor woman just what we are, I think I should be as respectable and as able to earn my bread as I was thirty years ago. But the habit of drinking — and the evidence of a drinking man may be taken, I suppose — is stronger than bolts and bars. I 'm half ashamed to confess, how much I hanker for liquor while I am thinking or talking about it." — "Your language and your good sense," said the physician, "are so entirely at variance with your outward appearance, that I am desirous of knowing, if you have ever had the advantages of education." — "No, sir," replied the old man; "I was prepared for college, but my parents felt themselves too poor to support me there. A large part of my history is well known to more than one that are here now, and they can easily set me right, if I state anything which is not perfectly true. I am now over seventy years old, and I've been in the habit of using spirit for more than fifty. The doctors have told me very often, that, if I had n't an iron constitution, it would have been over with me long ago. I was born in ———, where I lived the first forty years of my life, forty or forty-one — how long was it, Mr. Joslyn, that I lived in ——— after you opened your shop there?" — "Don't remember nothin about it," said Joslyn; "what in the name o' natur, Daddy Greely, are you a going to tell that old story over again for? Why, mister," continued he, addressing the physician, "the old man's tongue 'll run as long as Saco river, if you don't dam it up somehow or other." — "Good Mr. Joslyn," said the physician, "this old man is willing to tell his story, and I am willing to hear it. Proceed if you please." — "Well, sir," resumed the old man, "my father was a farmer, and both my parents were honest, hard-working people. Was n't it so, Mr. Atherton?" — "They were good friends to me," replied Atherton, "and I never heered a word agin either on 'em." — "There," cried Joslyn, "now he 's got a start, and old Nick won't stop him, arter the ile o' fool you 've gin him about his father." — "Pshaw!" said Atherton, "do let the old man talk, if he will; it 's eenamost the only rickeration he 's got." — "Let him talk

then; I don't care," said Joslyn; "only he 's so dreadful petiklar about every little thing."—"Mr. Joslyn," said the physician, "you seem to be very unwilling that I should be gratified in my wish to hear this old man's story. I shall be very much obliged to you, if you will permit him to relate it without interruption."—"Don't care a snap for him, nor his story neither; only mind, Daddy Greely, arter to-day, don't you come here any more."—"Be so good as to proceed," said the physician. As the old man recommenced, "He 's eenamost non compis, and he ought to be took up," cried Joslyn, taking the tobacco from his mouth, and throwing it angrily on the hearth. "My parents had me fitted for college, as I told you," said the old man, "and that just about unfitted me for the farm; and, as they could n't afford to send me, it was difficult to say what I should do next. I kept the town school three or four winters, and helped on the farm in the farming season. My parents, at this time, were strictly temperate; and, till about two years before my father's death, we had no spirit in our house. At that time, there were three brothers and two sisters of us in the family. We lived happily enough then. My parents were religious people, and we were all brought up, as it would be called now-a-days, rather strictly. If there was anything that father and mother both seemed to abhor, that thing was a drunkard. About two years before my father died, he had a troublesome complaint, for which the doctor advised him to make use of a little gin. He was very unwilling to follow this advice; but the doctor almost insisted upon it. So he said he would have no more of it in the house than was absolutely necessary; and he gave me a moderate-sized phial to get it in. It was so small, that I well remember how you laughed, Mr. Joslyn, when you filled it. You held it above a tumbler to fill it, and about half a gill run over into the tumbler. Don't you recollect what you said to me?"—"Don't remember nothin about it," replied Joslyn, gruffly.—"Well," said the old man, "I never shall forget it; said you, 'When the old gentleman gets a taste of this Hollands, if he don't say it 's morish, I 'll treat. He won't send a phial next time; come, friend Ethan,' said you, 'take what 's left in the tumbler yourself; you 're right welcome.' I hesitated a little; but seeing father was going to take it, I thought I 'd see how it tasted, at any rate. So I took it off. 'This is my first dram,' said I. ''T won't be your last, though; you 're inoculated, Ethan, I guess,' said you, with a laugh. There never was a truer prophet."—"Greely," cried the landlord, "I b'lieve you take a raal pleasure in flinging this ere in my teeth. You 've done it fifty times a'ready, and I 'll tell ye what 't is, I won't bear it no longer."—

"Good Mr. Joslyn," said the physician, "I do not see any cause for so much excitement. This poor old man is entitled to the privilege of telling the truth in a decent manner. He says that the first dram he ever drank was administered by your hands, and probably he perceives a connection between that original act and his present deplorable condition. Yours is not a very uncommon case. Depend upon it, good Mr. Joslyn, no man can be long a dram-seller, whose fortune it will not be to administer the very first dram to more than one, who must ultimately die drunkards. So unquestionable is this tremendously awful truth, that it must be taken into the account of every man who deals in this tincture of destruction; and if to be admitted into the *materia medica* at all, such is its appropriate title. It must be set down as one of the inevitable conditions of this hateful traffic, that the dealer must initiate some into the mysteries of intemperance, and consummate the perfect work of misery for others. A dram-seller and a drunkard-maker are convertible terms; they mean precisely one and the same thing. But, good Mr. Joslyn, you are a stickler for the liberties of the people: so am I; and I must insist, on my own account, and upon that of this poor man, that we have a perfect right to converse upon any subject in an orderly manner, in our own house; and such is every public house into which we happen to enter. There is no obligation on your part to listen longer than the conversation may prove agreeable."—"I an't agoin to be turned out o' my house, neither," said the landlord; "and I'll listen jist as long as I see fit."—"Agreed, good Mr. Joslyn," said the physician; "and now, my poor old man, go on with your story, if you please, which to me has become highly interesting already."

"Well," resumed the old man, "I would not have believed your prediction could have come true so soon, Mr. Joslyn, if I had not witnessed its fulfilment myself. The phial of gin was very soon consumed. My father believed that it was of great use to him; and we were all highly pleased with the effect it appeared to have upon his health and spirits. It was not two days before he sent me for more gin. 'You may as well take a black bottle, Ethan,' said my father; 'it is the greatest help to me I have ever tried.' I remember how you laughed, when I came the second time to your shop. I could n't help laughing, myself. 'If you 'll pour it over a tumbler, may be I 'll get my fee,' said I. 'Well, well,' said you, 'I don't stand about a trifle with a good customer.' That was my second dram."—"You 've got a mortal memory, Daddy Greely," said Joslyn; "I guess you remember a good many things that never happened."—"I 'm sure," said Greely, "those were your

words; and you told me that nobody ever knew the good of it, till he tried it hot, with a little sweetening, and a toad in it. I liked it so well already, that I began to think I could possibly contrive to take a dram, now and then, out of father's bottle. Though I had certainly executed my commission within a reasonable time, father, who was waiting at the door, scolded me for my delay; and, as my dram had, even then, produced some effect upon me, I gave him a saucy answer. It was the first disrespectful word I ever said to him. He was so astonished, that he set down the bottle, and looked at me with amazement, as I walked away. I was ashamed of myself, and, in about five minutes, I went back and begged his pardon. He readily forgave me; and, in the fulness of his heart, he offered me a part of a glass of gin, cautioning me never to take it, except as a medicine. I was surprised to see him take a second glass almost immediately. Shortly after, he began to talk with me in a very familiar manner, and was proceeding to tell me the particulars of his will; when Ebenezer, my eldest brother, came in to say that a shower was coming up, and to ask him and myself to help the hired men, who were getting in the hay. 'No,' said he, 'you and Ethan can attend to it; first put the saddle on the mare; I'm a going right down to the doctor's, to tell him what a world of good this gin has done me, and to ask him why he never thought of it before.'—My mother was occasionally troubled with cramp in the stomach; and father, one day, advised her to try a little of his gin. She tried the experiment, and was so much pleased with the result of it, that she soon came to have a separate bottle for her own particular use. We all of us, in due time, began to think that a little gin was indispensable in hot weather, and in cold weather, and in wet weather; and even my sisters came at last to the opinion, that they could not get along on washing days without it. As my father's phial soon gave place to a quart bottle, so the quart bottle was exchanged, before long, for a case bottle; and that, before six months had passed, was laid aside, and our gin was procured in a demijohn, after you persuaded father, Mr. Joslyn, that it would come a trifle cheaper by the five gallons."—"Well," said the landlord, "it did come cheaper, in the long run, did n't it?"—"The long run!" said the old man, rolling up his eyes; "it has proved dear enough to us all, in the long run; and I 'd chop off my right hand this minute, if I could only feel as I did the hour before you persuaded me to drink that first glass of gin."—"Well, why don't you leave off now, then, you old fool!" said Joslyn.—"Dear, good Mr. Joslyn," said the gentleman in black, "I beg you to be a little less severe upon this poor old man: depend upon

it, he is no more entitled to the appellation of an old fool, than your inn here to the sign of the good Samaritan. You seem to suppose that an intemperate man can cast off his horrible habit, as easily as we cast off our old shoes. Such is nothing like the truth. When you told him, after he had taken his first glass of intoxicating liquor, that he was inoculated, you could not have selected a more appropriate word. Alcohol is a poison; and the virus cannot more perfectly enter into the system, when a fatal disease is communicated by inoculation, than the undying lust of intoxicating liquor in certain constitutions, after the alcoholic poison has been received into the stomach. Proceed with your story, if you please."

"Before a twelvemonth had gone by," continued the old man, "it was plain enough that some of our neighbors began to think my father and mother both drank quite as much gin as was good for their health. They were kind-hearted people, and could not resist the temptation to do good, by recommending to others, as a medicine, the very thing, which had been of so much advantage to themselves; and, as they were well known to be honest and sincere, the influence of their advice and example was very considerable in our village. My father seemed to be well aware, that there was some hazard in the employment of strong liquor. I have often heard him say, very gravely, when he was raising the glass to his lips, 'It is only as a medicine, Ethan, you must remember.' My mother once told me, that she was very much afraid father was getting into the habit of taking too much gin. I mentioned this to my oldest sister, Jerusha. She said it was odd enough, that mother should say so, for father had expressed the same fear about her. When I mentioned this to my other sister, Nabby, she said Jerusha would do well to hold her tongue, for it was well known, that she had lost Squire Brattlebanks, who was courting her, and left her on account of the smell of her breath. I told my brother Ebenezer, that I was really afraid we were getting into a bad way. He flew into a rage, and said it was enough for him to have one lecture from Deacon Tobey, that morning, about drinking gin, and he was not a going to have another one from a younger brother. I then began to think very seriously, that our family was getting a bad reputation; and I resolved to lay my fears before our clergyman, who was an excellent man. I went to see him, the next morning, at his house, and met him on the way. 'Ethan,' said he, 'I am truly glad to meet you, for I have been desirous of seeing you by yourself, that I might have a little talk with you. I am sorry to hear that you are frequently seen in Mr. Joslyn's store, drinking gin.'" — "Old Parson Mosely always had a grudge agin me," said Joslyn, "as long as I

lived in that town, and you know it. Will you pretend to say, Daddy Greely, that you han't heered him speak o' me and my shop in an unginrous manner?" — "He did use rather strong language sometimes, I allow," replied the old man. — "Yes, yes," said the landlord, "Ise heered o' his talk; he used to call me hard names; I 've heered on it." — "I never did," said Greely. — "Well, what did he say? I want to know," said Joslyn. — "Why, if I remember right," replied Greely, "he used to say that your store was one of the gates of hell, and that Satan could not do better for himself, than by setting up such dram-shops in every village." — "Well," said Joslyn, "he was an old Orthodox rascal. I could tell a story about him, if I was a mind to." — "Mr. Joslyn," said Greely, "though I 've nothing to say for myself, I can't bear to hear you abuse so good a man as Parson Mosely. What story can you tell against that good old man?" — "None o' your business," said the landlord; "I an't agoin to be catechized by you neither." — "Did you ever hear anything against Parson Mosely, Mr. Atherton?" inquired the old man. — Atherton shook his head. — "Nor I neither," said his wife. — "He was a raal nice old gentleman," said the man with the asthma, taking his pipe from his mouth, "only he was dreadful petiklar about tobacca. Whenever I met him, with my pipe in my mouth, and stopped to have a little talk with him, he 'd look right up at the weathercock, and, knowing I 'd been a vige or two to sea, he 'd step up to windward, and cry out, 'The weather-gage, if you please, Captain Snakeroot.' Don't ye remember how he sarved Parson Morse, when he come to see him? Why, he set a wash-tub half full o' sand for him to spit in." — "I never knew but one thing agin him," said the woman with the crutch; "he did n't seem to have no bowels for poor folks' habits, and he was so set agin taking sperret, that he would n't listen to no kind o' poligy for it." — "That 's very true," said old Greely, "and it would have been better for us both, if we had taken his good advice." — "Please to speak for yourself, Greely," said she, with evident displeasure; "I don't calk'late to take more than 's good for me, and only as a medsun." — "I calculated just so myself, once," said the old man; "but you all know where my calculations have brought me." — "Come, my friend," said the physician, "I am afraid we are losing the thread of your story, and I have a desire to hear it to the close."

"Well, sir," continued the old man, "when Parson Mosely spoke to me of my own habit, I was so confounded, that I had n't the heart to say a word about the family. He talked to me till he made me shed tears. I did n't come to your shop for a fortnight after

that. Mother saw that something was the matter with me, and advised me to take a little spirit; and, so strong was my appetite even then, that, notwithstanding the earnest counsel that Parson Mosely had given me, I very readily followed her advice, and took a dram. On the plea of ill-health, my father neglected his farm, and on the same plea, he continued to drink spirit, as a medicine, increasing the dose, as his malady became more troublesome; so that, for several months before he died, he did little else than stay at home and drink gin.

"A circumstance took place in our family, that produced the first quarrel that I ever heard of between my father and mother. I remember well, for I used to read my Bible, when I was young, the first quarrel after the flood was produced by intoxicating liquor. My father all along appeared to be unconscious, that he was drinking more than was good for him; my mother was equally blind in regard to herself; yet each of them had, for some time, become anxious in respect to the other. My father had gone so far, as to request Parson Mosely to have a conversation with my mother, upon the evil consequences of taking too much spirit. But it seems she had made the first move, having already called on the parson, and suggested her fears respecting her husband's habit. Accordingly Parson Mosely invited them both to his house at the same time, without letting either of them know, that he had invited the other. They felt rather awkwardly, no doubt, when he opened the matter, and told them, as he did, that, as each of them had complained of the other, he thought it would save time and trouble to see them together, and hear what each one had to say. When they got home, there was a very unpleasant fending and proving, and a good deal of ill humor, that lasted several days. For two or three weeks there was less gin drunk in our house. After that time, we got into the old track again pretty much.

"I'm afraid I'm trespassing on your patience."—"Not at all," said the physician.—"Well, sir, I'll tell you the upshot in as few words as I can. My mother died of cramp in the stomach, and my father's death was said to be produced by the malady, for which the doctor had prescribed gin as a medicine. I certainly believe, if they had lived a year or two longer, that one, if not both of them, would have been sadly intemperate people. When my father died, we all supposed that he had left us a little property, the homestead at least. But it was not so, Mr. Joslyn, was it?"—"You want me, I s'pose," said the landlord, "to save ye the trouble o' tellin that I had a morgige on't. S'pose I had. I come by it honestly. 'T was a great loss to me arter all. I didn't git

my hull pay by over twenty-three dollars, ye see." — "Don't you remember," said the old man, "long after the date of that mortgage, of which I knew nothing, till father was dead — don't you remember Gould the sexton said one day, in your shop, that the Greely folks drank more gin than all the rest of the parish, and that you replied, in my hearing, 'The old gentleman 's rich, and can well afford it;' don't you remember that, Mr. Joslyn?" — "Don't b'lieve I ever said any sich thing," replied the landlord. — "Well, sir," continued the old man, addressing the physician, "my two brothers and one sister are dead; they were all three intemperate. My youngest sister, Nabby, was intemperate also, and parted from her husband. He is dead. She, when I last heard of her, was living in Vermont; she had reformed, and was a member of the temperance society. After my father had been dead about three years, I got married. My wife had a little property, and we bought a small farm, near the bend of the river as you enter the town of ———. You remember our little place, Mr. Atherton." — "To be sure," he replied; "don't you remember that row o' russetings that you sot out, Daddy Greely, by the side of the ferry road?" — "O yes," said the old man. — "I passed there last month," continued Atherton, "and I never see such apples in all my born days." — "I took a deal of pains with those trees," said the old man, "and I thought we should have eaten the fruit of them sooner or later, Polly, but we never did." — The poor old woman plucked a rag from her pocket, and put it to her eyes. — "Rouse yourself, my friend," said the physician, clapping the old man upon his shoulder; "shake off this accursed habit, and by God's blessing, you may yet eat of the fruit of those very trees." — "Ah, sir," he replied, "I fear you do not rightly understand the force of this horrible habit. If a thousand good resolutions could have cured me, I should have been a freeman years ago, instead of the slave that I am. After I was married, I did abstain entirely for nearly a year. You remember how I began again, Mr. Joslyn; you remember that training day, and how you bantered me about my unwillingness to treat my platoon, when I was made a sergeant of our company." — "No, I don't," he replied. — "I do," said Atherton; "and Jeems Larrabee, the butcher, your wife's brother, said he 'd rather a gin a primo beef than you should a bruk into that are ice agin." — "'T was an awful bad move for me," said the old man; "and I 've never been able to conquer the habit from that time. I kept liquor in my house, after that time, so long as I had one; my wife fell into the same habit, and much in the same manner that my mother had done. We had two boys. They followed the example of their parents. Both

became intemperate. One died at the age of twenty-three, and whether the other is living or dead, we do not know. I have been in the poor-house, and out of it, and in again; and almost everything that befalls intemperate people, but death and distraction, has happened to us. Before my father was led to have spirit in the house, as a medicine, I do not believe there was a more temperate, or a happier family in the state. When I reflect upon the destruction it has brought upon us all, father, mother, brothers, sisters, wife, children, — that first phial of gin comes up in my thoughts like a phial of wrath, that has been poured out upon our heads."

"And pray tell me," said the physician, — "you seem so rational a man that I seriously ask you the question, — why not become at once a member of the temperance society, gather up the wreck of your fallen respectability, and resolve, though you may not have many years to live, at least to die a reformed old man?" — "Because, sir," he replied, with an expression of sincere mortification, "I am sure I could not keep my pledge, and I do not wish to make myself more contemptible than I am." — "If you had a house of your own," said the physician, "could you not put such a restraint upon yourself, as to resolve that you would have no spirit under your own roof?" — "Yes, sir, I rather think I could," replied the old man. "I told you I abstained for nearly a year after my marriage. I had not a drop of spirit in my house, during that period; and, when I recommenced drinking, it was not at my own house, but, as I have said, at Mr. Joslyn's shop." — "Ah," cried Joslyn, "most all the mischief in the way o' drinking, that 's ever happened in this world, was done at Joslyn's shop." — "Or at some other," said the physician. "Here lies the whole mystery," continued he; "very few intemperate men are made such at their own firesides. Their wives, their little ones are seldom the witnesses of the first, the second, or the third indulgence; though they are so frequently the victims of that sloth and ungovernable passion, which transform the intemperate man into an improvident and abusive husband, and an apostate father. If these means of drunkenness were no longer supplied at taverns and grog-shops, the number of intemperate persons would be wonderfully reduced. Your history," continued the physician, turning to the old man. "presents a very striking illustration of the dangerous effect of intoxicating liquor, taken as a medicine. Its employment in this manner, even by a religious man, appears to have converted himself, his wife, and his whole progeny into a nest of hard drinkers, and to have brought misery upon them all."

"Yes," said one of the group, who had remained silent until

now, "it's pooty much finished up the hull Greely family, that's sartin. In the town where I was born, about forty miles into the state o' Maine, there was sothin droll happened jest in this way Old Miss Norcross had an awful sore mouth. She was a raal, ravin temperance woman as ever you see. Whenever she come alongside o' anybody, she didn't care who 't was, had been a drinkin spirit, she'd turn her nose right up, kind o' signifying as how she smelt him, and was n't agreeable to it. She used to brag how she never took the vally of a spunful, in all her born days. She was president of the female oxillry tittottle abstnunce in our town, till she blowed up, jist as I 'm a goin to tell ye. She sent for Dr. Messarvy, to git her mouth cured, right off, as she'd got to read a long report afore the female tittottlers, in two or three days, and her mouth was so sore she could scace speak. So Dr. Messarvy told her to wash 't six times a day with new rum. She said she 'd no idee on 't. They was a hull forenoon a argyin the matter. But, when she found, that nothin else would do, and the day was getting nigh that she was to read the report, she o'en sent out and got a pint o' rum to wash her mouth. I was in Job Trull's shop, when her little nigger come in for it. The shop was chuck full, for 't was a muster day; and, when he ax'd for a pint o' rum for Miss Norcross, sich a shoutin and thumpin o' sticks and feet you never heer'd in your life. They kicked up sich a confounded dust in Job's shop, that you couldn't see acrost. Some talked o' carrin over the artillery to fire a salute in honor o' Miss Norcross, right under her winder; and there was no eend to their jokes about it. Howsomeever, I'll tell ye the upshot. She got the rum, and washed her mouth, as the doctor told her to, six times a day; and, when he kim agin, Jinnison, their hired man, kim a runnin out with his eyes as big as summer squashes in a favorable season, and he cries out, says he, 'Life on me! Doctor Messarvy, Miss Norcross is drunk as sure as a shovel!'—'I want to know!' says Dr. Messarvy. Well,' says Jinnison, 'jest come in and see for yourself.' So, sure enough, she was, and 't was a dreadful disappointment to the tittottlers, as 't was the day o' their meetin. When the doctor ax'd her next day, arter she kim to, how in the name o' natur it happened,—'I swallyd it,' says she; 'you never told me not to.' But that was n't the worst on 't by a great chalk. She see she didn't know how good 't was, and arter she 'd got a taste, she didn't know when to leave off. She got to be intemperate, and 's been so ever since."—This brief narrative was followed by such peals of laughter as have seldom been heard among the mountains;

and, once more, I looked upon the poor man with the asthma, marvelling at his ability to endure such a convulsive trial.

"I reckon," said the man with the asthma, "it 's the natur o' wimmin to git overtook that are way, when they 's a nussin. They git a notion, that they want sothen to strengthen 'em. I 've known a number that 's got to be raal topers, that way, takin sperret as a medsen like. Let me see," continued he, counting on his fingers, —"there 's no less than seven in our town, that 's got to be right down intemprit, since they 's had young ones, that was correct afore, as far as ever I see. There 's Molly Gleason, and Sukey Farrer, and Babbit the tanner's wife."—"Massy," cried Mrs. Atherton, "how you talk!"—"Yes, she 's corned half the time," said the man with the asthma.—"I wish, my sowl, I could see her," said the woman with the crutch; "she and I was as thick as could be afore she was married. I should like to try and persuade her to give up sich a dreadful habit o' takin more than was good for her. What a pity 't is!"—"There 's Priscy Meeks, the squire's wife," continued the man with the asthma, "she 's as bad as any on 'em: Betty Merriwether, that lives there 's told my wife, she 's seen Priscy fifty times sippin o' sugar and gin, and drawlin out a sort of a lullaby to quiet her young one, till she 'd fairly sung herself to sleep instead of her baby. Crissy Snivel, the tailor's wife, got a goin as bad as any on 'em; but Snivel 's pooty much bruk her on it. Ye see he put a metic in 't. She was upon gin then. So she went to Merrick's shop, and told him his gin did n't agree with her, and got some brandy. Snivel watched her motions, and she 'd no sooner got it into the house, than, unbeknown to her, he put a metic into that. So she went to Merrick agin, and told him his brandy sarved her jest as bad as the gin did. So she got a little Jimaky; and 't was n't in the house half a hour afore Snivel had a metic in that too. She got, that way, to think sperret was n't jest the thing for her stomach, but she never suspected the leastest thing about the metic. About a month arter, a dozen wimmin, maybe more, kim to spend the art'noon at Miss Snivel's house. So ye see, as she had the good stuff by her, and could n't make no use on 't herself, on account of her petiklar weak stomach, and as most on 'em was ailin somehow, and took a leetle now and then, as a medsen, she treated 'em all, and was as liberal with it, as if 't was o' no more vally than rain-water. Some on 'em took gin, and some on 'em took brandy, and some on 'em took Jimaky. But did n't make a mite o' differ which 't was they took. It sot 'em a chatterin like all possessed for about half an hour. Then, one arter another, they began to feel a leetle squally; and, at last, they

got a goin every one on 'em. Sich a time Snivel says he never heer'd tell on. He was a workin in his shop at the beginnin on 't. So, when he heer'd the first noise, he peeped through the key-hole, and he said he thought he should 'a died a laughing. So he ran back into the shop, for fear they should suspect sothin, and he fell to work cuttin out a pair o' rigimental smalls for Gineral Tweezer; but he laughed so, that he spoilt the breeches, and cut 'em, by mistake, arter Parson Dearin's measure, so that the jineral could n't 'a got into 'em at no rate arter they was made up; and bein of a bright yaller, they would n't 'a bin the thing for a minister no how. So, ye see, 't was a totle loss. But the eend o' the joke was n't like to come out so pleasant. Several on 'em had a narrer squeak or it, and old Miss Hawks eenamost wrenched herself to death. But the best o' the hull I 'm agoin to tell ye. Not a soul on 'em ever suspected the leastest trick; and Merrick got sich a bad name for selling liquor that was n't ginivine, that he lost a'most all his custom in our town arter that. Snivel got confoundedly scat, for, arter a while, he thought 't was sich a good story he could n't keep it to himself no how; so he told it round to one and another, and at last it got to Squire Pronk's ears, and the Squire told Snivel, that, if old Miss Hawks, who was ailin a long spell, should happen to pop off afore the year was out, 't would be manslarter, as sure as fate. Howsomesever, the old woman 's a livin yet; but she han't taken a drop sence that day. A number on 'em has n't. So good 's come out on 't arter all. I reckon there 's a good many folks, that don't like the name o' takin sperret, now the Temprance Society has got sich head-way, and yet they like a drop well enough too; so I reckon they gets ailin, and sends for the doctor a purpose."

"There is something in what you say," said the physician; "and a doctor who carries the principles of temperance into his practice, will sometimes find himself extremely unpopular with his patients. — The storm continues to rage without, and I see no prospect of its abatement. I will tell you a story, which occurred within my own knowledge. The subject of this narrative was well known to me, and, when you have heard it, you will doubtless perceive that I have a practical reason for my fears, in relation to the use of intoxicating liquor as a medicine.

"About twenty years ago, I practised, as a physician, in a family residing on the borders of a pleasant village, about five-and-twenty miles from the metropolis of New England. In my estimation of such matters, they were the wealthiest people in that village; and yet they lived almost from hand to mouth, to use a phrase sufficiently well understood by some of us, no doubt. Their name was

Sanderson. This family consisted of the father and mother, both far advanced in years, a son at that time nineteen years of age, and a daughter, three years younger, who had been a cripple from her birth. They had tenanted, for many years, a small estate, scarcely extensive enough to be called a farm. — It did not exceed three acres. — Yet it was often said, that the Sandersons, by their skill and unremitting industry, had commonly a better crop from their three acres than Farmer Stetson, a lazy and intemperate man, had ever gathered from his farm, adjoining theirs, which comprised full thirty acres of first-rate land. The mother had been an invalid for very many years; and the daughter, who, as I have told you, was a cripple, had never been able to perform any species of housework. The whole burden of supporting this family devolved of course upon old Sanderson and his son Peter. Peter Sanderson, however, was an uncommon young man. He was, by common admission, the smartest, and, in the opinion of one individual at least, the handsomest lad in the village. He had been, for years, the successful suitor of Fanny Weston, a very pretty girl, whose parents were dead, and who resided with a connection of her father's, in that sort of ambiguous position, so common in our country towns, neither precisely relative nor help. Neither Peter Sanderson nor Fanny Weston had the slightest recollection of having fallen in love with each other. Their love, like the conversion of pious persons not a few, had not been of immediate and instantaneous production, but the result of a more dilatory process — the work of time. Their love was the natural consequence of ten thousand kind offices from childhood to maturity. They were born near each other; upon their way to the village school, and upon their return home, they were continually thrown together. In the winter, Peter was always ready to drag Fanny on his sled; and when Fanny begged two summer sweetings of her father, one of them, sooner or later, came into the possession of Peter Sanderson. As they grew older, this gentle commerce of the affections went gradually forward. Every species of traffic hath its tokens, and pond lilies and sprigs of fennel were frequently exchanged for the sweetest smiles and the earliest roses. This era of innocent, and, to the parties themselves, almost unintelligible love, had long passed away. They were, in good time, betrothed to each other, with the approbation of their friends, and were looking forward to the day, when Peter should attain the age of twenty-one, as the day of their marriage.

"I have said, that the Sandersons were the richest people in our village, notwithstanding they were dependent upon the sweat of their brows for their daily bread; but it was the bread of cheerful-

ness, honestly obtained and gratefully partaken. They were surrounded by wealthier neighbors, in the parlance of the world; but they themselves were preëminently in possession of that, which the world can neither give nor take away, peace of mind — contentment with the allotments of Providence. I have never witnessed a more interesting family. The old man has often told me, that, from the period when he was first married, and commenced, under his own roof, that practice of family prayer, which he had adopted after the example of his own parents, he had never supplicated Heaven for any other riches, than such as he could carry with him to another and a better world. He had prayed, that he might be permitted to bring up his children in the love of virtue, and the fear of God. 'You see,' said this old man to me, 'you see how mercifully the Lord has answered my prayer. He has continued my health, and with the assistance of my son, I have been enabled to pay my rent, and to lay by a trifle, from year to year, which may be of use to me, when I can toil no longer. I have perfect confidence that God will not forsake me in my old age. I have ever feared,' said this good old man, 'that I should not be able to resist the temptation of great worldly riches, and, while God has given me enough, yet, as he knows whereof I am made, he hath given me no more. He hath not led me into that very temptation, by which I have ever been persuaded, that I should most easily be overthrown.'

"The unruffled calm that reigned in their dwelling had become a proverb. I do not believe, that any human being ever heard a boisterous word or an unkind expression beneath their roof. It seemed to be the constant study of every member of the family to contribute, as far as possible, to the happiness of all the rest.

"A French archbishop, upon a visit to a poor curate, was surprised at the very expensive repast, prepared for him by so poor a man. He chid the curate for his extravagance, and inquired, by what means he could consistently spread such a table. The poor man replied, in his defence, that he was desirous of testifying his respect for the archbishop, and assured him, that he could well afford the charge, for he kept bees. He then conducted the archbishop into an extensive apiary, or establishment for bees. He readily explained, that the pasturage of these flying herds cost him nothing; that the time, devoted to the care of the whole establishment, was nothing more than a reasonable amount abstracted for recreation after the spiritual care of his flock; and that the profit was very considerable. After this visit, whenever the archbishop encountered any of his curates, who complained of their poverty, he gave his counsel, in two brief words. '*Keep bees.*' I will now give

you the application of this short story: Whenever the good old clergyman of our village was compelled to listen to the bickerings between husbands and wives, he would bid them learn a lesson of the Sandersons. Whenever he heard any of his parishioners repining at the scanty allotments of Providence, he would bid them look at old Sanderson. Whenever he visited any one, who, if I may use the expression, was moving upon the railway to the drunkard's grave, just entering, perhaps, upon the track at a moderate rate, and who believed, that he could not shoe an ox, or sit cross-legged on a tailor's bench, or use a jack-plane, or turn a furrow, without a daily allowance of intoxicating liquor, he bade him think of old Sanderson. Whether his parishioners were disposed, or not, to govern their motions accordingly, old Sanderson had certainly, in a moral and a spiritual sense, become the fuglar of the parish.

"Peter Sanderson had nearly attained the age of one-and-twenty years, when an accident befell him in the course of his agricultural employment, which threatened to deprive his old father of his services, for a considerable period. As he was standing, barefooted, upon the barn-floor, a pitchfork fell perpendicularly from the hay-mow, and one of the prongs passed entirely through his foot, between the upper bones of the great and second toe, causing such severe pain, that he fainted almost immediately. His old father, who was near at hand, with the assistance of a neighbor, removed him to the house, and placed him on his bed. I was sent for, and being engaged from home, I did not arrive until the afternoon, about four hours after the accident. I found a very considerable amount of inflammation, accompanied with sharp, shooting pains, extending to the knee. Very little blood had flowed from the wound. I directed him to make use of such applications as are commonly employed in such cases. Upon my visit the next day, I found the pain and inflammation were greatly abated, and I looked forward to a speedy cure. I did not visit him again for the space of four or five days. During my absence, three elderly females of the parish had visited my patient, held a consultation upon his case, and put him upon an entirely different course. When I visited him again, his appearance was materially altered. Swelling and inflammation had returned, and his symptoms indicated the approach of a regular fever. One of these philanthropic practitioners had persuaded poor Peter Sanderson, that I had kept him too low, and prevailed upon him to take a little roast pork; another had advised him to keep his foot and leg continually soaked in New England rum; and a third was actually engaged, at the very moment of my arrival, in preparing half a mug of toddy to keep up the spirits of the invalid. The first and

the last of these prescriptions I forbade, in the most peremptory manner. But these three old ladies, and even Sanderson and his wife, were so entirely satisfied of the efficacy of New England rum as an external application in such cases, that I gave my consent to its employment in this manner, though well enough persuaded, that it was in no respect essential to his cure. The foot and leg were now so much inflamed, that I readily foresaw we might not be able to effect a cure, before weeks and perhaps months should have passed away.

"I was, unfortunately, correct in my opinion. At the expiration of three months, the foot and leg were in a much worse condition than when I was first called in; and the patient seemed to be laboring under the effect of a slow fever, for the removal of which my very best efforts appeared to be ineffectual. During this period the old man's health appeared to be exceedingly good; and, with such assistance as the affection and respect of his neighbors induced them to afford him from time to time, he continued to conduct the affairs of his little farm, as successfully as ever. He often said to me, that it seemed as though the Lord had renewed his youth, and given him strength for the emergency; and he doubted not, that, in good time, Peter would be restored to him again.

"About this period old Sanderson's wife was taken suddenly ill, and died of an affection of the heart. The old man bore this affliction apparently with Christian resignation. 'Whether I consider the past or the future,' said he to me, on the day after the funeral, 'I have reason for gratitude to God. — Tabitha and I have lived long and most happily together, and I feel that we shall meet ere long in a better world.'

"From time to time, as I visited at the house, I thought I observed that the old gentleman's spirits were failing: indeed he appeared so exceedingly dejected upon certain occasions, that I began to apprehend his prediction, in relation to himself, would ere long be verified. For many weeks, I knew not how to reconcile his apparent melancholy with that Christian resignation to the will of God, which he always professed to feel, whenever the late bereavement became a topic of conversation between us. In a conference with our good clergyman, he suggested his opinion, that the old man's spirits were depressed in consequence of the long-continued illness of his son; and, with this impression, I, one day, adverting to this affliction, inquired of him if he found it a more difficult task to bear God's dealings upon the present occasion, than upon the former. He burst into tears; and, when he had in some measure regained his self possession — 'Doctor,' said he, 'if it were God's will, that I should

bury my son in a shameless grave, instead of following the common order of nature and going before him, I could bow submissively to God's holy will; but my heart is full of anguish,' said he, with deep emotion, 'when I contemplate the bare possibility of my son's becoming an intemperate man.' A multitude of little circumstances immediately occurred to my recollection, and I was surprised, that I had never combined them before, in this connection. I perceived, that there was something to apprehend, although, when I reflected upon the manner in which Peter had been brought up by his parents, I could scarcely suppose, that this excellent young man would be numbered among the victims of this modern Juggernaut. I entered, at once, very freely and fully into the subject of the old man's fears. Peter had been now, for a long time, confined to his chamber; and with very little occupation, beside the care of his wounded limb. New England rum, which had been thought necessary for the purpose of bathing his foot and leg, had been ever in his apartment. His hands, his bed-clothes, his apparel, and every part of his room were constantly filled with the aroma. The jug — the false god — had been ever at his elbow, and the poor votary, at last, had fallen down and worshipped with his lips. A very natural inquiry may be made, in the present case, whether poor Peter's relish for intoxicating liquor did or did not arise in the sense of smelling. I have heard a reformed drunkard declare, that, under the obligation of his pledge, he was abundantly able to resist the importunities of his associates, when they urged him to take a dram, yet he had been well nigh overthrown, upon more than one occasion, in his efforts to keep his good resolution, by the smell of their breath.

"Whatever might have been the philosophy, it was too manifest, that no doubt remained in relation to the fact. Unwatched, unrestricted, utterly without employment, this unfortunate young man had evidently contracted a fatal relish for intoxicating drink, or, to use your own very forcible and accurate expression, Mr. Joslyn, he had become *inoculated;* and the passion for liquor had made a prodigious head-way, before I had any suspicion of its existence. It had, in a very brief space, wrought so effectually upon his naturally amiable temper and good feelings, that my earnest expostulations were manifestly productive of very little effect.

"I expressly forbade even the external employment of spirit any longer, and accordingly it was laid aside. About a fortnight after this prohibition, though his wound had degenerated into a fever-sore, which rendered exercise exceedingly painful, he actually walked two miles to the dram-shop, for the gratification of this terrible appetite, and returned home evidently under the influence of

liquor. I have never witnessed a more rapid declension from this common cause of mischief and misery. Beer, cider, and every other means, for producing the wished-for stimulus, were resorted to by this infatuated young man. In the course of six months he had become an emaciated cripple, the very reverse of the hale, robust, young farmer that he was, before this unfortunate employment of spirit as a medicine. The effect of this domestic calamity upon old Sanderson was very apparent. His spirits were now entirely broken, and he looked forward to a speedy termination of his earthly career Whenever I urged, as an argument, the unhappiness, which he had caused his father, Peter would shed tears very freely; and I generally found, that, upon all such occasions, he contrived shortly after to soothe his own sorrow with a dram.

"For some time after it had become matter of almost universal notoriety, that Peter Sanderson was an intemperate man, there remained one determined unbeliever in the parish — Fanny Weston — poor Fanny Weston, who never did anything by halves, and who had given Peter Sanderson her whole heart, when it was as pure and confiding as youth and innocence could make it. All sorts of hints and innuendoes, the promptings alike of malice and of charity, were utterly lost upon Fanny. Peter himself — and he loved her better than any earthly thing, excepting his jug — was extremely careful, while under the influence of its contents, never to cross her path; and she herself, taking counsel of her fond hopes, settled down into the firm conviction, that the world was full of tale-bearers, and that Peter Sanderson was, beyond all doubt, a much injured man. Ignorant, perhaps, of the fact, that there are pale drunkards as well as red ones, she constantly referred to his appearance in this respect, as a refutation of the slander. When any one referred to his staggering gait, she readily accounted for that, by referring to the wound, which had disabled him from walking as uprightly as formerly. When some importunate friend called her attention to his breath, she repelled the suggestion, by saying that it was nothing but the spirit upon his hands or apparel, and that he had used it as a medicine. Poor girl! Her attachment was certainly worthy of a better object. Among those, who were willing to save her from casting herself away upon a worthless young man, I myself believed that I had a duty to perform. I therefore gave her my opinion very frankly, but without producing any other effect than a feeling of displeasure toward myself. The very strength of this attachment, placed as it was upon an object so entirely undeserving, impelled me the more eagerly to find means for convincing this interesting girl of her mistake, before she should become irretrievably

lost. I did not press my opinion and my counsel at that time; but a month had not elapsed before a suitable opportunity presented itself, for the execution of my plan, which, although it may seem harsh, at first view, was adopted with a conviction, that nothing less efficacious would produce the intended result. There was a militia muster in our village, and, in the afternoon, I called in my chaise at the house, where Fanny Weston resided; and, as she had not been well, I invited her to take a short ride with me and look at the soldiers. I drove to a part of the field, where, a short time before, I had seen Peter Sanderson in a state of intoxication. As we drew near the spot, our attention was attracted by the shouts of some men and boys, who were amusing themselves with the absurd behavior of a drunken man. I drove directly to the spot. A single glance was enough — 'Good Heaven!' she exclaimed, 'it is Peter Sanderson!' — The poor girl burst into a flood of tears. — I immediately turned away from the spot, and we rode home without uttering a syllable to each other.

"Fanny Weston was really an excellent young woman, and those holy principles, which had formed so essential a part of her simple, though substantial education, proved to her a sufficient life-boat amid these troubled waters. This painful experiment resulted precisely as I wished. She sent a message to Peter Sanderson, the very next day, by a confidential friend, informing him of her decision, that he must think of her no more. He earnestly entreated, that she would meet him once again. To this she agreed, upon condition that their interview should be in the presence of a single witness. They met, and poor Peter was greatly abashed, when he found she had selected our excellent clergyman. The good old man assured me he never was more affected in his life. She told the poor fellow, that, notwithstanding his misconduct, she freely confessed her weakness, that she loved him tenderly as the playmate of her early years, and as one, with whom she had expected to be connected by the most tender of all human ties; but that she had not the courage to tempt the vengeance of Heaven, by embarking upon the voyage of life with an intemperate man; that she had gathered, with her own eyes, the evidence of his evil habit; and that he must now think of her no more. He shed tears very freely, confessed his errors, and promised amendment, if she would permit him to continue his visits. 'It will be of no service to you, Peter,' said she, 'and it will make me, if possible, more wretched than I am to see you any more, unless you entirely reform.' She gave utterance to nothing more but a last farewell and a flood of bitter tears.

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AS A MEDICINE

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"Here was much human suffering produced by the employment of spirit, as a medicine; and I resolved, at that time, to make no use of it whatever, unless in cases of unavoidable necessity, if such, in my sober judgment, should ever occur.

"Upon the occasion, to which I have referred, Peter Sanderson assured our good clergyman, in the most solemn manner, that he would never take another drop. About a week from that time, he was brought home drunk to his father's house. About three months after this occurrence, old Sanderson paid the debt of nature, upon which occasion Peter wept very fluently, and renewed all his vows of amendment. In less than three days, his tears were dried up, and his vows again were broken. In addition to his natural anxiety in relation to the miserable prospects of this intemperate son, old Sanderson expressed to me his solicitude respecting his daughter, whom I mentioned before, and who was altogether helpless. Farmer Blaney was sitting at his bed-side, and, taking the hand of his dying friend in his own, 'I should be loath,' said he, 'to see the righteous man forsaken, or his seed begging bread.' It was enough. Farmer Blaney was not a man of idle words. A faint smile beamed upon the features of old Sanderson; and, after his decease, his crippled daughter was taken home by the worthy farmer, and has lived under his hospitable roof to the present day. Old Sanderson left just enough to square his accounts with the present world. 'He would have left much more,' said our worthy clergyman, 'if he had not been so very desirous of laying up treasure in heaven.'

"After the death of old Sanderson, the landlord took possession of the little farm, and the path now seemed to be open between Peter and the poor-house. He was, or conceived himself to be, unable to work, and his habit of intemperance increased upon him daily. He became a most miserable sot, and was, in due time, catalogued among the town's poor. Unfortunately, it was the practice in the village of ———, at the period to which I refer, to furnish a certain quantity of ardent spirit to the inmates of the poor-house, upon a supposition, whose absurdity is now thoroughly understood, that it was essential for the preservation of their health and strength. Of course the tippler's habit continued unbroken. The relish for liquor remained, ready to break forth in unlimited indulgence, upon the very first convenient opportunity. The intemperate man had therefore no chance, after a period of total abstinence, whether voluntary or otherwise, of taking a new departure for the voyage of life. Peter Sanderson's constitution was naturally a good one, and he always grew better, upon that limitation in the measure and frequency of his drams, enjoined in such establishments, for the

government of paupers; and yet, as I have already said, he never had an opportunity of conquering the habit entirely, because the daily allowance, however comparatively small, was quite enough to perpetuate the passion for strong drink. Three or four times, during the very long period of degradation, through which he has passed, he has so far recovered his strength and decent appearance, that, upon his earnest request, he has been permitted to come forth into the world, and support himself by his own labor. Before many weeks, however, he has fallen into his former courses; and, after repeated instances of grovelling drunkenness, has been again committed to the poor-house. The very same result has been produced, in ten thousand examples, and will continue to be produced, so long as temperance is accounted a task of easier performance than total abstinence. In many of our poor-houses, at the present day, a different system is adopted. By the enforcement of total abstinence upon their inmates, these establishments have become, wherever that principle is adopted, not only receptacles for paupers, but asylums for the intemperate. Under the discipline of the regular physician, the curative process consists in nothing more than a sufficient supply of good, wholesome food, and an entire privation of the means of drunkenness in every form. Occasionally, in extreme cases, sedatives may be employed, to allay that irritation of the stomach, which almost universally occurs, when the long-accustomed stimulus is withholden. This painful trial is not, however, of long duration, and the hankering after intoxicating liquor finally wears itself away. The patient has then an opportunity of deciding for himself, with the experience of the past fairly before him, if it be the part of wisdom, to make the miserable experiment again; and he is able thus to decide, unembarrassed by the gnawings of that terrible appetite, which the forcible restraint, imposed by the regulations of the poor-house, had brought into subjection.

"Peter Sanderson, as I have told you, was in the midst of his miserable career, at a period when this wholesome discipline was unknown in our houses of refuge for the poor. The practice of that day served, just as effectually, to perpetuate the habit of intemperance, as though it had been skilfully contrived for the accomplishment of that very object. For nine or ten years, he continued in this miserable course; occasionally, when in his worst estate, rather resembling a travelling corpse than a living man; and, now and then, especially after emerging from the poor-house, upon promise of amendment, bearing some little resemblance to himself in better days. During this whole period, he appeared to retain a sentiment of respect for no human being, save one. He treated the admonitions

of our good clergyman with contempt; and, whenever I made an effort to stop him on the road, and converse with him, on the subject of his abominable habit, he would frequently reply with insolence, or laugh in my face. But there was one person, in relation to whom, he appeared, during the period of his lowest degradation, to cherish sentiments of affection and respect. He has been known, when reeling along upon the highway, to throw himself over the wall, at the sight of Fanny Weston, and remain concealed, until she had passed by. Upon one occasion, when he had been directed, with a gang of hands from the poor-house, to repair a portion of the road which lay in front of the house, in which Fanny resided, he earnestly entreated the overseer to give him employment elsewhere.

"Poor Fanny's heart was well nigh broken by this bitter disappointment. After she had composed her spirits, and was enabled to look upon the matter in a just light, she thanked me, with many tears, for my interposition in her behalf; and admitted, although the process seemed harsh at the time, that nothing, short of just such testimony as she thus obtained, would probably have convinced her of the real truth, until her incredulity had produced her ruin. For a long time, she mingled rarely with the society of the village; she lost her bloom, and gave some indications of falling into a decline. At length, although her spirits had evidently received a shock, from which they were not likely to recover, she sought a solace in the performance of such duties, as were ever consonant with her gentle nature. She engaged in all the charitable and benevolent operations in our village. She still retained an unusual share of personal beauty; and, when it was known, that she had cast off Peter Sanderson, more than one of our village swains made proposals of marriage, far more eligible in regard to this world's goods and gear. In a mild and respectful manner, she declined them all. It was a matter of surprise, that she refused the addresses of Major Barton, one of the likeliest and wealthiest young farmers in our country. After that, it was taken for granted, that Fanny Weston was resolved to live single and to die so.

"It was about ten years after Peter Sanderson's first employment of spirit, as a medicine, that the earliest efforts of the Temperance Society commenced in our village. The first address, in our parish, was delivered by an individual, who had himself been an intemperate man. In the most simple language, and in a manner irresistible, from the fact that every word proceeded from the speaker's heart, and was the voice of experience, this honest and earnest advocate recited his own impressive history. He spoke with deep feeling of his early religious education, of the formation

of his habit, of the unhappiness, which he had inflicted upon his old father and mother, of his degraded and profligate career, of his reformation by the process of total abstinence, and of his return to the paths of respectability and usefulness. Peter Sanderson had been carried to the meeting by a rum-seller, in the hope and expectation of producing some disturbance, and interrupting the speaker. But the rum-seller had reason to exclaim, upon that occasion, that God's ways are not as our ways. Some well-directed shaft passed through the sinner's heart. He sat in such a position, that I had a perfect view of his features. When the speaker feelingly alluded to his own religious education, and to the misery, which he had caused his own respectable parents, Peter Sanderson wept like a child. Verily, thought I, there is a worm that never dies! After the speaker had concluded, those, who were disposed to sign the pledge, were requested to remain. Among the number I was delighted to observe poor Peter, though evidently with some irresolution in his manner, approaching the table. One and another placed their names upon the roll; — the pen was handed to Peter; — he took it with considerable hesitation. — 'Do you think, sir,' said he, 'it will enable me to give it up?' — 'There is no doubt of it,' replied the lecturer; 'it has been my salvation, and, *by God's help*, it will be yours.' — At that moment, I heard the rum-seller's voice calling Sanderson from the door-way of the church. — 'Think of your good old father,' said I, in a whisper. It had the desired effect; he bent over the table, and with a steadier hand than I had given him the credit for possessing, he subscribed the temperance pledge. It excited a mingled feeling of pleasure and surprise, in the minds of several, who were present upon that occasion, that, while Peter Sanderson was the last of forty-seven, who had joined the society that evening, the very first name upon the roll should be that of Fanny Weston.

"There were not a few, who gave poor Peter credit for having undertaken, upon the impulse of the moment, much more than he was likely to perform. I happened to be near him, when, upon leaving the meeting-house, he mingled with his associates at the door. — 'What a confounded fool you are!' said one. — 'Did n't think you 'd get cotch'd with their priestcraft so easy,' said another. — 'So you 've sign'd away your liberty, Peter,' said a third. — 'How long d' ye think ye 'll stick to 't, Sanderson?' said a fourth. — 'I don't reckon cold water 'll suit sich a kind o' stomach as yours is, Peter, I don't raaly,' said a fifth. — 'Come, Peter,' said the rum-seller, 'if you 'll jest go back and take off your name like a man, off o' that are ridic'lous paper, I 'll give ye a quart o' the very best

in my store, for nothin.' — Peter stood still, without saying a word. — 'Come, come along,' cried the rum-seller; 'I 'll go in with ye, Peter.' — I felt quite uncertain as to the result, until the poor fellow, mustering up the sum-total of his resolution, stamped his foot upon the steps of the meeting-house, and, putting his mouth close to the rum-seller's ear, roared out in a voice of thunder, 'I tell ye I won't.' — 'Then,' cried the rum-seller, 'I 'll sue ye for what ye owe me to-morrow!' — 'Sue away,' said Peter; 'it 's better to go to jail, than to go the devil, over your threshold; — so good night, Mr. Gilpin.' The poor fellow turned upon his heel, and walked off at a round pace. He was not aware that I was near him, at the time, and overheard this conversation. I resolved to have an eye upon his movements. I observed a person moving towards him in the dark, who presently took him by the arm, and, leading him aside, appeared to be conversing with him in an earnest manner. Suspecting that some one of his associates was endeavoring to divert him from his plan of amendment, I walked directly towards them. I was most agreeably surprised to find, in the person, whom I had supposed to be an evil counsellor, one of the worthiest of our citizens, who had himself joined the society that evening. 'There is nothing, doctor,' said he, 'which I may not say in your hearing; you know I own the little farm, upon which our old friend Sanderson lived so long. I have just told Peter, that if he is really in earnest, and will keep his promise, he is as well able to manage it as any man, and that he may take it on the same terms, upon which I leased it to his father for so many years, and that I will loan him a small sum to set him forward; but that, as all things are uncertain, he must first give us some good reason to believe him sincere. I tell him, therefore, that he may come and work for me for six months, and I 'll allow him fair wages; and if Gilpin sues him, as he threatens to, I 'll see to it.' — 'Well, Peter,' said I, 'what do you say to Farmer Mason's liberal offer?' — Peter made no reply for some time, and, when I repeated the question, — 'I 'll come sir,' he replied in a low voice. 'Very well,' said Farmer Mason, and bade us good night. 'Peter,' said I, 'why did you not thank him for his kind offer?' — 'Bless your heart, doctor,' cried the poor fellow, 'why, I could n't speak; I did n't think he 'd trust me with an old shovel.'

"Gilpin kept his word, and the sheriff, who had a writ for Peter, before breakfast on the following morning, was surprised, after an ineffectual search in all his accustomed haunts, to find him busily at work among the hired men at Farmer Mason's. The worthy farmer became Peter's bail, and requested the sheriff to inform Gil-

pin, who was his tenant, that, being himself now a member of the Temperance Society, he could lease his tenement no longer to a dealer in intoxicating liquor.

"The six probationary months had passed away. Peter Sanderson had not only kept his promise most faithfully, but he had recovered his health, strength, and good looks, in a surprising degree.—But I perceive," said the physician, "that the storm is passing off, and, as we shall probably separate ere long, I will bring my little narrative to a close. Farmer Mason performed his promise, and Peter was now reinstated upon the farm, where every rood of ground was full of the associations of his early days. You will scarcely suppose, that Fanny Weston was an unconcerned spectator of this extraordinary change — this moral resurrection. When she first saw Peter Sanderson, after his reformation, decently clad, and with a countenance already free from those marks and numbers, which so commonly belong to the votaries of intemperance, the shock was more than she could bear. The poor girl was obliged to quit the meeting-house and return home. They had both, in earlier times, belonged to the village choir. After Peter, by his good conduct, had won back the respect and confidence of his old associates, they invited him to resume his former station among them. When he accepted the invitation, Fanny found it convenient to occupy a seat in her pew. Those, who knew her least, imputed this act to an unwillingness to continue among the choir in company with Peter Sanderson. — They were mistaken.

"One day, — it was rather more than a year after Peter's reformation, — she was sitting at her needle-work, in company with the connection, in whose house she resided, — 'I wonder,' said she, 'if Peter Sanderson ever thinks of me now?' — I happened to enter the room at that moment, and her aunt, with an intelligent smile, repeated the question in my hearing. 'Fanny,' said I, 'I am inclined to think he does. I have heard him say, that he had not the courage to come and see you, but that he would cheerfully serve a longer term for you than Jacob served for Rachel.' — The poor girl buried her face in her hands, while the tears flowed freely between her fingers. 'Fanny,' said I, 'I have been unwilling to tell you this, until I had good reason to believe, that Peter's reformation was perfectly sincere; and until I had ascertained something of your own feelings in regard to him. Shall I tell him that he may venture to come here?' She turned her eyes toward me with a faint smile, and cast them on the ground."

"Mister," said the man with the asthma, "that are story 's raal natur. — I want to hear the eend on 't, but the sun 's a comin out

over the mountains, and I must be jogging along.' — "I will bring it to a close," said the physician. "Peter Sanderson and Fanny Weston met once more. They renewed their vows. — In due time they were married; and I know not the wedded pair, who have enjoyed a larger share of happiness, than has fallen to their lot, for the period of seven years. Let us not, however, forget that ten years of their existence had been rendered miserable by the employment of intoxicating liquor, *as a medicine*, which, for one that it may possibly have cured, has killed its thousands." — "No, no," cried the man with the asthma, "don't let 's forgit that — if 't wan't for my asthma, I 'd leave it off, sartin. Won't ye put the bits in my mare's mouth, Mr. Joslyn?" — "If 't wan't for my cold stomach, I 'd leave it off too," said Atherton. — "Well," said Joslyn, "I 'd leave off the traffic in a minnit, if folks wouldn't buy no more on 't." — "I 've heer'd Squire Pronk say," said one of the group, "that he 'd leave it off, if Miss Pronk would." — "Yes," said another, "and I 've heer'n Miss Pronk say, she 'd leave it off, if the squire would." — "Well, now," cried the woman with the crutch, "that story 's enough for me. I 'd leave off spirit now, right away, if 't wan't for my leg."

The company now began to disperse; and, having obtained the good doctor's permission to present this temperance tale to the public, I replaced my family in the carriage, and, taking a last glance of the lofty peaks of Agiocochook, now once more illuminated by the sun, we directed our course toward the valley. About ten miles upon our way, we overtook the itinerant pupil of M'Clyster and Son, the pharmacopoly pedler, laboring onward under his burden of merchandise. "It 's the puttekerry jontleman fro' Waterford," cried Thomas, as we drew near to him. I hailed him from the coach-window, and advised him to give up his present business, and turn honest man. He said nothing, until the carriage had begun to descend the hill, when he made a reply, which I could not understand. "What does the pedler say?" I inquired. "He says, your honor," cried Thomas, "that it 's not the like o' yoursilf that 'll bate him oot o' the idee that it 's not the bist thing in the warld, *as a midicine*. Now, if your honor 's agraable to it," continued Thomas, reining up his horses as he spoke, "I 'll jist be after bating it oot o' the felly mysilf." — "Drive on, honest Thomas," said I. — Crack went the whip, and the pedler was soon far behind.

THE PROPHETS!

WHERE ARE THEY?

The following brief narrative might well enough be submitted without any prefatory remark. A few words may suffice. As there is no species of intoxicating beverage which has not produced much drunkenness upon the earth, there can be no perfect work of reformation, upon any other principle than that of total abstinence; and with this perfectly intelligible principle before us, few things can appear more amusing than the self complacent wine-drinker's predictions of the rum-drinker's ruin. We have heard the inveterate sipper of anisette foretell the destruction of the guzzler of beer; who, in his turn, has prognosticated the very same fate for some thirsty neighbors, whose potations of cider were neither few nor far between. Such prophecies are not uncommon — they are not unfrequently fulfilled — and the parties concerned are occasionally members of temperance societies of the old *régime*.

THE husbandman, who gathers the burden of his threshing-floor too hastily into his garner, may be expected to collect the wheat and a portion of the chaff together. That desertion from the temperance ranks, which the friends of this holy cause are not unfrequently called to lament, arises, in part, from an inconsiderate zeal for numerical display. It was the fashion, rather more a few years since than it is at present, to rate the powers and the profitableness of an advocate in this Christian enterprise, by the number of signatures, which he had obtained to the temperance pledge; just as we estimate the valor of an Indian *brave* by the number of his scalps. Not many years ago, a single individual is reported to have obtained no less than ten thousand signatures in a single city, — the product of a few weeks' labor. But, after no slight examination of the matter, I am inclined to believe, that the evaporation of a large proportion of this temperance host may be well compared to the disappearance of Xenophon's ten thousand from the plains of Cunaxa.

The great end in view is the production of a change in public sentiment. This is the work of years — the result of a steadily continued process of moral indoctrination. The pledge is an instrument of infinite importance in the temperance cause; but it may well be doubted, if it should ever be given or received, in a moment of excitement. It is surely a solemn obligation. The promise is ordinarily made in the presence of a large assembly, and in the house of God. It is not my design to institute a comparison between the temperance pledge and the eucharistal obligation; but there is

enough of analogy, inasmuch as both are solemn bonds, to authorize a single interrogatory — Should we approve the wisdom of a clergyman, who, having preached an exhortation to his people to join the church, immediately after closing his notes, and while the congregation were under high excitement, despatched his agents with pen, ink, and paper for their signatures. Upon all matters of importance, judges take time for deliberation, and juries consult together. If the subject be worth an elaborate argument, time — some four-and-twenty hours at least — should in common courtesy be allowed for reflection, to those who are solicited to do an important act — to change a habit, possibly, of long continuance.

Right or wrong, these were the sentiments of Major Marquee. He was an early friend of mine, until the age of four-and-twenty. We then reached a fork in the great highway of life; the major took one branch of it, and I another. He married an interesting widow, some ten years older than himself; and, as Captain McGrath, a brother officer, ill-naturedly remarked, rather for her gold than her ivory; for, though she brought him an ample fortune, she had lost her teeth, or the greater part of them. Having entered into this matrimonial partnership, Major Marquee resigned his commission; laid aside his epaulettes, of course; paid off his old debts, by his wife's particular desire; and, having assumed the citizen's dress, became one of a gentlemanly circle, who seemed to have associated upon the principle, that the chief end of man is to eat, drink, and be merry.

There is commonly nothing of real happiness in marriage *à la mode*. The principal advantages, derived by the lady from this second connection, were the obligation to prepare an entertainment for the major's friends, one day in every week, and to dine by herself the remaining six. They quarrelled, of course, and with wonderful regularity. The major, however, was a much-enduring man; and, probably from a consideration of his enlarged means, and the superior comforts of his new condition, he still found a balance in his favor. This consideration, or some other cause, induced him to treat the partner of his joys and sorrows with a commendable spirit of forbearance. When she railed at the major for his late hours, he seldom retorted, but commonly whistled a quick march, and finished his bottle of Port or Madeira; and her curtain lectures, which never failed in the evening and the morning, he pleasantly called his *tattoo* and *reveille*.

The major and his lady were prevailed upon by some of their neighbors, whose *caste* in society was considered a safe conduct for the adventure, to attend a public lecture on the subject of temper-

ance. At the close of the evening, both of them, to the surprise of many of their friends, subscribed their names to the temperance pledge. The pledge of the society, of which the major and his lady were thus constituted members, was the old-fashioned pledge, the pledge of abstinence from ardent spirits alone, — a pledge, whose sufficiency for the occasions of the world, strange as it may appear to the philosophical friends of temperance, remains undoubted by many at the present day.

"Well, major," said his lady, on their way home, "I am truly rejoiced that you have joined the temperance society. It's a good example to our servants, you know, my dear; I wonder if our man Micajah was at the lecture?" — "To be sure," replied the major; "and he signed the pledge, though, 'pon honor, I thought he was a little tipsy. He came up to the table the very moment he saw me in the act of signing; and, after he had scrawled his own name, he took up the inkstand, by mistake, for the sandbox, and poured the whole contents upon the paper, saving a small sprinkling that fell upon Doctor Driver's inexpressibles, and apparently without any consciousness of the mischief he was doing." — "I am really apprehensive, major," continued his lady, "that Micajah has signed the temperance pledge without sufficient reflection. It is a thing, which should not be done rashly, you know." — "O, certainly," replied the major; "but it will cost Micajah nothing: he tells me, and I believe him, that he never takes anything stronger than strong beer or porter." — "Well, major," rejoined his lady, "it may be so; but he is constantly tipsy, more or less every day. The habit grows upon him, I am confident; and I prophesy that Micajah will die a drunkard." — "Pshaw, my dear," cried the major; "so you prophesied that our fashionable friend, the young widow in Burley Place, would die a drunkard, and she is not dead yet." — "No, major, she is not dead," replied the lady; "but she is a drunkard." — "Don't believe it, 'pon honor," cried the major, "not a word of it. — She drinks nothing but Champagne." — "Very like," said Mrs. Marquee; "but she drinks all the Champagne she can get, and is everlastingly quoting Dr. Twaddler's opinion, that it is a harmless beverage. The other evening, when she was so far gone, as to be utterly unable to get into her carriage unassisted, she repeated over, a dozen times, '*It helps nutrition — it's all digested*,' to the infinite amusement of those around her." — "Well, that's a sound doctrine," rejoined the major; "I'm of that opinion myself." — "Your arrack punch, major," said his lady, "you will have to give up, of course." — "Punch — arrack punch!" exclaimed the major, "not at all — ey — they can't mean

to include punch — never thought of that, though. No, no, the pledge extends only to distilled spirits, taken clear, or in water, as grog. 'T was never intended to include punch, depend upon it." — "Your bitters and juleps you will certainly relinquish," said the lady. — "I never thought of them neither," said he; "but I can't suppose they mean to cut off a gentleman from his juleps. No, no, the whole design is to check the intemperance of common folks — that 's it, my dear, that 's it, and it 's well enough for genteel people to favor the cause, by joining the society. That 's the view I take of the matter. Think of it a moment, and it will strike you in the same light, my love — don't you see it? Besides, my dear, if the rule is to be construed so very strictly, it will be next to an impossibility to meet one's friends upon the footing of common civility. I 'm not sure, after all, that we have acted quite as wisely as we might have done, in putting our names so hastily to this pledge." — "I am rejoiced that we have," replied the lady; "we shall have no more punch in the morning, and less therefore of the company of Colonel Brunkle, and that noisy crew that is forever at his heels; the sacrifice of your bitters will cost you nothing, Major Marquee: and, as for entertaining our friends, we can get along charmingly with wine and cordials, you know." — "Well said," cried the major; "you never thought of your cordials, your noyeau, and your anisette, did you, my dear? ha, ha! — The account is likely to be pretty fairly balanced, I think, my dear, — ha, ha, ha!" — "Cordials, my dear," replied the lady, "were not surely designed to be included in the temperance pledge." — "And pray why not as much as juleps, my dear?" interrogated the major; his voice thickening, as it usually did, when he was losing his temper. — "Why not, my dear?" retorted the lady, "because — because — juleps are not cordials, to be sure. I should think you knew what juleps were, by this time, my dear." — "Well, my dear," cried the major, with an elevated voice, "and if you don't know what cordials are, by this time, I know not who does, my dear." — "You had better raise your voice a little higher, that everybody in the street may hear you, my dear," said the lady. — "I don't care a fig if they do, my dear," cried the major, in a still louder note. — "For Heaven's sake, don't disgrace yourself in this manner, my dear," said the lady; "Farmer Bockum and his family are close behind us, and, deaf as he is, he will surely overhear every word you say, my dear." — "The devil take Farmer Bockum!" cried the major, in a voice loud enough to change the front of a whole battalion. — "Hush, my dear," cried the lady. — "I won't, my dear," cried the major,

It may have been remarked, by close observers upon the matrimonial relation, that, with certain couples, mated according to law, but miserably matched, the frequent use of words of endearment as infallibly foreruns a domestic squabble, as a day or two of soft weather, out of season, portend a storm. So long as the parties, whom we have introduced to the reader, were contented to employ towards each other the formal appellations, major and madam, their intercourse was not likely to assume a belligerent aspect; but the more familiar epithets, so frequently adopted on the present occasion, if not actually weather-breeders, were, almost invariably, accompaniments of the tempest.

The lady was right; a portion of the major's exclamation obtruded itself upon the ears of Farmer Bockum, deaf as he was. Happily, he did not catch that part of the major's words, which so charitably commended the old farmer to the prince of darkness; but, hearing his name so vehemently uttered in the major's stentorian voice, he mended his pace, and, followed by his family, the farmer was almost immediately at his side. "What 's the matter, major?" he exclaimed. The major's lady had a good share of self-possession, on such occasions; and, believing, although she was not happy in her marriage, that there was some satisfaction in keeping the secret, she resolved at once to give such a turn to the affair, as should keep her neighbors, the Bockums, whose curious and communicative dispositions she well understood, entirely in the dark. She gave, herself, therefore, an immediate response to the farmer's inquiry. "Major Marquee and myself," she replied, "were doubting whether punch was meant to be included in the temperance pledge, and we thought we would ask your opinion."—"And cordials also," said the major in a choleric tone of voice.—"And juleps," cried the lady; her temper for an instant, getting the better of her discretion.—"Well, raally," said the farmer, "it 's a leetle of a perplex, an't it?"—"Why, father," cried his eldest daughter, Miss Dolly Bockum, "how can you doubt about it? It 's meant to include all distilled liquor."—"What, rosewater!" cried old Mrs Bockum; "I vum, I 'll have my name off to-morrow."—"No, no," said Mrs. Marquee; "your daughter is mistaken; it is intended to include all distilled *spirits*."—"Well," said the major, gruffly, "are not cordials distilled spirits?"—"I never heard so," replied the lady.—"Nor I, neither," said Mrs. Bockum; "I always thought they was a kind o' metheglin."—"Well now," said the farmer, "I never made any o' that kind o' sweet slipslop. I 've made cider brandy, and cider, boiled down to a third or so 's, a good drink. Don't s'pose there 's anything in our pledge agin

sich as them are. The hull differ seems to me to lie jist here; rum, and gin, and Scotch whiskey, and all them forrin sperets is what 's meant in our pledge. But 't was n't meant to cut off sich drinks as we make at hum, arter our own fashin. If a body makes a leetle cider brandy, or a leetle snakeroot, or a leetle rottifee, or sich like, all done at hum, mind ye, I don't see not a mite o' harm in that. If we was to give up them, 't would be signing away our liberties with a vengeance. Now, major, I really don't s'pose 't would be out of the way, if you 've a mind to make your juleps or your punch with some o' my cider brandy, and I guess I can spare ye a barrel. Squire Tarbell gin me for ten gallons last week — he was a layin in some, jest afore he joined the society — he gin me, lets me see — " — " No matter what he gave you," cried the major, impatiently. " I tell you, neighbor Bockum, I 'd rather swallow a four-pound shot than one drop of your home-made trumpery; so I bid you good night."

They had arrived at a fork in the road, which necessarily led apart to their respective dwellings; and the parties accordingly separated, in no very amiable humor towards each other. — " What an insufferable old fool," said the major to his better half, when they had advanced a few rods upon their way, " to suppose I would consent to drink his vile home-made stuff! It 's strong enough, however, to fuddle a commodore. I 've seen the old fellow as boozy as a hum-top, more than fifty times, upon his own abominable brewings. Mark my word, that man will be a downright sot before he dies. The habit has been growing upon him for four or five years, very evidently. He seems to think the brandy can do him no harm, because he makes it himself, under his own roof. What an egregious idiot! He takes it clear, or in water as grog, the very thing the pledge is directed against; and, because it is not foreign spirit, he appears to believe himself a consistent member of the temperance society. If he proceeds in this way, his conduct ought to be taken notice of in some way or other. Sooner or later, he 'll die a sot; you see if I am a false prophet, Mrs. Marquee. Upon reflection, my dear," continued the major, after a short pause, " I am not so sure, that the pledge is intended to include cordials any more than punch and juleps, which, I am quite certain, it was never designed to comprehend. I have been in the habit heretofore of taking a glass of brandy and water with a friend. I shall do this no more, of course; for this I account to be dram-drinking, the very thing, and the only thing, which the society aims to prevent." — " Well, major," his lady replied, " I am not perfectly sure, when I think more seriously of the whole matter, that your opinion is not a cor-

rect one. I am confident as to cordials, and perhaps you are right in regard to punch and juleps; and if I have said anything hastily upon this subject, or in a moment of excitement, I would not have you consider it as my deliberate opinion, my dear." — "Well, my dear," said the major, "this is just what I expected. I knew your excellent good sense would conduct you to a just conclusion. Punch, juleps, and cordials, my love, were no more intended to be comprehended in the temperance pledge than wine-whey, or sack-posset, you may rely upon it." — "I have no doubt of it, my dear," replied the lady. In this agreeable humor they arrived at their own door; and the major having taken a mint-julep, and the lady her glass of anisette, these interesting members of the temperance society retired to their repose.

"If that isn't bein perlite!" cried Farmer Bockum to his wife and daughters, as soon as they were out of the hearing of the major and his lady; "if that isn't bein perlite! that's bein brought up jinteel, I s'pose. What did I say, I wants to know, that was n't as civil as need be? I offered to let him have a barrel o' my cider brandy, and Squire Tarbell thought himself lucky enough to get no more than ten gallons on it; and he ups and tells me to my face that it's trumpery, and that he would n't swally a drap on't no more than he 'd swally a cartouch-box; that's perlite, an't it?" — "No, no, father, he did n't say anything about a cartouch-box," cried Dolly Bockum; "he said a four-pound shot." — "I don't care the vally of a rasher o' bacon what he said; it makes not a mite o' differ which 't was he swally'd; he may swally 'em both, an he 's a mind to, and be hang'd." — "I reckon," said the farmer's wife, "they 'd been a spatting on it." — "I guess as though they 'd been at it," said Miss Dolly; "he seemed proper disgruntled, 'cause she twitted him about juleps and punch, and so he gin her a jab about cordials." — "Well, no matter," said the farmer; "that's no reason why he should insult me right off as he did. Punch and juleps, to be sure! he 's a punchin and julepin day and night; he a member of the temperance society! I 've kept the run on him for a long spell, and, if he don't get clean down to heel, and get to be a raal drunkard afore ten years is gone by, then I 'm no prophet."

The worthy farmer, as he entered his cottage, appeared to be essentially relieved by the outpouring of this merciful prediction, mingled, as it probably was, and as such predictions too frequently are, with no very faint hope of their ultimate verification. "Well, Dolly," said he, as he squared himself before the fire, with his feet upon the tops of the andirons, and his hands upon his knees, "reach down that are decanter from the upper shelf, and gi' me a bicker,

ducky; let 's try a leetle o' that are trumpery — why, it 's all gone. What 's got it? Here, wife, what 's come o' the cider brandy that was in this ere decanter?" — "What 's come on 't?" cried the wife; "why, man, you 're losing your memory; don't you remember you drank it yourself?" — The old farmer's memory was, indeed, somewhat impaired; and the present was not the only occasion, upon which this faithful sharer of all his joys and sorrows had availed herself of the circumstance, to persuade him, that he himself had consumed the contents of his decanter, which she had, in fact, poured into her own keg of metheglin, for the purpose of advancing it somewhat nearer to the standard of Mrs. Marquee's anisette. — "Well, well, Dolly," said the old man, "run down, ducky, and fill it agin. I 'd no idee 't was all gone, what was in the decanter; I thought 't was eenamost full." — Dolly obeyed her father's commands; the replenished decanter was soon upon the table; and the old farmer, for the space of half an hour, sipped and sang the praises of his cider brandy. His cheerful partner sat by his side, solacing herself with a glass of her favorite metheglin, secretly enforced; anticipating the numerous advantages, which their village would derive from the establishment of the temperance society; commenting upon the perilous effects of punch and juleps; and perfectly concurring in her husband's prophecy, that Major Marquee would die a drunkard.

Micajah Moody, the major's serving-man, had been once an orderly sergeant; and, on account of a remarkable combination of good qualities, he had been translated, rather than promoted, from the regiment to his present situation. He certainly furnished an additional illustration of that facetious saying, that nothing was ever benefited by translation but a bishop. Those restrictions were not to be found in the major's kitchen, which had retained Micajah within the bounds of decency while surrounded by his corps, who were entitled, of course, to the benefit of his good example. A very grievous amount of drunkenness, among the members of this particular class, is manifestly produced by the free indulgence of their masters; who, until their domestics become thoroughly confirmed and utterly unprofitable sots, cannot very gracefully reprove, in the persons of their inferiors, those habits of intemperance, to which they are conscious of being sufficiently addicted themselves. Those free livers, as they are sometimes called, cannot be supposed zealous to check the habit in their dependants and retainers, at the very commencement; in which very commencement, beyond all doubt, the danger lies, and when a few preventive suggestions would be likely to produce that happy result, which all subsequent exertions may never be able to accomplish.

Micajah had the highest reverence for Major Marquee. His devotion was entire and absolute. No rule of ethics was ever needed by this worthy servitor, whenever he could obtain, for his direction, the precept or example of his incomparable master. The exhibitions of his exalted respect were sometimes perfectly ridiculous, and rather embarrassing to the major himself. A party, chiefly military gentlemen, had been dining with the major, and were engaged in comparing the professional merits of Saxe, Turenne, Marlborough, Wellington, Bonaparte, and other great captains. The restlessness of Micajah was very visible in every look and action. At length, he could contain himself no longer; and, when one of the party had bestowed unqualified applause upon the French chieftain, — "O, gentlemen," cried this devoted follower, "I wish you 'd a seen the major at Lundy's Lane." — "Leave the room," cried his master. — "Talk o' Bonapart," muttered Micajah, moving towards the door. "Begone, sir," cried the major, with evident embarrassment. The honest fellow left the room, shaking his head, and muttering to himself, "If they 'd 'a been at Lundy's Lane!" —

Micajah, one instant before he beheld the major enrolling his name among the members of the temperance society, cared nothing for temperance; and, like a Swiss soldier in foreign service, would as cheerfully and zealously have followed his employer, in opposition to the cause. But he no sooner gathered the impression that his redoubtable master was disposed to favor these measures, than, without any other reflection, he readily subscribed the pledge; and, as the major remarked in the conversation with his lady, was undoubtedly tipsy at the time. And yet here was no literal inconsistency; for Micajah's favorite beverage was porter or brown stout, he having become persuaded, some six or seven years before, when he lost an eye in a broil, while grievously drunk upon gin, that distilled spirit did not suit his peculiar constitution.

Micajah Moody fancied himself highly exalted, by having his name so closely associated with his master's, and being actually a member of the same society. It was with an air of unusual importance, therefore, that he entered the major's kitchen, and took his position before the fire with folded arms, on the evening when he returned from the temperance lecture.

Major Marquee, probably in conformity with camp habits, entertained a preference for male domestics. His family, in this department, consisted, beside Micajah, of a strapping black *boy*, to use the Southern appellation, though Lucifer, for such was his name, had weathered seventy winters, and was grayer than a badger.

Lucifer, greatly to the annoyance of Mrs. Marquee performed the office of chambermaid; and it was with no little difficulty, that she had prevailed with the major to retain old Morcas Groonter, the cook, who had lived many years in the family. For an omelet, souflè, and a ragout, Morcas was unrivalled; and this consideration is supposed to have turned the balance in her favor. Lucifer was a runaway slave, with whose master the major had compounded. He was born in Congo, and might, in his prime, have been accounted the blackest, the woolliest, and the glossiest of his species. Morcas Groonter was a native of Amsterdam. Such was the major's establishment; and, when Micajah entered the kitchen, these worthies were seated on each side of the expansive hearth, waiting the return of the household. Micajah's air was so unusual, and the pomposity of his attitude so perfectly ridiculous, that, after turning the whites of his eyes towards him two or three times, Lucifer gave way to the impulse of his feelings, and sent forth that inimitable Guinea snicker, which has never yet been produced by the native inhabitants of three quarters of the globe. — "What are you grinning for, like a Cheshire cat, hey, nigger?" cried Micajah in a passion. — "Ho, Mass Cajy, don be mad now," replied the old negro; "I ony laugh cause you look so full o' yourself; dat all." — "Look 'a here, you nigger," cried Micajah, stamping on the hearth, "no more of your imp'dence — keep your distance, sir. You 'll please hereafter, when you speak to me, to call me Sergeant Moody — no more of your Mass Cajy, or I 'll break your black choclate-pot for you. — Morcas," continued he, after a short pause, "I and the ma — major have joined the temperance society." — Old Morcas stared in his face, and laughed outright, and Lucifer ran his fist into his mouth, lest he should furnish fresh occasion for enraging the sergeant, whose humor he well understood, and who was apt to be extremely savage, when under the influence of intoxicating liquor. — "What do you laugh at, old woman?" cried Micajah. "Your mistress has signed the pledge, and I guess you 'll have to sign it yourself, or quit your quarters." — "Mish Marquee sign de bledge! vat you mean?" said old Morcas, lifting up her hands in astonishment; "vat, vill she not trink no more of dat shweet stuff vat she keep in te plue tronk, ey?" — "Pshaw, you old outlandish fool you!" cried the sergeant; "the pledge has nothing to do with that, nor wine, nor beer; but rum, and gin, and brandy." — "Morcas Groonter won't sign de bledge den," said the old woman; "Ise trinkt de Hollands ven I vas shmall as you knee; my mutter trinkt 'em; my fader trinkt 'em; Vandergrist, de minishter, he trinkt 'em. Ise heerd him say if dere vas no more Hollands, den dere vud pe no more purgomasters."

While Morcas was enforcing her opinion, Micajah had betaken himself to the dresser, and, having swallowed an additional potation of brown stout, he resumed his position before the fire. "Well," said he, "the major has signed the so—society, and if man, woman, or child dares to say agin it, I, I, I don't care who he is, you see if I don't.—I 'm for temperance; and I 'll tell ye what, old woman, if you go on as you have, for a—for a long spell a guzzling Gineva, you 'll be a drunkard before you die, that—that are 's what I prophesy."—"I a tronkard avoor I tie!" exclaimed old Morcas, highly incensed at the suggestion; "I a tronkard avoor I tie! vy, Mike, you pe dronk dis plessit minnit your own sel. Vich make de piggest tronkard, a leetle oold Hollands or de prown shtout, ey, I vonder! You pe foine hand to sign de bledge! haw, haw!"—"Well, hold your clack—clack, mother Groont—Groonter, will ye? I 'm for turning in."—The sergeant rose and staggered toward the door on his way to his dormitory. "I 'll tell ye what, old wo—woman," said he, as he stood with his hand on the door-latch, his body swaying backward and forward while he spoke, "I 'll tell ye what, Hollands will be the death of ye: had n't ye better sign the so—society, old wo—woman, hey? what d' ye say to that?"—"Ise vish de society wash ere to zee dare new memper—get along to ped, Mike, and shleep avay de gallon of de prown shtout vat you pe trink to-day."

It is pleasant, as Lucretius says, to get upon the very top of all philosophy, and look out upon the world, safe ourselves from its dangers and alarms. So thought Lucifer, who had sat in silence, grinning from ear to ear, and enjoying the strife in which he was not likely to be comprehended. There were few things in life, which afforded higher satisfaction to this ancient African than the quarrels of Morcas and Micajah.—"Vell, Mishy Groonter," said he, as soon as the sergeant was out of hearing, "Mass Cajy pooty well up tree. He all for temperance, he, he, he, he! ony tink; and de major, and de ol lady, he, he! ony tink! Mishy Groonter!"—"Lush," cried the old crone, unable to subdue her indignant feelings, "you hear vat he zay, I pe a tronkart avoor I tie. And he himsel de tronken velp vat he pe."—"Yes, Mishy Groonter," replied Lucifer, "I hear 'em: vat you tink ob de ol lady for temperance, Mishy Groonter? ey, vat you tink? he, he, he! She git ober de bay some time. Two, tree, four time she send for de doctor here, de las year, notten de matter under de hebben but de good stuff, Mishy Groonter. So ven ol doctor he come down, I ax vat de matter, and he say, O, notten, only leetle touch ob de pocalyptic fit—tink he call 'em so. An ven I zay, O how sorry I be! and

look de ol doctor right in de eye, he put his finger long side his nose, and look so ridiclous, thought should die. De ol lady go de way ob de rest ob em, you see, Mishy Groonter; oly you reclec, some day or odder, what Lusfer say." — "Dat shweet stuff vat she trink," replied Morcas, as she raked up the fire preparatory to her departure for bed, "vould make me vary tronk avoor long. I pe sorry de goot old laddy pe get in de pad vay." — So saying, and having prepared to depart, she unlocked a cupboard, sacred to her own particular use, and, taking therefrom a bottle of Geneva, she took her customary evening dram, leaving a few drops in the g'ass for Lucifer, which he swallowed with evident delight. Having made his arrangements for the morning, in doing which he had occupied some fifteen or twenty minutes after old Morcas retired, and cautiously reconnoitring to see if all was still, the faithful Lucifer drew a key from his own pocket, and, unlocking the sacred cupboard, helped himself to a full glass of Hollands, turning into the bottle an equal quantity of water in its stead; and, having wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, he sat ruminating over the smouldering embers, and agreeably to his long-accustomed habit, talking to himself under the influence of his dram: — "Pooty fair dat, as massa say, ven he relish de julep; pooty fair dat, Mishy Groonter; he, he, he! Guess Mass Cajy 'bout right, Mishy Groonter die drunkard. Guess Mishy Groonter 'bout right too. Mass Cajy die same way. Don care if dey do. Den de ol major and de ol lady go off jest de same, likes not. Who care! Let 'em go. Dey don care for de ol nigger, and de ol nigger don care for dem. Vat ol nigger made for? I don know. Ol nigger like once more to see his pickaninnies on de plantation — dey big now, field hands, s'pose — den ol nigger like to die and go back to Congo, and swim in de ribber where de white thief stole de ol nigger ven he little pickaninny hisself. — Vell, Lushfer, go to bed, and forget all 'bout it;" and having finished his soliloquy, he obeyed the commands which he thus laid upon himself.

It is about twelve years since the occurrences, which have been thus succinctly described are supposed to have taken place. They came to our knowledge about four years ago, and were substantially related by a clergyman, who was a zealous supporter of the temperance cause. "How exceedingly inconsistent, how perfectly absurd," said he, "are the views of some persons upon this interesting subject! It can be of little importance, by what means drunkenness is produced. The divine command to abstain from drunkenness is equally violated by him, who commits the offence, whether he employs one agent or another, for the production of

this disgusting result." He then proceeded to relate the preceding narrative, by way of illustration. "All these personages," continued he, "were either parishioners of mine, or within the sphere of my observation; and their predictions and prophecies, in regard to one another, were occasionally made in my hearing. Farmer Bockum was a veritable prophet. The major squandered his wife's property, became exceedingly intemperate, so much so that his name was stricken off by the society, within three months after he signed the pledge. He died of apoplexy. Lucifer was not the only one, who presumed to foretell a similar fate in relation to his mistress. She is still living, decidedly intemperate, and supported by an old family connection. When their property was gone, she reconciled herself to the most humble substitutes for noyeau and anisette. The old lady's prediction was not less correct in regard to Micajah, than was his in relation to old Morcas Groonter. Both are in their graves, and both died drunkards. Poor Farmer Bockum is also dead, and he died in the most perfect fulfilment of the major's prophecy. The farmer's widow still lives, though in a very bad way. She is not commonly suspected of intemperance, since she ordinarily drinks nothing but metheglin, and her secret of *enforcing* it was one that she probably considered too important to be communicated. Old Lucifer also is no more. He died a sot, and I have frequently warned him of the consequences of his evil habit. You see, my dear sir," continued the Rev. Mr. ———, "you see the verifications of all these prophecies. Well may we exclaim, *The prophets! where are they?*"

I was much amused and instructed by these remarks of my reverend friend; and, believing they might be profitably moulded into the form of a temperance tale, I called on the narrator, about a month after the first recital, to ascertain if he had any objection. It was nearly four years ago. I found him just taking his seat at the dinner-table, and, upon his pressing invitation, I took mine by his side. He agreed with me entirely, and gave his ready consent to the publication. I perceived a decanter of colored liquor upon the table, and supposing it to be currant water, or some simple beverage, I inquired with a smile, if it were some of Mrs. Bockum's metheglin. My friend replied, and, as I fancied at the moment, with a little formality, that it was not. Presently he poured out a glass for himself, and asked me if I would take a glass of wine.—"Wine!" said I, with an involuntary expression of surprise. "Yes," he replied; "this is some excellent sherry, sent me as a present by a parishioner of mine."—"I was not aware," said I, "that you drank wine."—"Yes, sir," said he, with increasing formality,

"our Saviour drank wine, and his example may be followed, I suppose."—The wife and children of the reverend gentleman were present, and I perceived, that any attempt to argue upon this interesting matter would have been ungraciously received. I therefore shortly after took my leave.

This good man is now gathered to his fathers. When the temperance society in his village, of which he had been president for several years, decided to adopt the comprehensive pledge, he resigned his office, and not only ceased to coöperate with his old friends, but became positively hostile to the progress of the temperance cause. I am told that his habit of drinking wine grew visibly stronger from month to month, and not only utterly annihilated his influence as a friend of temperance, but essentially diminished his usefulness as a minister of the gospel of Christ.

Verily, thought I, as I pondered these things,—*the prophets! where are they?*

MARGARET'S BRIDAL.

To the Rev. JOHN MARSH, Corresponding Secretary of the American Temperance Union. My Dear Sir: The bagatelle, which I present you, upon the following pages, with a formal dedication to the Corresponding Secretary of the American Temperance Union, reminds me of some little urchin, who, in a sportive moment, has overwhelmed his brows with his grandfather's full-bottom wig. Nevertheless, as I am indebted to you for the fact, upon which I have constructed the story of *Margaret's Bridal*, I have taken the liberty to inscribe it with your name. In truth, this little narrative was written at your particular suggestion; and I can never regret it, since it has afforded me legitimate occasion for associating with my humble labors the name of one, whom I cordially respect and esteem.

And now, my dear sir, that I have virtually made you, *nolens volens*, the sponsor for my bantling, I intend to be quite as reasonable in my demands, as most fond parents are upon the god-fathers of their offspring. In a word, if you will vouchsafe to this new-comer a very small share of that affectionate interest, which you have so kindly bestowed upon every other member of this numerous family, it will be favored beyond its deserts, and I shall not complain of the operation of that ancient statute, which gave the first born a double portion.

In this holy enterprise, in which we have been fellow-laborers, for many years, no human enjoyment can be more pure than the gratification resulting from success. Upon this consecrated arena neither riches nor honors are to be gathered, of this present world. We are permitted to behold the long-lost child, dead — ay, buried in his trespasses and sins — bursting the bandages of a moral death — returning to the trembling arms of an aged parent — wives regaining their husbands — orphans finding their fathers — the miserable drunkard resuming the implements of honest industry, gathering up his fallen respectability, and, after years of slothful neglect, returning to his little ones at last with bread, that they may eat and live — the den of sin and misery becoming once more the peaceful cottage — the mutual confidence of its inmates completely re established — the rum-jug removed forever from its accustomed place upon their humble board, and in its stead the expanded volume of eternal truth! Is there not enough of reward for all our toil in the delightful consciousness, that, under God, we have had any agency, however subordinate, in the production of such results as these? I fervently ask of Heaven the same blessing upon this present effort, which has been vouchsafed upon its predecessors. May God speed this little messenger upon its errand of mercy to the castles of the rich, and the cottages of the poor — to the log-houses of the far west, and to foreign climes.

Adieu, my dear sir. May we be permitted to labor together in this cause of God and of humanity, for many years; and may we say of it, with our latest breath, in the language of the departing patriot to his native land — *Esto perpetua!*

"GALLIOPOLIS!" — "Yes, sir," replied the captain of the gay little steamer, in which we were gliding rapidly downward upon the glassy waters of the Ohio; "Galliopolis is the name of that settlement, and the river, whose mouth you see opposite, on the Virginia shore, is the Great Kenhaway. Colonel Byerly," continued he, turning to a good-looking, gray-headed, gentlemanly man, who was sitting near us upon the upper deck, — "Colonel Byerly is an old *Buckeye*, and can give you all the information you can possibly desire, in relation to these matters. Give me leave, Colonel Byerly, to make you acquainted with Mr. Merlin, of Massachusetts. He is a stranger in this region, and as you are both temperance men, you will not be at a loss for a topic of conversation." — The colonel rose with an air of politeness and cordiality, which, I seriously fear, was more common, half a century ago, than it is at the present day; and, with something of the formality of military manners, introduced

me to a gentleman who was conversing with him, a short time before, as the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny, of North Carolina. "We are all temperance men, I believe," said Colonel Byerly. — "I trust it is so," said the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny; "I know of no common ground, upon which entire strangers may so easily become friends, as upon the temperance ground." — "How wonderfully," said the colonel, "are the very extremities of the earth brought closely together, by this power of steam! You see yonder, near the after part of the boat, a young couple, who are returning to Illinois. That young man has taken a wife from the shores of the Kennebec; and, if he sets any value upon his ears, he will never open his mouth, in her hearing, about wooden nutmegs or Yankee notions. Here, owing to this amazing facility of locomotion, here are we three, from distant corners of the union, brought together in front of Galliopolis." — "Pray, sir," said the clergyman, "does it take its name from Galliopoli, at the mouth of the Sea of Marmora, or from Galliopoli in the kingdom of Naples?" — "From neither," replied the colonel, "but from the fact, that, many years since, about the year 1791, if I rightly recollect, there came hither a company of French adventurers, and settled upon this tract of land. Some time after, a defect was discovered in their title, and they were accordingly ejected. It was their intention to have cultivated the vine, upon an extensive scale; and, for some particular species, it was thought the climate and soil would have been very well adapted. It was their intention to establish the manufacture of wine; and they were very sanguine in relation to the success of their enterprise, until they were driven from their Eden in the wilderness, by the power of the law." — "What a pity," exclaimed our reverend friend, — "what a pity, that they should have been interrupted in such a career of active benevolence!" — For a moment, I supposed this remark to have been uttered in the spirit of irony. A single glance convinced me of my error; and, at that instant, I recollected, that, in the earlier stages of the temperance reform, and while its fundamental principles were as yet imperfectly considered, a benevolent physician, in the metropolis of New England, established an extensive brewery, *in aid of the temperance cause*. "Do you think, sir," said I, addressing myself respectfully to the clergyman, — "do you think, sir, that the introduction of the vine into our country, with a view to the manufacture of wine upon an extensive scale, would be a blessing?" — "Can there be a doubt of it?" he replied. — "I should think there might be," said a pale young man, in rusty black, who had joined our little circle, and whom I conjectured, correctly, as I afterwards ascertained, to be himself a clergyman. The Rev. Mr.

M'Ninny gazed upon this young man, who had presumed to doubt the correctness of his opinions, with an expression, which did not strike me as altogether evangelical. "I am an ardent friend of temperance," said he, "but I am not an ultraist. There is a great amount of ultraism at the present day, and this excellent cause of temperance has come in for a bountiful share of it." — "Pray, sir," said the young man, with a manner altogether unexceptionable, "will you give me a definition of ultraism?" — "Give you a definition of ultraism? Yes, sir, I will," replied the other; "ultraism, sir, is — is — that is to say, ultraism in temperance is a sort of — a species of intemperance itself, sir. It is going beyond reasonable bounds." — "Well, sir," said the young man, "on the whole, I think your definition of ultraism a good one; and now the question returns in this form — what are reasonable bounds?" — "Reasonable bounds," replied Mr. McNinny, "are the old bounds, to be sure. While the friends of temperance confined their operations to the suppression of the use of ardent spirit, their labors were attended with success. But now the ultraists are bringing ruin on the best of causes. Wine is a blessing, and so are all fermented liquors. Fermentation is God's work; distillation is man's work." — "Stranger," said a raw-boned Kentuckian, who had listened in silence for some time, "both on 'em 's the devil's work, I tell ye. I've tried 'em all, and been jest as crazy as a 'coon with a slug in his ear, 'pon every one on 'em, from streaked ale up e'enamost t' akyfortus."

"Sir," said the young man, after the Kentuckian's unexpected sortie had produced its effect, and the laughter, which it had occasioned, had subsided, "it seems to me there is but one simple question to be settled, and that is a question of fact — are fermented liquors, or, rather, is any one fermented liquor sufficient now, as it was of old, for the production of personal, domestic, and national drunkenness? We have the clearest evidence, that the greater part of the drunkenness of Great Britain, at the present day, is produced by the use of fermented liquor, especially of beer. The popular delusion, respecting the temperance of France and other wine-producing countries, is at an end. This error has arisen from a long-continued supposition that the effects of drunkenness were similar, however produced. The wretch, stupefied and prostrate in the gutter, under the influence of ardent spirit or strong beer — the assassin, whose eyes are open, whose muscular power is absolutely increased, but whose reason is utterly dethroned, under the stimulus of light wines — these are both equally *drunk*. If the evils of drunkenness are to be entailed upon us, as a nation, and we may be

permitted to choose for ourselves the means of intoxication, we shall avoid incalculable evils, by selecting ardent spirits instead of fermented liquors. We shall thereby greatly diminish the amount of domestic misery. In either case the drunkard will be a drunkard still; and it will be of little consequence, in regard to himself, whether the hand of death do its work earlier or later, by the brief space of a few days, or weeks, or months. In relation to his miserable household and to all around him, it is far otherwise." — "Jest so," cried the Kentuckian, "jest so my wife used to say; said she, 'Eleezur, if you will git drunk,' said she, 'for Heaven's sake git drunk right off on whiskey; then you 'll tumble into the house head foremost, and the boys and I 'll be able to git ye to bed, and ye 'll sleep it off, and there 's an eend on 't for that bout. But for massy's sake don't git drunk on cider, ye 're so long a gittin drunk, and so cross and rampaugy the hull time, kickin the children about, and gittin so crazy that ye don't know frind from foe; git drunk on whiskey, Eleezur, do now, there 's a nice man, but don't git drunk on cider.' "

These shots from the Kentuckian's rifle were exceedingly annoying to the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny, who thought proper to neutralize the power of this irregular opponent, by a perplexing interrogatory. — "My friend," said he, "you appear to be a very zealous advocate for temperance; are you a member of the society?" — "I be, stranger," he replied; "I joined it about a year ago; and my wife says she 's got sothin to live for now, and afore she wished herself dead; that 's the differ; and the children aren't afear'd o' me now no time o' day, nor night neither. I don't s'pose you 'd approve o' our society, accordin to your talk, for we go the hull figur. Our doctor 's joined it, but we can't get Parson Roundy nor Lawyer Flayer to come in no how. The squire doubts whether it 's constitutional; and Parson Roundy says it 's agin Scriptur. Kentuck 's a doin better for temperance than you think for, stranger, I tell ye."

The occasional laughter, which had been elicited by the quaint remarks of this honest backwoodsman, had made our circle an object of no small attraction; and some thirty or forty passengers had already gathered to the spot.

"The wine of old," continued the young clergymen, "contained no other alcohol than such as resulted from its own fermentation. Distillation was unknown. Of course, no distilled spirit was added. The very reverse of this is true of the modern wine of commerce. It is highly enforced with distilled alcohol. The wine of old was strong enough, comparatively weak and innocent as it was, to intoxicate Noah, and Lot, and Belshazzar, and even the primitive Corin

thian disciples, around the table of their Lord. It was strong enough to bring down that curse of drunkenness upon all Jerusalem, which God Almighty denounced by the lips of Jeremiah. Now, as man is precisely the thing he then was, so far as respects his liability to be made drunk, by such means of drunkenness as were then employed, upon what ground can we anticipate for ourselves a different result from the operation of causes precisely similar? If distilled spirit were forever and entirely abolished from the earth, yet if wine, the pure, unenforced wine of old remained. drunkenness, as of old, would remain, the very same personal, domestic, and national curse. How much more probable would be this result from the employment of the modern wine of commerce!"

—"I reckon you 'd better come down, stranger," said the Kentuckian, addressing himself to the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny. —"Come down!" replied he, "I know not what you mean by coming down."

—"Well, then," said the Kentuckian, "I 'll jest tell ye. Ye see there was a feller was a tellin how many 'coons he 'd killed in a day. He made a dreadful swagger on it; I b'lieve my soul he said he 'd killed a hundred afore dinner. There was another feller, a neighbor o' mine, lives a purty considerable piece above my log on Boon's Lick. He did n't believe the tother, ye see; so he ups to him arter this fashin; says he, 'You killed a hundred afore dinner, did ye?' 'Yes, I did,' said the tother; 'bagged jest ninety-seven; three fell in the gullies, and I could n't git 'em.' —'That are 's nothin,' said he; 'why, there 's Ginral Sweeny up our Lick, he 's fetched down a hundred and forty afore breakfast. The 'coons knew he never missed, and they got out of his way as soon as ever they see him. There was one confounded sly old 'coon; he 'd lost his tail and one paw; nobody could touch him over; but one day the ginral was out, and he got a fair sight o' this old 'coon, clean up in the tip top of a black walnut. Up went the rifle, and the ginral cries out, 'Ha, Jocco, I 've got ye at last.' Jocco looked down, and he no sooner see who 't was, than he cried out, 'Don't fire, ginral; if it 's you I 'll come down!' 'T was that I was a thinkin on, when I told ye, stranger, that ye 'd better come down." —The shout of laughter, which followed this last speech of the Kentuckian, literally shook the timbers of our little steamer, and gathered almost the whole company around us.

"Well," said Colonel Byerly, "I am not a member of the Temperance Society, but I believe it to be entitled to the respect of every reflecting man, and of every patriot. If I were asked the question, why I am not a member of the society, it would probably take me some time to furnish a reason, which would satisfy myself or any-

bod y else." — "I reckon the folks are more than half right, colonel," said the Kentuckian. — "Half right," said the colonel with a smile, "in what respect?" — "Why, they all say," replied the backwoodsman, "that you 're an honest man." — "Be that as it may," continued Colonel Byerly, "whenever I conclude to join a temperance society, it must be one, whose principles of action are consistent and perfectly intelligible. If the object of the society be the prevention of intoxication, a pledge of abstinence should run, it seems to me, against all intoxicating drinks; and, strictly speaking, against all intoxicating substances. A pledge of abstinence from ardent spirits is an imperfect thing; for the party may be as drunk as he pleases upon cider, wine, or beer. If we were surrounded by our enemies, it would be accounted miserable generalship to concentrate all our forces in front, leaving our flanks and rear without any protection. It is perfectly absurd to speak of wine as a harmless beverage. During the old war, the war of the revolution, the officers of the regiment, to which I was attached, became fully persuaded, that brandy was a mischievous beverage. Its evil effects had become too apparent. Some of our number were evidently getting into a very bad way. The idea of a temperance society, extending its influence over the whole civilized earth, was no more in our thoughts, at that time, than the idea of a steamboat or a locomotive engine upon a railway. Nevertheless it appeared absolutely necessary to the most reflecting of our corps, that some plan should be devised, for the prevention of that intemperance, which was becoming rather too characteristic among the gentlemen of the army. We therefore resolved to make no use of brandy for one year. A few of us set the example, and subscribed an agreement to that effect, which in less than a fortnight was signed by every officer in the regiment. It was proposed to include rum, and offer the paper to the whole regiment, rank and file. To this there were serious objections. We, at that time, never imagined such a thing as total abstinence. We no more thought of cold water for drink, than of raw pork for diet. Indeed we had already clubbed our purses for the purchase of a suitable quantity of wine. It seemed hardly fair, therefore, as the common soldiers could not afford the purchase of wine, to call on them for a resignation of their grog, offering no other substitute than cold water. We therefore limited our project to the officers of the regiment. The experiment went into immediate operation. We tried it about three months, and abandoned it in utter despair. The vice became more social; we tarried longer over the bottle; we became more talkative, disputatious, and even quarrelsome; and I well remember that

one prominent subject-matter of altercation was the unaccountable facility, with which our whole stock of wine was drunk out. We gave it up, and went back to brandy." — "The greatest blessing may be abused, colonel," said the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny: "we have the highest authority for the use of wine. Paul recommended it to Timothy." — "He did," said the young clergyman, "for his infirmities; let wine then be kept for the sick, if it be thought necessary by the faculty; and, since we cannot have an inspired apostle at our elbows to prescribe it, let us abstain from its employment, until we have at least the prescription of a conscientious temperance physician." — "We have a higher authority than Paul, that of Christ himself," said the other. — "Sir," said the young man, with great solemnity of manner, "I am always shocked when mere men of the world defend their habit of drinking wine, by the example of our blessed Redeemer. I cannot describe my feelings, when the practice of wine-drinking is defended upon the strength of this holy example, by a minister of the gospel. It is not possible for him to set up his authority for himself, and not for the world; for the most temperate, and not for the most intemperate of mankind. He may draw nice distinctions; others will not. The authority, if applied at all, is applied universally; and its advantages are claimed by all, if allowed to any. Intemperance is a gradual affair, from the first trifling excess to the grossest debauchery. The transitions are often imperceptible, by him, who makes them. From first to last, his moral vision becoming the more depraved, the further he advances, the intemperate man is incapable of perceiving any difference between himself and his more temperate, wine-drinking neighbor. It is enough, they both drink wine; and each justifies his conduct, by the example of the Redeemer. Can anything be conceived more awfully revolting than this?" — "You are very fluent, sir, for so young a man," said the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny, evidently nettled by the remarks of his younger brother; "it is my deliberate opinion, that he, who holds there is any impropriety in drinking wine, insults the memory of his Redeemer." — "I regret my youth, sir," the young clergyman replied, "if it be any obstacle, in your estimation, to the progress of sound doctrine. We are taught, however, to let no man despise it, while we are struggling against any opinion, which we conscientiously believe to be heretical. It seems to me that there are so many ways, in which a sincere disciple may testify his love and reverence for his Lord and Master, that it is scarcely necessary to resort to the expedient of drinking wine. We may preach his gospel to all nations. We may select some barren spot, and toil over the moral wilderness, till it blossom

like the rose. We may take upon our shoulders the smallest fragment of the cross; and I ask you, reverend sir, if you do not in your heart believe, that such service will be more acceptable to our blessed Master, than drinking wine to his honor and glory?"—"Young man!" exclaimed the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny, with an uplifted finger, "you forget yourself; your language is absolutely irreverent and impious."—"God forbid," said the young clergyman, with an expression of sincere devotion upon his features, which impressed me and all around him, I believe, with a feeling of respect and confidence; "God forbid, sir," said he, "that I should suffer anything irreverent or impious to pass these lips, which have been consecrated to the service of Heaven. If there be aught in my remark, which savors of irreverence or impiety, it springs not from me or my language, but arises from the faithful exhibition of the idea — the idea of manifesting one's love and reverence for the Saviour of mankind, by drinking wine! If this be one of the tasks, imposed upon his followers, verily the burden is light."—"Pray, sir," said the Rev. Mr. McNinny, in a tone somewhat subdued, for he already began to perceive that his antagonist was not to be despised; "pray, sir," said he, "did not Christ convert water into wine at the wedding feast in Cana of Galilee? Was he not himself a guest, and was not the wine, which he made, furnished in abundance at that festival, and with his entire approbation?"—All eyes were turned upon the young clergyman, in expectation of his reply. He seemed overwhelmed with this unexpected interrogatory; and, for some time, continued to bow down his head, literally, like a bulrush. The Rev. Mr. M'Ninny had already gathered courage from the apparent confusion of his antagonist, and, being disposed to make the most of his victory, exclaimed, "Well, sir, you find yourself perplexed for an answer, I see, and I do not wonder at your confusion, young man."—"I am not perplexed for an answer," said the young clergyman, in a melancholy tone of voice, at the same time raising his eyes upon his adversary. We were all greatly surprised to perceive that they were filled with tears, and a feverish glow had suddenly spread itself over his pale features.—"I am in no confusion, reverend sir," continued he; "but you have approached a subject of deeper and more painful interest to me than you can possibly imagine."—At this moment the bell announced that dinner was upon the table. "If you conceive it to be worth your trouble, sir," continued the young clergyman, "to give any further attention to my remarks, and will meet me here after our repast, I foresee, at this moment, no insurmountable difficulty in the way of furnishing a satisfactory reply to your interrogatories."—"Very well, sir," said the other.

The group instantly dispersed; and, whatever might have been the diversity of opinion, respecting the subject under discussion, the most perfect unanimity appeared now to prevail. All, with one consent, rushed down the companion-way into the cabin, and we soon found our places, round the well-furnished table of the steamer. I had Colonel Byerly, on my right hand, and our honest friend from Boon's Lick had taken his place, upon my left. "Colonel Byerly," said I, "do you know the name of this young man?" — "No, sir," he replied, "but our friend, M'Ninny, had better not have meddled with him; he has gotten his hands full, if I am not greatly mistaken." — "Colonel," said the Kentuckian, "an't he a smart un? don't he hold on jest like a bear-trap, don't he, colonel?" — "He is an intelligent young man, friend Kennedy," replied the colonel; "I never saw him before." — "He seemed to hang fire a leetle mite," said the Kentuckian, "tow'rds the last on't, but my old rifle will do jest so, now and then, and there's no better in old Kentuck." — "No, no, Kennedy," said Colonel Byerly, "he didn't hang fire, as you call it, but he reserved his fire, as we military folks phrase it. M'Ninny was mistaken in the supposition, which he evidently indulged, that his opponent was perplexed by his questions. Something, I know not what, affected the young man's feelings in a very sudden and extraordinary manner. I know not who he is. He may be the worse clothed and fed of the two; but if our friend M'Ninny will only stand fire this afternoon, he'll get grape and canister to his heart's content, or I have mistaken my man entirely." — "I'm afeard, colonel," said the Kentuckian, "that tother bird 'll show the white feather, may be won't come up to the scratch at all, ey, colonel?" — "Never fear him for that, Kennedy," replied Colonel Byerly. "True courage clearly foresees and deliberately weighs the peril it encounters; rashness rushes to the onset without care or calculation. I know the character of our reverend friend right well: he will not shun the contest, depend upon it." — "Well, colonel, like as not you're right," said the Kentuckian; "there's my old sorrel; he's blind as a beetle, stubborn as a mule, stupid as an ass, and bold as a lion. Off he goes, slap dash, and fetches up in a ditch, nine times out o' ten." — "The reverend gentleman," said I, "appears to be fortifying for the occasion." — "Fags, stranger," said the Kentuckian, "and so he is; he's a drinkin wine or sothen, accordin to Scriptur." — We glanced our eyes along the table, at which some sixty passengers were seated; only one of the whole company had called for any intoxicating beverage; the only decanter upon the board was before the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny. Shortly after, it was brought round

by the waiter, with the reverend gentleman's compliments to Colonel Byerly, and a request to take wine with him. "Return it to the gentleman with my respects," said Colonel Byerly, "and say, that, with his permission, I will pledge him in a glass of water."—"Well done, colonel!" cried the Kentuckian, "if I don't tell our folks o' that! How my old Jarman neighbor, Snooder, who 's all for temp'rance, will shout, when he hears that an old revolutioner would n't drink wine with a minister o' the gospel, accordin to Scriptur! ha, ha, ha!"—"Such incidents as these," said I, "have an injurious influence upon the clerical character, and, with the undiscriminating mass, upon the cause of religion itself."—"No doubt of it," replied Colonel Byerly; "you see how it is; having taken the prominent position, which he has assumed, during the morning, all eyes are, at this moment, directed towards him and his decanter. In the present condition of public sentiment, such conduct appears to me exceedingly unfortunate in a minister of the gospel. If it appears so to me, who am not a member of the Temperance Society, how must it appear to those who are—a clergyman, himself a member of the society, drinking his wine, in one of our great, locomotive taverns—at the public table of a steamboat! This is something worse than a mere work of supererogation."—"Well, colonel, I don't know what sort of a work 't is," said the Kentuckian, "but I do know this gentleman and our Parson Roundy would go together in double harness, as kind as any two old stagers that ever you see. You heer'd what he said about wine at the wedding. Well, there was a wedding at Parson Roundy's house, about five months ago; 't was jest arter our Total Abstinence Society had got under way, and was purty pop'lar among our folks. About twenty o' their frinds got together, with the bride and bridegroom; they was all youngish people. So when Parson Roundy had married 'em, he goes into his closet, and out he comes with his face as round and shiny, as the lid of a bran new warming-pan, holdin in his hand a sarver with glasses and a decanter o' wine. So, ye see, he pours out a couple o' glasses, and hands one on 'em to the bride, and t' other to the bridegroom. 'I 'm not peticlar about takin any,' said the bride. 'No occasion for any, thankee, sir,' said the bridegroom. Parson Roundy hemm'd as rough as a saw-mill; he always does when he 's put out; so on he went, handin the liquor to one arter another, till he 'd got through the hull boodle on 'em; and not a mother's son nor darter would touch the valley of a spunful. 'Well,' said he, as gruffly as a bull-frog with the throat distemper, 'I should suppose you were all of ye membe:s of the cold-water society.'—'I b'lieve we be, sir,'

said one on 'em, with a giggle, as she looked round upon the rest. 'Yes, Parson Roundy,' said the bridegroom, 'we thought as how we should be as well off not to meddle with edge tools; so Jerusha and I signed the pledge afore we got married!'—Parson Roundy didn't like it; he looked like a red pepper. So what d' ye think he does; he call'd in his two young children, and he told each on 'em to drink the health o' the bride and bridegroom. There, colonel, what d' ye think o' that!"—"Why, I think," replied the colonel, "that your Parson Roundy must be a terrible blockhead."

"I believe, sir," said a gentleman, who sat directly opposite to us at the table, addressing Colonel Byerly, "I believe you were desirous of knowing the name of the young clergyman, who was engaged this morning in the discussion with the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny."—"Can you inform us?" inquired the colonel. "His name, sir," replied the other, "is Egerton. He was settled, about three years ago, over a small parish in the village of ———. He is an excellent young man. You remarked, sir, that he might not be so well clothed or fed as his antagonist. He is poor, yet making many rich. His ministry has been followed by God's blessing in a remarkable manner. His humble flock are very strongly attached to him. They have clubbed their little offerings together, and thereby supplied the means of travelling, and they have compelled him to take a respite from his labors. With his salary,—and it is very small,—he maintains a mother and sister, both in infirm health. His sister has labored, for some years, under a distressing melancholy, and has appeared, at times, to have lost her reason entirely. You may see them now sitting together at the upper end of the table."

We turned our eyes upon the group; and readily recognized Mr. Egerton, whom we had not noticed before, since we took our seats at the table. He was placed between an elderly lady, some five-and-sixty years of age, who appeared quite infirm, and one about twenty-eight or thirty, whose whole appearance attracted our particular attention. I thought I had never seen the marks and numbers of settled melancholy, more firmly riveted upon the human countenance. "She has been very beautiful," said Colonel Byerly.—"She retains something of her former appearance," said our informant. "I remember the time, when Margaret Egerton was decidedly the most lovely creature I ever beheld, and that was not many years ago. She had a fine color then, but she is now, as you see, exceedingly pale; her features have become sharpened, and her eyes, which were uncommonly fine, are now seldom turned upon those of any other."—We looked upon this young woman with increasing interest. The arrangement of her dress and hair were

certain slight indications of negligence, which, while they offended not at all against the laws of propriety, seemed silently to say — "Pride is not, and hope has gone." Her eyes seemed fixed on vacancy, while with her finger she appeared to be tracing unmeaning characters upon the table before her. "Can any cause be assigned," said I, addressing our informant, "for this young lady's melancholy?" — "Yes, sir," he replied. "Her story is a sad one, and the circumstances are well known to me; but it would be impossible to give you any satisfactory account of it, situated as we are, at this moment." — "Colonel Byerly," said the Kentuckian. "I 'm a thinkin it 'll be hardly a fair scratch to pit them two agin each other. That young man looks jest as white as a sheet, and as streaked as a 'possum that 's been kept on short allowance all winter; and the t' other — there, only see, he 's takin another glass — I 've seen him take three — I wonder where he finds Scriptur for all that — only look at him; he 's a gettin the steam up purty considerable, I tell ye — how faarce he looks! — I would n't like to be one o' five alligators to match him, no time o' day. Don't ye think, colonel, when they both go up and git at it, if the old un 's gittin the young un on the hip, or the like o' that, 't would be a kind o' charitable for me to let off a leetle, and kittle the old feller a mite, 'twixt the joints o' the harness, ey, colonel?" — "Let them have a fair field, friend Kennedy," replied Colonel Byerly. "Neither make nor meddle. I have seen pale faces, in my time, in the thickest of the fight. You can no more judge of a man's courage by his complexion than of a horse's wind and bottom by the length of his tail." — "Haw, haw, haw, now, colonel," cried the Kentuckian, "you 'd eenamost set a skillinton a larfin." — "You remember Pincher, the little drummer, don't you?" said Colonel Byerly. — "Remember him!" said Kennedy; "why, I seed him last week; he 's one o' my next neighbors, only four-and-twenty miles above. He always speaks o' you with great respect, colonel. He 's in the drovin line now; he told me, t' other day, when I met him, nigh Little Hockin, where he was arter critturs, that he 'd give a prime beef if he could only git a grip o' Colonel Byerly's hand once more afore he died." — "Did he really?" said the colonel, with an expression of grateful emotion. "That was more than I expected of Pincher. I've ordered him a dozen, more than once, well laid on, for robbing a hen-roost. He was the biggest thief in the army. I suppose the poor fellow has not forgotten the good turn I did him on one occasion. I know not how much he has altered in his appearance since then." — "He 's older, o' course," said the Kentuckian, "gray as a badger, thin as a raal weasel, and jest as pale as a

white fish. I don't reckon he 's altered a mite these twenty years. He 's got the very drum he beat in the old war. Somebody stole one o' the sticks, and you never see sich a touse as he made about it. The old man gets his drum out the fourth o' July, afore light, and drums all round town, like all possessed, followed by every boy and dog in the village." — "Well," said Colonel Byerly, "he was the most contemptible piece of humanity, to look upon, the meanest and the most forlorn, that we had in our regiment; pale, diminutive, downcast in the extreme. He beat an excellent drum, and this seemed to be the best of him. Notwithstanding all this, he had the courage of a real dragon. He had a great friendship for Tim Hendricks, a fifer in the same company. At the horrible affair of the Miami villages, where St. Clair was routed, poor Hendricks was shot dead by an Indian, who sprang forward to take his scalp. Pincher flew at him, and I saw him, with my own eyes, run the Indian through with the sword in his right hand, while he still kept up rattling a charge on his drum with the other. But the tables were about being turned upon poor Pincher. Three or four of the Sioux, who saw their comrade fall, rushed at once upon the poor drummer. After a vigorous defence of himself, for a very brief space, against the first assailant, he perceived that there was no chance for him against such fearful odds; and he began to think, that his legs, though not much bigger, might be of more service to him, at that period, than his drum-sticks. He instantly turned to run. The Indian, lifting his tomahawk, sprang forward, and seized him by the hair. Pincher, it seems, wore a wig. I never suspected it before. This remained in the hand of the astonished Indian; and to this circumstance alone the poor drummer owed his preservation at that moment. The other Indians, however, were pressing upon his heels. I witnessed the scene at a short distance, and, with two or three riflemen who were near me, hastened to the spot, and rescued the poor fellow from his peril, which certainly was imminent. When you see Pincher, do not forget to tell him that I have recently heard news of his wig. The identical Sioux, who took Pincher's wig at St. Clair's defeat, was seen with the wig upon his head, not many years ago, by Mr. Flint, the author of Recollections in the Valley of the Mississippi.* A very pale face and a very stout heart," continued the colonel, "are not unfrequently found in the same individual. I recollect a remarkable illustration of this truth, which occurred during Queen Anne's wars. The Earl of Stair had obtained some successes over the

* Flint's "Recollections," &c., p. 155.

French, and, on the very day of the battle, some of the captured French officers were invited by his lordship to dinner, in his quarters. One of them, a French colonel of infantry, differing from the earl, in regard to some particular incident of the battle, the earl called upon his aide-de-camp, Lord Mark Kerr, for a confirmation of his statement. Lord Mark was a very small man, with a very pale face, wholly unattractive to the eye, and one of the very last men, whom you would have chosen, on the strength of his personal appearance, if you had been in search of a chevalier. He very fully confirmed the statement of his uncle, the Earl of Stair. Whereupon the French officer, in some way or other, without the employment of any particularly offensive expression, contrived to offer him an insult. Frenchmen are very clever at this, you know; without uttering a syllable, they can convey an insult, by a shrug of the shoulder, or in the very manner, in which they take a pinch of snuff, in your presence. Lord Mark Kerr took not the least apparent notice of the occurrence. An unpleasant sensation, however, was produced, and the entertainment passed off rather dryly to the close. About three quarters of an hour after all the company had departed, Lord Mark returned alone. He found his uncle walking to and fro, with an anxious countenance. 'Nephew,' said he, 'it is inexpressibly painful to me, by any suggestion of mine, to lead one, whom I love so truly, into peril. You know my abhorrence of these rules of honor. I wish they were abolished by common consent, and others, founded in common sense, substituted in their stead. But, as it is, it is utterly impossible for military men, at the present day, to permit an insult to pass with impunity. The French colonel offered you a direct insult, at my table, to-day. Every one perceived it.'—'Give yourself no uneasiness on that account, my lord,' replied his nephew; 'I have called him to account. —They are now burying him in the outer court.'* I will give you another remarkable example. In the year seventeen hundred and ———"—"Colonel," said the Kentuckian, rising from his seat, "s'pose you put that off till arter supper; it 'll be hog and hom'ny to me to hear ye talk it over about the revolutioners, till midnight. But ye see they 're all gone up, and I reckon, by the noise overhead, they 've got at it."—"True, true," said Colonel Byerly; "I had quite forgot it; let us go up."

We were soon upon the deck. The noise appeared to be occasioned by a fellow, whose bloated countenance and shabby garments, of the most fashionable cut withal, were evidently the insignia of

* Wraxall's "Memoirs."

dissipation and dirt. He was surrounded by a goodly number of the passengers, who were listening to his song. I observed Parson M'Ninny, not within the circle precisely, but within hearing, leaning over the tafferel, and smoking a cigar. When this wretched singer of vicious doggerel came to the chorus, which was of frequent occurrence, the eyes of the whole group were turned upon the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny. I caught the last words —

"He 'll chat with a lass,
And he 'll take off his glass,
And he is the parson for me."

"Very well," said Colonel Byerly, as we turned away in disgust, "this is all perfectly fair; if a clergyman, in the present condition of public sentiment, purified as it is, on certain subjects, will take his glass and his cigar, and openly defend the practice, he gets no more than his deserts." — Our Kentucky friend soon reported, that the Rev. Mr. Egerton was nowhere upon deck. I had therefore no other occupation than gazing upon the beautiful river, and the scenery around, and listening to the interesting remarks of my new acquaintances. "Really," said Colonel Byerly, "we have made more progress than I supposed; we have gotten below the Big Guyundat, haven't we?" — "To be sure," replied Kennedy; "we 're nigh upon Old Kentuck; there, stranger," he continued, turning to me, "that are fine stream ye see, comin in from the left side, is the Great Sandy; some folks call it the Tottery River; when we pass the mouth on 't, we 'll be along side of Old Kentuck. That river 's the boundary 'twixt Kentuck and Virginny. We 'll then be jest forty-five miles below Galliopolis. When the lawyers made them French frogs hop off in a hurry, congress took pity on 'em, and gin 'em a restin-place, a leetle further down; we han't come to 't yet. It 's on t' other side. None on 'em come to Kentuck. The colonel can tell ye all about that, stranger; it 's on his side o' the river." — "Yes," said Colonel Byerly, "the French emigrants were settled afterwards about Burrsburgh, which we shall come to presently, on the right bank. The town was laid out by Jean Gabriel Gervais, whom I remember well, and was part of a tract of twenty-four thousand acres granted them by congress."

At this moment, some one near us said, "He 's coming up;" and, looking round, we perceived Mr. Egerton, the young clergyman, ascending from the cabin, and advancing slowly towards the after deck. The group soon became aware of his approach. "Mark the difference," said Colonel Byerly; "they have already learned to respect him witness the effect of his presence!" — It

was even so; the song had ceased; the shabby performer had slunk away; with one or two exceptions, every countenance had assumed a graver expression; and even Parson M'Ninny had thrown his unfinished cigar into the Ohio, and, having hastily adjusted the collar of his dicky, and brushed the tobacco embers from his waistcoat, rose at his approach.*

"I should have paid my respects to you before, sir," said the young clergyman, addressing the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny, "but some friends, who are in feeble health, required my attention. I have come, rather to redeem my pledge, than with any expectation of producing or experiencing a change of sentiment in you or myself. I have no desire, in this discussion to argue for victory. The subject is certainly an important one, and ——" — "Well, well, sir," said his opponent, with some impatience, "the preface is certainly long enough already; you can proceed, and I will hear what you have to say, if you will confine yourself within reasonable bounds." — The Rev. Mr. M'Ninny's face was considerably flushed; his brow was clouded; and his words were indistinctly and sluggishly uttered. His reply to Mr. Egerton was so discourteous, that Colonel Byerly, whose prompt and open temper, and sincere respect for the rights of others, ever induced him to side with the aggrieved, could no longer keep silence. "Mr. M'Ninny," said he, "this young gentleman is a stranger to me; but I was so much gratified, by his manner of treating the subject, this morning, that, with your permission, I should be pleased to listen to his remarks, without any other limitation, in regard to time, than such as his own sense of propriety may indicate." — "Ditto to Colonel Byerly," said the Kentuckian. — A murmur of approbation ran through the assembled group. "Certainly, certainly, most assuredly, Colonel Byerly," said Mr. M'Ninny, with sundry salaams; "please to proceed, sir. I have quite forgotten at what point we broke off this morning." — "You were alluding, sir," said Mr. Egerton, "to the miracle at Cana, and you proposed certain questions. I will now answer those questions; or, rather, I will endeavor to answer the argument, which you intended, by those questions, to convey. Certainly our Saviour converted water into wine, upon that occasion; he was present, and, if you please, a guest; and, though we know not the fact, it is quite probable he partook of the miraculous beverage. It is your object to employ this act of our Saviour, as a precedent. To authorize any act by a precedent, the act to be sustained must

* "Tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexêre, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant;
Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet." — Æn. I. v. 151.

conform to the precedent. If our Lord took wine at a wedding, this surely is no precedent for my taking it, on other occasions, at home and abroad, in taverns and steam-boats. Then, again, it is not pretended, nor can it be presumed, that the wine at Cana differed in strength from other wine, used at that time, in Galilee. Of course it could not be a mixture of the fermented juice of the grape and distilled spirit. Yet such is the wine commonly drunken at weddings and upon most other occasions; and I doubt, sir, if, especially at weddings, you ever drank any other wine, than such as contained a very considerable proportion of distilled spirit — a thing unused and unknown in our Saviour's time upon earth. The precedent, therefore, cannot apply, unless we employ the same unenforced wine as was at that time in use. Besides, there was nothing like a command, at Cana, to take wine. The guests might take it, or not, as they pleased." — "Very well, sir," said Mr. M'Ninny, "that is just the thing, for which we contend at the present day." — "I have already remarked," continued Mr. Egerton, "that the wine at Cana was, beyond all doubt, a very different thing from modern wine, a more pure and a much less fiery beverage. Nevertheless, as it was undoubtedly an intoxicating beverage, after fermentation had taken place, I am by no means disposed to rest the argument upon this circumstance alone. When we propose the pledge of total abstinence, we are very frequently opposed by this objection — our Saviour made wine, at Cana, and therefore — for such is the absurd conclusion — we ought not to abandon the use of wine *mixed with distilled spirit*, as all modern wine is well known to be, with exceptions too unimportant and too rare to require notice. Because our Saviour made such wine as the wine at Cana, and presented it to the guests, at a wedding feast, it is highly improper to propose the relinquishment of our modern enforced wine upon other occasions! Total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors must therefore be deemed impracticable, because our Saviour once set the mild wine of Galilee before the guests at a wedding feast! Though our blessed Master did not command them to drink that wine, he, upon another occasion, did absolutely command us to abstain from drunkenness. Now, it is truly believed, by a very large and daily increasing number of our fellow-men, that we can more effectually obey this, our Lord's most positive command, by totally abstaining from all intoxicating liquors, than in any other manner. Suppose we were permitted to plead the infirmity of our nature before our divine Master, and ask if we might not be permitted, in aid of our weakness, to avoid these fountains of temptation in every form. Would he be very likely to refuse our importunity, if we were really in

earnest, and remind us that the whole question was settled at the marriage of Cana in Galilee, and that total abstinence from wine was therefore offensive in his sight? If such a supposition be not the very height of absurdity ——" — "my name an't Boon Kennedy," cried the Kentuckian, who had become deeply interested in the argument. "Beg your pardon, sir, for interruptin on ye," continued he, "but I could n't hold in jest at that minnit."

A short pause ensued. "I desire not to be one of those, who are more nice than wise," said Mr. M'Ninny, "and I would caution you in regard to the danger of being overwise, or wise above what is written." — Mr. Egerton, after a short silence, during which a faint smile played upon his pale features, expressive of his conviction that no further reply was required from him, proceeded as follows: — "I suggested, this morning, when you first alluded to the circumstance of taking wine at a wedding, that you could not be aware you had touched a chord of the most painful interest to me. Such, however, was the fact. Since our short separation I have asked myself, if I ought not to make a considerable personal sacrifice of my own feelings, for the benefit of others; and I have decided, that I ought so to do. If you have no better employment, my friends, than to listen to a narrative, which may prove, in some of its details, not altogether uninteresting, and which perhaps may furnish a profitable warning for some of you, I will trespass upon your patience still further." — The Rev. Mr. M'Ninny drew out his watch, with great formality, and began to gape. "You may about as well put up your tarnip, stranger," said the Kentuckian, who had observed the action; "this 'ere young man an't agoin to run agin time, and them what 's sleepish may as well turn in. Won't ye please to go ahead, sir," turning to Mr. Egerton. — "We shall listen to your narrative," said Colonel Byerly, "I doubt not, with pleasure and profit."

"We frequently err, I am well aware," continued Mr. Egerton, "in the supposition, that certain occurrences must be interesting to all the world, because they are so to ourselves. If the simple narrative, which I am about to relate, should be found wearisome to any one of you, my friends, I shall not take it amiss, if the number of my auditors should become less and less, as I proceed in the relation. — Among the playmates of my earliest years, there was one, to whom I was attached, for various considerations, more firmly than to any other. Our parents were farmers, and their estates were separated by a winding brook, which, although easily forded by elder boys, was a perfect Rubicon to George Morgan and myself, when our acquaintance began. There was a rock in the middle of

this run of water, and I well remember the period of my existence, when it seemed to George and to me, as we stood upon our respective sides of this mighty barrier, negotiating an exchange between a bunch of daisies and a straw of thimbleberries, that our ambition, in this present world, would be gratified to its utmost possible limit, if we could contrive a plan to get upon that rock, and, according to the phraseology of our cottage, eat our dippers together. Old Stubbs, a negro man, who had been long in the service of Farmer Morgan, and who was extremely fond of little George, comprehending our wishes, placed a board from each bank to the midway rock, over which we proceeded, with great delight, and sat down, side by side, and, in the language of another, 'swore perpetual amity.' When I first perused the account of the shallop, moored in the middle of the river Audaye, in which Francis the First, after his long imprisonment, was permitted, for a moment only, to see his children, the Dauphin and Duke of Orleans, the recollection of our rock in the little rivulet came forcibly before me. Napoleon and Alexander, when they met upon 'the raft of Tilsit,' in the middle of the Niemen, embraced not with a thousandth part of the cordiality, which characterized our first interview upon the rock.* We did not proceed, like the great French robber and the greedy autocrat of all the Russias, to portion out the fair world between ourselves; but we, then and there, established our future relations, upon a basis exceedingly agreeable to the high contracting parties. It was agreed that George should, at all times, cross over and help himself to any flowers in my garden, and that I should have an uninterrupted range along the entire length of Thimbleberry wall. In short, we formed an alliance offensive and defensive forever. You will forgive me for dwelling thus minutely upon such comparatively unimportant incidents as these. There are few occurrences, which memory recalls more easily or with a purer delight, than these recollections of our early days.

"However important to ourselves, nothing, surely, would be more uninteresting to the world at large, than the detail of our juvenile years. Such occupations, such cares, such pleasures were ours, as ordinarily fall to the lot of the children of upright and industrious husbandmen. When I look around me, and institute a comparison, at the present day, I am rejoiced to believe, that our worthy parents have been as constantly and powerfully governed, through life, by moral and religious principle, as any of their neighbors.

"When George Morgan had attained the age of eighteen years

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*—— "Sic parvis componere magna solebam."

his constitution, which was at no time, within my recollection, hale and robust, began to give such evidences of weakness, as made it apparent, that the labors of the farm were more than he could permanently endure. We had an old physician in our village, who emigrated many years before from Scotland — Dr. Sawney M'Phail. My recollections of the old gentleman are altogether agreeable He had an unusually winning way with him, in his intercourse with children. Our clergyman, though a man of exemplary piety, was remarkable for an austerity of manners, bordering even upon roughness. It was a by-word among our young people, that we had rather take jalap from Dr. Sawney than gingerbread from Parson Scroggs. The doctor gave his opinion, that it was absolutely necessary for George Morgan to seek some other occupation, and that his physical strength was altogether unequal to the labors of the field. His father, who had the most implicit confidence in the doctor's judgment, readily acquiesced in the decision.

"Our family were well aware that George Morgan had not the most vigorous constitution, and hints had been occasionally dropped, that he might, at some time, not far distant perhaps, find it necessary to relinquish the farmer's life. The tidings, when they came to us at last, were, nevertheless, entirely unexpected, and filled our little household with surprise, not altogether unmingled with pain. We had assembled together, one summer evening, as usual. My father and myself had just hung our scythes upon the old oak before our door, and were entering our cottage; my mother was preparing the tea-table, and my sister Margaret was at the ironing-board, when Dr. M'Phail rode up on his old gray mare. 'Come in, doctor,' cried my father; 'we 're better pleased to see ye, than if we were ailing; we 're just sitting down to table, and wife, I see, has got some fine trout in the spider.' — 'Trout, mon!' cried the doctor; — 'haud your gait, ye jade,' addressing his old mare, 'and I 'll make your barden a wee bit lighter. — Aweel, gude wife,' continued he, addressing my mother, 'I 'll taste your bannocks. Trout is it, ey?' looking over my mother's shoulder into the spider. — 'Yes, doctor,' said my mother, 'and you 're always welcome.' — 'I 've ken'd that aboot twanty years, luckie,' replied the doctor; 'but I 'll jest gi' the old mare a bidding.' — 'My son shall take her home for you, doctor,' said my father. — 'Na, na,' said the doctor, 'the callan 's waary o' his day's wark, an' auld Dobbin kens the shart way weel enough.' So saying, he threw the bridle over her neck, and, slapping her on the back, 'Gang hame, beastie,' said he; and away she went, like a well-trained trooper's horse without its rider. 'She 's cannie,' said the doctor; 'she 'll be at her fother

right soon; an' she 'll wait for 'em at the door to take off the bags first. If she should rowl, or rampauge it, there 'd be meikle bad wark amang the potions and the plasters, to be sure. — Weel,' resumed the doctor, as he took his seat in the arm-chair, which I had placed for him near the window, 'weel, Georgy Morgan will be ganging fro' ye soon; he 's to larn the humanities at the univarsity.' — 'How you talk!' said my mother, suspending her operations. My sister Margaret, who had just taken a hot iron from the fire, set it down, almost involuntarily, upon her best collar, which she was preparing to iron, and stared at the doctor in utter astonishment. 'Hout, Margery,' cried Dr. M'Phail, 'where 's the bogle that frights ye, hiney? I 'm only telling ye, that Georgy Morgan 's to gang away to larn the humanities, and ye 're as clane bewildered as though I toult ye that he was a ghaist. Look there now, your hot iron has barnt clane through your napery.' — 'Doctor,' said I, while Margaret was recovering from her confusion, 'is George really going to college?' — 'It 's a' settled,' said the doctor, 'an' ye may live to see him git a thump, afoor he dies, at the pupit o' Parson Scroggs, if ony o' it is left, whin the auld minister comes to rist fro' his labors.'

"The intelligence, communicated by Dr. M'Phail, certainly produced a solemnizing, perhaps a depressing effect upon our little circle; though it might have been somewhat perplexing for some of us to analyze those feelings, which that intelligence produced. I felt that we were already separated — that I had already lost the companion of my childhood, the friend of my youth. It appeared to me, that, while my own humble lot was fixed forever, his was a career, whose limit must depend upon his talent and application; and that he was to enter upon a path, whither it was impossible for me to follow. — 'Well,' said my mother, 'George Morgan will be a great man, one of these days, I suppose, and hold his head above us all, and forget his old friends, as like as not.' — 'He is a worthy young man,' said my father. — 'A bonny chiel,' said the doctor, 'an' he 'll na forget ane that it 's warth his while to remember. Georgy Morgan 's not the callan to gi' never a thought to auld lang syne; is he sic a loon as that, Margery Egerton?' — This direct and energetic appeal from the good old doctor was too much for poor Margaret; she buried her face in her hands and rushed out of the apartment. 'Weel, weel,' said the doctor, after she had gone, 'if Georgy Morgan were to see the puir thing rin away at the very sound o' his name, I faar 't would be like to take away his relish for the humanities; but come, gude wife, let us taste o' the trout and the bannocks; are they meikle plenty in

the burnie, Willie Egerton?' turning to me. I replied in the affirmative, and told him that I had left a dozen of the best at his lodging-house. 'Ah, Willie,' said he, 'ye was a bonny chiel yoursel, though Georgy was ever the mair patient listener o' the twa. Don't ye remember, whin I was repeating poor Bobby Burns's Twa Dogs t' ye baith, how, in the most interesting part o' it, ye ran off like mad after a moudiwort that crapt out o' the wa', ey, Willie? Weel, it's hard to part ye twa lads. Frind Egerton,' continued the doctor, addressing my father, 'Willie 's na the stoutest, naather; why na lit 'em gang thegither, ey, mon?' — 'O doctor,' said my father, 'my neighbor, Mr. Morgan, is a great deal better off than I am, and George is an only child.' — 'The charge will na be sa meikle more;' said the doctor. — 'I have not the wherewithal,' replied my father, 'to send my son to college, Dr. M'Phail; it's entirely out of the question. I have other children to support, and ———' 'Weel, weel,' cried the doctor, 'we say in the auld country, it matters na whether a thing cost a pund starling or a bawbee, if a mon has na got the bawbee Willie,' continued the doctor, 'would ye like to gang, ey, chiel?' — I replied that I did not like to burden my father, and that I was aware my services were necessary upon the farm. — 'I am afraid the trout are not cooked to your liking, doctor,' said my mother. — 'Troth, an' they are, goody Egerton,' replied the doctor, who, for a brief space, seemed to be playing idly with his knife and fork; 'but I was, just then, sitting under the roof o' my ain bien house upon Tweed's side. I 'm there in a twinkling. But all that I loved are under the sod; there 's na kith nor kin o' mine in all Scotland now. And so ye 'll na send Willie to larn the humanities, ey, neighbor Egerton?' — 'If I could see my way clear in the matter, replied my father, 'I should have no objection; but as it is, it seems entirely out of the question.' — 'Weel, now,' said the doctor, 'in sic a matter can ye na club the siller amang yourselves? It 'll be na sma' thing for Willie, ye ken, and he 's your only son, neighbor Egerton.' — 'If George Morgan is to go,' said my mother, 'I see not why our William might not make as good a figure as he or any other lad, I don' care who he is. Sukey Morgan will hold her head high enough I guess, if a son of hers ever gets to college.' — 'The question wife,' said my father, 'is not what sort of a figure William would make, nor how high Sukey Morgan will hold her head if George should go to college, but how we can find the means of supporting William at the university. I owe almost nothing beside the old mortgage, and that is well nigh paid off. It has been my hope, and the end of all my labor and saving, for many years, to clear the

estate, and leave it unencumbered to my wife and children when I die. The thought of increasing my debt is ——— ' — ' O, father,' said I, ' don't think of it; I don't care a fig about going to college.' — ' Don't tell a lee, Willie,' said the old doctor, with a knowing look; ' are ye na the very chiel yoursel that tould auld Master Moody ye 'd be mair than willing to gie ane o' your twa een an' ye could be permitted to study with the tither, foor years in the univarsity?' — ' Dr. M'Phail,' said my sister Margaret, who had returned to the apartment, and taken her seat quietly at the tea-table, ' how much would it cost? Would it cost more than a hundred dollars?' — ' A hunder dollars!' cried the doctor, lifting up his hands; ' hout, lassie, to be sure, and an unco parcel o' the siller beside. But I ken what ye maan weel enough. It 's the hunder dollars ye 're thinking o' that were lift to ye, by the will of your auld aunt Hepsy Harraden, and it saams ye 're willing to gie the whole hunder away for Willie to be educated at the univarsity.' — ' I am, indeed, doctor,' said Margaret, while the tear glistened in her eye. — ' Hout, tout, bonnie lassie,' cried the doctor, ' na a dollar o' it shall iver gang that gait, whiles Sawney M'Phail 's the executor o' auld Hepsy Harraden's last will and testament. But supposing I choose to take the cost and charge o' Willie's larning upon my ain self, who has a better right? I halp'd him, the wee bairn that he was, into this warld o' care, and he 's iver been a guid chiel, bating a leetle inattention, whin I 'm repeating a Scotch ballad or sic like. Now ye ken, as I toult ye, that I 've naather kith nor kin; and so, neighbor Egerton, if ye 'll na stand i' the way, I 'll pay the scot, and ilka bawbee for Willie's larning the humanities shall come out my ain pocket, mon; so make yourself aisy.' — ' God reward you, doctor,' said my father, with a faltering voice; ' I fear I never shall be able to do so, myself.' — ' Dear doctor,' cried my mother, as her eyes were filling with grateful tears, ' you have eaten nothing; do let me put a hot trout upon your plate;' at the same moment, in her confusion, transferring one from the spider to her own instead of the doctor's. Poor Margaret was thoroughly intoxicated with delight. — ' Dr. M'Phail!' she cried, as she sprang from her chair, and, throwing her arms around the old man's neck, almost smothered him with kisses and tears. The kind-hearted old gentleman was himself overcome by these simple testimonies of grateful respect. — ' I maun be ganging,' said he, as he wiped the tear from his eye; ' I maun be ganging. I did na ken I was sic an auld fool as I am.' He disengaged himself from Margaret's affectionate embrace, and, giving my parents a hearty shake by the hand, he took his leave. The tumult of happiness in my own bosom I can no more now

describe, than I could then control it. The highest object of my ambition appeared to be already within my grasp. I had carefully forborne to give my father pain, by expressing a wish, which I knew he had not the power to gratify; yet among the most attractive of all those gay imaginings, those castles, which I certainly supposed were castles in the air, was the vision of a collegiate education. I was utterly unable to make the good doctor the slightest acknowledgment. I slunk out of the room, and, after his departure, ran across a wood-lot to intercept him, in a solitary part of the road, which I knew he would take on his way homeward. I overtook him precisely as I had expected; but, when I had leapt over the wall, and seized him by the hand, I could not utter an intelligible sentence. 'Doctor,' said I, — 'Dr. M'Phail, you don't know ——— ' — 'Yes, I do, Willie,' said he, comprehending my embarrassment, 'I ken it a'. Gang hame, chiel, gang hame, and tell your father, that the sooner ye 're with Master Moody, the sooner ye 'll be ganging to the univarsity.'

"The detail of our preparatory course is of little importance. Dr. M'Phail made the necessary arrangements; my father soon employed a hired man to supply my place upon the farm; and George Morgan and myself exchanged our rustic occupation for the pursuits of literature, under the direction of Master Moody; and, in the ordinary course of time, were prepared for the university.

"Chemical results from certain combinations are not more surely anticipated, than the advantages of a liberal, as we commonly express it, meaning a collegiate, education. To say nothing of that difference in the result, which must necessarily depend upon difference of intellectual vigor and application, there is manifestly a superior ability in some to pass on securely, amidst those numerous temptations, which are spread abroad in the purlieus of every university. When we contemplate the striking deficiency of moral training in some, whose *good moral character* is duly certified at the time of their admission, and the extreme, constitutional volatility of others, there is nothing unreasonable in the supposition, that there are, in certain individuals, peculiar aptitudes for destruction. It may follow from these considerations, that there are some, whose temperament is so poorly calculated for all the chances and changes of a college life, that the difficulties, attendant upon some other system of education, whatever they may be, are outweighed, by the manifest perils of an experiment at the university.

"George Morgan had been reared by his parents, with a strict regard for moral and religious principle. He had always been remarkable for the vivacity of his disposition; his habits, previously

to his admission to the university, had been correct and even exemplary. But the excitement, the novelty, the temptations of a college life were too much for him. It would be unnecessary — to me it would be a most painful task — to give you a minute history of the decline and fall of my unhappy friend. He commenced his unfortunate career in social drinking, and in those college clubs, which have proved the primary schools, where many have acquired their first lessons of intemperance. At the close of his junior year, he was withdrawn from the university by his unhappy parents, on account of his notoriously intemperate habits. My own unwearied solicitation, the constant appeals of his parents, and of good old Dr. M'Phail, the admonitions of those among the college government, who took a special interest in his welfare, were unavailing. His separation from the university appeared not to be attended with those beneficial effects, which had been anticipated by his parents and friends. The virus, if I may be allowed the expression, seemed to have mingled with his blood. The fact could no longer be concealed. College wine, which had unquestionably been the great first cause of his ruin, speedily gave place to village rum — George Morgan was a drunkard! His father bore up under this terrible affliction, with a measure of fortitude, entirely unexpected by his friends; but his poor mother was completely overthrown. Whenever my parents attempted to offer her any species of consolation, 'Ah, neighbor Egerton,' she would say, 'if it had been your William, you could have borne it better, for you would not have been entirely bereaved; you could have turned for comfort and support to your other children; but it is a grievous thing,' she would say, while the tears ran down her cheeks, 'it is a grievous thing to be the thankless mother of an only child!'

"There was one, upon whose gentle spirit this misery fell like the blasting mildew upon the tender leaf. The attachment, between George Morgan and my sister Margaret, was a matter of general notoriety over the village. It had grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength; yet there had never been any formal understanding upon this subject, between our respective parents. I once heard Mr. Morgan say to my father, as we were returning from meeting, one Sabbath afternoon, pointing at the same time over his shoulder towards George and Margaret, who had separated themselves from our little group, as usual, and were lingering far behind — 'If my boy and your girl,' said he, 'keep on as they have done, a few years longer, I should n't be surprised if they finally tied themselves and our two estates together.' — 'I 'll put my girl,' said my father, 'against your boy, but her part of my

little homestead against all yours, neighbor Morgan, would scarcely be fair.' — 'A good wife never made a poor man poorer,' said the other, 'and broad acres never helped any man to bear a vixen's tongue the better. It 's a fair trade, friend Egerton; Margaret 's a good girl; let 'em settle it their own way.' — 'I 'm content,' replied my father; 'and if she proves as good a wife to George, as she has been a daughter to me, the bargain may be a fair one after all.'

"The subject of George Morgan's intemperance was so exceedingly painful to my sister, that we seldom alluded to it, unless when introduced by herself. If his reformation could have been achieved, by the tears and entreaties of this poor girl, it would surely have been accomplished. Her extreme solicitude preyed upon her spirits, and her health began visibly to decline. George still occasionally visited at our house, and, upon these occasions, his behavior was such as to encourage our hopes, which were invariably extinguished in the course of two or three days, by the tidings of some new indiscretion. Dr. M'Phail earnestly advised, that Margaret should refuse to see him, except in the presence of her parents, unless he thoroughly reformed; that she should dismiss him formally as her suitor, and, as far as possible, from her thoughts. George Morgan's mother protested with great earnestness against this advice. 'You will drive my poor child,' said she, 'to absolute despair. He believes that he has but one friend upon earth; and if he is to be told that he has not anything to hope from her affection, there will remain nothing between him and utter destruction. Save my poor boy, Margaret; it is yourself alone that can do this. No one has such an influence over him. He loves you better than anything in this world.' — 'Na, na, goody Morgan,' said the doctor; 'he has unco mair luve for his cursed buttle.' — 'O, Dr. M'Phail,' cried Mrs. Morgan, 'how can you be so cruel as to destroy the only hope we have of George's reformation; it is the only life-boat that can save my unhappy son.' — 'It 's na in my nature, goody Morgan, to be cruel,' replied the doctor, as he brushed away the tear which this exhibition of maternal anguish had brought into his eye; 'and as for the life-boat, that 's to save your chiel, goody Morgan, it 's mair o' a puir frail thing than ye ken for, and mair likely to gang down amang the troubled waters, than to gie halp to anither.'

"My parents were sufficiently impressed with Dr. M'Phail's opinion, and urged every argument in its favor. For several days after this conversation, my sister observed an unusual silence, and confined herself as much as possible to her private apartment. We had become extremely anxious for the result. One Sabbath morning, when we had prepared to go to meeting, and were sitting in

silence, awaiting the sound of the village bell my sister came down with a smile upon her pale features, so perfectly serene, that my mother expressed her satisfaction, at the improvement in her appearance. 'My dear father and mother,' said Margaret, after a short pause, 'how truly I love you both! — how I shall ever bless you for bringing me up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord! — for teaching me to love his tabernacles! — for clasping my infant hands in prayer! It is thus I have gathered strength upon the present occasion. My mind is now at ease. The services of the sanctuary will afford me additional support — this day, George will surely abstain from his habit sufficiently to enable me to bid him farewell. — I dare not tempt the vengeance of Heaven, by wedding a drunkard.' She then requested me to ask George to meet her for a few moments, that evening, at the willows. These willows skirted the river road, as it was called, for the length of half a mile, and formed one of the boundaries of the Morgan farm. The interview was brief, but undoubtedly attended with great suffering to both parties. Apprehensive that she might not be able to sustain herself, I had secretly followed her steps, and stationed myself at a convenient distance. George was first at this well-known, and oft-frequented place of meeting. His appearance was more respectable than usual. He had evidently paid more than ordinary attention to his attire, and was not, apparently, under the influence of liquor. When Margaret approached, he turned hastily to meet her, with an expression of great satisfaction upon his countenance; for it was a long time since she had consented to meet him at the willows, and her manners towards him, for many months, had been marked with that air of painful solemnity, which his conduct would be so likely to produce. 'I am rejoiced to meet you here once more, dear Margaret,' said he, extending his hand. She stood before him like a statue, but so greatly agitated, that I could plainly perceive the tremulation of her whole figure. The smile of satisfaction, which lighted up his features, when they first met, had speedily vanished, and given place to an expression of astonishment, mingled with dread; for I have no doubt, that, with a recollection of her previous intimations, he already began to anticipate the object of her summons. 'Will you not give me your hand, Margaret?' said he, once more extending his own, and gazing intently upon her pale and agitated features. — 'George,' she replied, 'I have given you my whole heart. I fondly expected to have given you my hand, at the altar, before God and man, and to have walked through this fair world with you, for my best earthly friend. I would have given you, George Morgan, all that a poor girl has to give, but her hopes

of happiness, in a better world. But the vision is past — I have come to bid you farewell.' — 'Margaret,' he replied, 'you have often said, that you would never break your word. You have promised to be mine.' — 'I promised to be the wife of George Morgan, whose dear, bright eye and ruddy cheek I well remember: when I made that promise, could he suppose I would ever listen to a drunkard, who came, in his name and stead, to claim the privileges of a lover! This may sound harshly, but I have sought the path of duty, with many tears and many prayers, and therein will I walk.' I had not given my poor sister credit for half the firmness and energy, which she exhibited upon the present occasion. 'Margaret,' said he, after a short pause, 'I think I comprehend all this: a woman's fancy is liable to change; and I have lately heard of a visitor at your father's house.' — 'George — George,' said she, with a trembling voice, 'God grant you may reform and be happy. This is a cruel speech, George Morgan: should you live to shed a tear upon my grave, it will be upon the grave of Margaret Egerton. Farewell; my peace requires, that henceforth I should study to forget you. I have no need of these memorials any more.' As she uttered these words, she tendered him a small parcel, which he seemed almost involuntarily to receive into his hand, continuing silently to gaze upon her retiring steps, with an expression of amazement. When she had passed entirely from his view, he sat down upon a broad stone, by the road-side, still holding the package in his hand. His countenance was full of sadness. Wounded pride had prompted his suggestion, respecting the visitor at our house. He knew Margaret had loved him with a perfectly single-hearted devotion. In a little time, he began to open the package, and as he drew forth a volume — a ring — his letters from the university — and other tokens of his affection in happier days, — the energies of his heart — and a warmer beat not in any bosom — broke forth in a perfect tumult of anguish. 'Merciful God!' he exclaimed, 'has it come to this!' The tears poured down his cheeks in a torrent, and he sobbed aloud. I know not that I ever felt deeper pity for any human being. After he had continued thus, for a considerable space of time, I drew nearer, though still concealed from his observation. He began to gather up and replace the several articles, which Margaret had returned to him. 'A drunkard!' he exclaimed; 'even she calls me a drunkard! Men may call me so; but to be proclaimed a drunkard by an angel's voice! I am then entirely forsaken. Margaret has bid me farewell! Merciful God, have mercy upon me, and save me from myself!' — As I looked upon the clasped hands and uplifted eyes of this wretched young man,

streaming with tears, I could no longer restrain the impulse of my soul, and cried aloud, 'Amen and amen!'

"He started from his seat, half offended by this sudden interruption. He dashed the tears from his eyes; pride, mortification, resentment, were already at work within, and had begun to manifest their influence upon the features of my unhappy friend. — 'Mr. Egerton,' said he, 'you have surprised me at a moment of unusual weakness.' — 'Mr. Egerton!' I replied, seizing him by the hand — 'George — George Morgan, my friend and companion from the cradle, let there be no formality between us, I beseech you: do not call that a moment of weakness, in which you have been able to seek for comfort and support where alone they can be found. O, George, my friend, renew those supplications at the throne of grace. Repeat them from day to day — from hour to hour. At first, they may be little more than brief ejaculations, like that, which I just now heard you utter. Brief as they are, yet, if sincere, God will listen. Ere long they will become continued, fervent, habitual prayer, which a merciful God will surely answer. Dear friend of my youth, shake off this accursed habit, for the sake of your friends.' — 'They already despise me,' he replied. 'Reform then,' said I, 'for your own sake.' — 'I care not what becomes of me,' said he. — 'Will you not make the effort for the sake of your old father?' — 'He has cast me from him, and treats me harshly,' he replied. — 'There is another,' I rejoined: 'will you not renounce this sin, which so easily besets you, for the sake of my unhappy sister?' — 'She despises me,' he replied; 'she has just now bid me farewell. It is not worth your while to cast your thought upon me. There is not a person upon earth, who does not view me with contempt.' — 'Dear George,' said I, 'it is not so. Can you not summon to your aid the best faculties of your nature? Can you not solemnly resolve, by God's help, to relinquish this unnatural gratification, for the sake of your poor mother? Would you not do more even than I ask to cast that sun-light of joy, which your reformation would produce, upon her declining years?' — 'My poor mother!' he exclaimed, after a moment's pause. 'O, William, I was wrong; there is one who does not despise me. She has ever loved me; and when my father has censured her, for not adopting towards me a course, as harsh as his own, her constant reply has been, "He is my child; he is my only child." — O, my poor mother!' he again exclaimed, 'how much anguish I have caused her!' — 'How much happiness it is in your power to bestow!' I rejoined, grasping his hand. We sat for a few moments in silence; and while I uttered a silent and earnest prayer to God on his behalf, he bowed down his head like a

bulrush, and the tears began to flow. I improved the occasion to the very best of my ability. Suffice it to say, that God crowned my labors with the most perfect success. That Sabbath evening, a temperance lecture was delivered in our village, and among those, whose names were enrolled with the members of the society, was George Morgan.

"No tongue can faithfully describe the happiness, which these tidings diffused in our two cottages. I must leave this matter to the hearer's imagination, which I may do the more confidently, if he happen to have been, at some period of his existence, an intemperate man, and, by his reformation, to have wiped the tears from the eyes of a broken-hearted mother.

"The Temperance Society in our village was, like all others in existence at that time, based upon the principle of abstinence from ardent spirit. The philosophy of temperance was, at that time, imperfectly understood, by the great mass of mankind. However obvious the fact, that the same means, which so notoriously produced personal, domestic, and national drunkenness of old, will produce the same effect, at the present day, this consideration seemed, until of late, to be entirely overlooked.

"Eighteen months had passed away, since George Morgan became a member of the society; and, during this period, his deportment had given entire satisfaction to his friends. He had resumed the lighter labors of the farm, and entirely gathered up his fallen respectability. He had long renewed his visits at our house. My sister Margaret had received him into favor, and it was finally settled that they were to be married.

"Their wedding-day came at last. The friends and connections of our families were invited of course. Old Dr. M'Phail was as merry as a grig, saving that, now and then, something would be sure to remind him of the 'banks and braes,' and almost force the tear into his eye. Parson Scroggs performed the marriage service. After the ceremony was over, wine was handed to the company. When it was offered to George Morgan, he refused it. 'Why, Georgy, mon, na take a glass at your ain wedding?' said the doctor. — 'I've drank nothing stronger than water, doctor, for nearly two years,' he replied, 'and I guess I better not.' — 'Weel, weel,' said the doctor, 'may be the chiel's unco right, though a glass at his ain wedding would na be sic a bad thing, to be sure.' — 'Why, George,' cried my sister, who was in remarkably fine spirits, 'not take a glass of wine with your bride!' — 'There's high authority for wine at a wedding,' said Parson Scroggs, as he drank off his glass. — 'Come, fie, George,' said my sister, 'take a glass of wine

on your wedding-day, or the folks will think strange of it.'—'Well, Margaret,' said he, 'if you will have it so.' Accordingly he took his glass. It may seem unaccountable to some of you, but his fate was sealed. From that moment he became a drunkard. That fatal glass reproduced his relish for strong drink, and plunged my poor sister into unutterable misery; for she cannot to this hour be persuaded that she was not the positive cause of his second fall.

"After the first glass, he took another and another, insisting, at last, upon drinking with every member of the company. He became thoroughly intoxicated. When reproved by Parson Scroggs for his intemperance, 'Bless your soul, parson,' said he, 'there's high authority for wine at a wedding!' From this moment his habits became worse than ever. When rebuked, he would often say, 'You should not have given a wild beast, whom you had tamed, a fresh taste of blood.'

"Poor George Morgan is no more. He has been dead now more than two years. My sister's health is shattered, and her mind is affected, by this domestic calamity. So much for wine at a wedding. Whenever I see it introduced, or hear it proposed, upon such occasions, I very naturally think of my sister Margaret's bridal."

Mr. Egerton concluded his narrative. We were all solemnized by the simple recital. I looked to see what effect it had produced upon the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny: his head was resting on his arm, which was upon the tafferel of the steamboat—he was fast asleep.

As we separated, the Kentuckian was earnestly employed in persuading Mr. Egerton to go to Boon's Lick and relate the story of Margaret's bridal to Parson Roundy.

THE TEMPERANCE MEETING
IN
THE VILLAGE OF TATTERTOWN.

The theory is quite fascinating, that drunkenness may be removed from the earth, by the operation of drunkards themselves; and, while contemplating this plausible *projet*, we are forcibly reminded of Professor Babbidge's machine for the calculation of astronomical and nautical problems, which prints off its own work and corrects its own errors. If drunkards, reformed, can be moved to persuade and reclaim their miserable fellows, as the tamed elephants of India are employed to catch the wild ones, this is clearly a good thing. The drunkard is excited, and aroused, and reformed: he testifies his gratitude, by seizing a drowning brother by the locks, and drawing him from the gulf. Another and another are restored, — children to their parents, husbands to their wives. Gaining numerical strength, these reclaimed inebriates band together in societies; and, with the eyes of Argus and the hands of Briareus, they search out these lost and scattered sheep, and fold them in places of apparent security, which may be likened to great moral finding-houses, where, after years of profligacy and abandonment, neglected wives may seek their husbands, and orphans may find their fathers. That arm, enervated by intemperance and sloth, is nerved once more, by temperance and the invigorating labors of the field or the workshop. If this were the end of it, — if this were the whole story, — how graceful, how celestial it would be!

But there is another side to this picture: upon this it is highly important for the Christian, the patriot, the lover of order and of law, not less than for the friend of temperance, steadily to fix his eye.

Among the prevailing follies is the idea of the omnipotence of moral suasion — its all-sufficiency for carrying forward this work of reform. The difficulty seems to arise from a total disregard of that broad distinction, which exists between the oppressed and the oppressor — between the poor, pitiable tippler, and his cold-blooded and inflexible destroyer. It would seem, to many, rather oppressive, to make penal statutes for the punishment of individuals, who improvidently throw themselves in the way of those, whose profession it is to take their money, and possibly their lives; is it therefore just, that no laws should exist for the punishment of robbers and assassins? The absurdity of this notion is equally monstrous and palpable. Vanity is, very likely, at the bottom of it all. This new school of reformers professes to have found a golden road, unknown before. Availing of this false position, the rum-sellers here proposed a junction of their energies; in other words, that the wolves and the sheep should walk lovingly together, with *moral suasion* for their common phylactery, and obtain from the legislature a repeal of all laws forbidding the traffic. Some judicious friends pointed out the fangs of these tender-hearted associates, and the wolves were baulked of their prey.

If the cause of temperance be worth preserving, pure and undefiled, it is quite time for its old and faithful friends to reflect upon their obligations, and come to the rescue; not in any spirit of opposition or hostility, but with the talents, experience, and weight of character, the influence of which is, at this moment, so essentially required as a regulating power.

PART FIRST.

"HALLOA! — I say — Squire — Squire Periwig — halloa! — back your topsail, will ye, till a body can get alongside." — Upon this salutation, a little old man, in a gray coat, with large patte-pan buttons, leather breeches, and a cocked hat, supposed to be the last in this ancient commonwealth, stopped short in his progress over Tattertown common. Wheeling about, and resting both hands upon the top of his hickory staff, he awaited the approach of Captain Tarbox, who came down upon him at the rate of five knots an hour

Few things, within the whole compass of comparable matters, could be more dissimilar in their personal appearance than the captain and the squire. The former was about sixty years of age, of

an uncommonly robust exterior, with a countenance full of *bon hommie*, and a temperament as zealous and straight-forward as a north-wester. The ocean wave had been the home of his adoption ever since he literally broke loose from school, and ran away from old master Bircher, preferring salt beef at sea to syntax on shore. Having been a shrewd, successful navigator, he returned at last to his native village; and, with leisure and inclination to serve the public, he found no difficulty in obtaining the confidence of his fellow townsmen, and had been inducted into some of the most important offices, in the gift of the citizens of Tattertown.

Squire Periwig was a man of some seventy winters. He had seen very little of that portion of the universe, which lay beyond the boundaries of Tattertown. His last visit to the metropolis of New England occurred about twelve months after the evacuation by the British troops, during the war of the revolution. He occasionally listened, with an expression of mingled amazement and incredulity, to the narratives of those, who professed to have travelled in steamboats and upon railways, at the rate of twenty miles an hour. In truth, Tattertown was shut out from the rest of the world, not so effectually by its tall hills, which encompassed it on every side, as by its distance from the metropolis, and its deficiency in those objects of commercial interest, which attract the speculator from afar. Squire Periwig's views of men and things were not remarkably enlarged. His features exhibited that puckerative and dried-apple expression, which is more peculiar to mummies than to men, and is perhaps more common in Italian catacombs than in the ordinary walks of life. He fancied himself to have a gift for public speaking. He was not particularly happy on such occasions, especially on account of a tortuous or vermicular motion of his lips. This was so peculiar, that young Rabbit, a journeyman carpenter in the village, impertinently remarked that Squire Periwig threw out his words just as his centre-bit threw out chips.

Both these worthy men were highly esteemed by their fellow townsmen; and, notwithstanding the captain's popularity, he was not always certain of carrying his measures, when the squire put forth the very best of his energies in opposition. They continued, nevertheless, on excellent terms. A short-lived coolness was exhibited between them, when the captain presented the town with a full-length figure of Diana, being the figure-head of his old ship, with a request that it might be placed beneath the pulpit of the meeting-house. Squire Periwig opposed the proposition in town-meeting Captain Tarbox replied in a speech of twenty minutes' length; but, notwithstanding the numerous precedents which he referred to, in

foreign lands, the squire said it was a heathenish practice; and Bellwether, the butcher, said he 'd as lieve see a ram's head and horns stuck up there any day. The captain went off in a huff, and the town passed a vote of thanks, offering to put it up in the schoolhouse, and then adjourned to receive the captain's answer. During the succeeding night, the figure was stolen away, and probably buried, for nothing more was ever heard of it; and the whole affair, which might otherwise have set the inhabitants by the ears, was ere long forgotten.

"Good morning, Captain Tarbox," said the squire. — "A fair wind t' ye, squire," replied the captain; "I hailed ye to learn what success you 've met with about that temperance meeting." — "It 'll be an expensive thing, captain, and I really don't know where the money 's to come from," replied the squire. "We 've made three trials already, and bad luck enough we 've had on 't. All this ere philanthropy business must pay its own way, you know, Captain Tarbox; folks are tolerably ready to come to the meetings, but they 're awful afeard o' the cost on 'em. The first time, you remember how it was, we thought there was no need o' going to the expense o' lighting the meet'n'us; so folks fetched their own candles and lanterns; and, when they got fairly into their seats, and had looked about to see who was there, they begun to blow 'em out. Some folks, that was more delicate than the rest, said the smell on 't was oncredible. Mr. Wheezer, the young lawyer that addressed us, told me it e'enabout did for him; and he coughed so bad, that we did n't git more than one word in five of all he said. Sartin all the light we got upon the subject come from the speaker, and it was a light shining in a pretty dark place, I tell ye.

"Next time, you know, we voted to light up; and, when I told 'em as how they 'd have trouble about paying for so many candles, our minister thought my notions was altogether behind the times. He told me, the temperance cause was more popular than I thought for, and that we might safely rely upon a generous public. So we lighted up; and old Mr. Greedy, the grocer, who looked in, a minute or so, but did n't stay long, said it really brought on his old complaint, to see sich a tarnal waste o' taller." — "His old complaint!" cried the captain; "his old complaint against temperance meetings, you mean." — "No, I don't," replied Squire Periwig, rather peevishly; "you are a leetle too apt to interrupt a body, Captain Tarbox, begging o' your pardon; I mean them cramps, for which he takes hot snakeroot. Well, we had an excellent discourse. It gin cider a lift, but went right agin sperrit. Well, when the Rev. Mr

Moose sot down, it was agreed that Squire Tiger, the attorney, and I should collect. So he seized his hat and run out of his pew, the minute the minister had gin the benediction. Some of the plaguy boys had hid mine, and so, as I saw the public a going, I e'en took off my wig. 'Stop — stop, my friends,' cried Mr. Moose, rising in the pulpit, 'stop for the collection;' but that seemed to set 'em a going the faster. In spite of all we could do, the generous public was off afore we could go round, and, jest as I said, we had to make it up among ourselves. The cost o' them candles was two dollars and eighty-seven cents and a half; and every cent we collected was one dollar and thirty-two cents, and three potatoes, which an impudent sarpant dropped into my wig. I 'm for temperance, Captain Tarbox, in all things, and o' course, in the consumption o' valuable candles.

"You know what a failure 't was the third time. We was to have a gentleman from the city. Pertiklar pains was took to fix all right; we writ him a letter, telling him we was poor; could n't afford to pay for a lecture; but would pay his expenses out and home, by the cheapest route; begged him to reply, not by mail, but by Squire Terrapin, who would come home from the legislature on Saturday, and save the postage. So he writ, and agreed to 't. We expected he 'd been in the way o' seeing things done smart, so we determined to light up handsome; and, as the expense would be no trifle, Hopville and Pummicetown clubbed with us. I writ him word to come direct to my house; and I wish'd I had n't, for you never see such a silly lot o' pies and custards and nobody knows what, as my wife fixed for the occasion. My darters got a hint that he was a bachelor; and if they 'd been expecting General Washington, they would n't have used up half so much bergamot and essence o' lemon. Jerusha had been down to the city and passed a week with her aunt Furnace, whose husband keeps the Wild Boar Tavern, in Puddle Alley. The day before the lecture, I saw her up in the rowen loft, a working away. Says I, 'Jerush, what are you at?' — 'Nothing, daddy,' says she. — 'You be,' says I. So I goes up the ladder, and she was a stuffing lots o' rowen into two great bags. She said they was to put under their pillows. So I thought no more on 't, till the arternoon o' the very day, when in comes Jerush and Peggy, looking like all possessed. — 'What ye got there?' says I. — 'Nothing, daddy,' said they. — 'Nothing!' says I. 'I never saw nothing look like that;' so I lays hold on 't, as Jerush tried to run out o' the room, and, 'twixt us both, away it comes; and, sure as you 're alive, Captain Tarbox, that are identical bag o' rowen as she was a fixing up in the loft. So I told 'em,

if they was cold, to put on warm, thick petticoats, but rowen was scarce, and I would n't have it wasted that way no how; and I made 'em carry it back, every mite on 't. When Mrs. Periwig came in, I told her what I had done; and she said the men better mind their own matters, and not interfere with the female department. She said Jerusha told her 't was the fashion, and there was not a virtuous woman in the city that did n't wear one. 'Well,' says I, 'then I know why rowen 's riz.' The words were scarce spoken, afore I hear'd a violent knocking at the door. 'Well,' said I, 'if he knocks like that, the pulpit cushion, which has jest been repaired, will stand no chance with him to-night;' for I had n't the slightest doubt but it was the lecturer, who had arrived. So I went to the door myself, and opened it very formally; but, instead of the lecturer, lo and behold, it was nobody but Vat, the foreman of Purdy, the brewer of Hopville. He said Mr. Purdy sent his compliments, and wished me to know that the friends of temperance, in their village, had learned that the lecturer, who had been invited, was one of the new sort, called teetotallers, and that he went right agin beer, and that they had decided to have nothing to do with him. Vat, who saw I was very much disappointed, said he was dreadful sorry it happen'd so, but he made up all sorts of crooked faces to keep from laughing, and it was evident the villain was almost tickled to death. He had n't been gone ten minutes afore a messenger comes from Pummicetown, pretty much of the same sort, stating, that the people there were in a real uproar; and that they had unanimously resolved to hear nothing agin cider. They even went so far as to threaten tar and feathers, but finally settled down upon the more humane proposal of Bill Merryweather, — a droll fellow he was, — to catch the lecturer, and tie him in an empty barrel, and fill it up with cider as high as his nose, and compel him to save himself from being drowned, by drinking it down to the level.

"Upon hearing this I felt really scared for the poor man, and sent off a messenger to stop him on the way, and not only save him from harm, but ourselves from unnecessary expense. I tell you, Captain Tarbox, it 's not the easy matter you suppose to get up a temperance meeting."

"Well, old boy," cried the captain, thrusting both hands into the capacious pockets of his shaggy pea jacket, "spun your yarn out, ey?" — "I have nothing more to say at present, Captain Tarbox," replied the squire, rather nettled, apparently, by the captain's familiar style. — "Well, then," he rejoined, "pipe up your patience, and hear what I 've got to say. You 're a leetle behind the times. Why they don't do the thing now as they used to.

The old fashion used to be this: they began with a prayer; then they had a hymn; then followed a dignified discourse, a regular three-decker; then a hymn; and the minister clapped on the night-cap with a benediction. That 's the way they us'd to fix it. That 's all done with. 'T would be just as odd to have such old-fashioned, musty proceedings now-a-days, as to ascend the Mississippi in a flat, pulling up by the bushes. So, upon the stage, they used to have their regular tragedies and comedies. That 's all gone by. They bring on their wild beasts, and trot 'em over the stage, now-a-days. I never saw people half so much pleased with Hamlet, or Macbeth, or Richard the Third, as with the simple exhibition of a little, uncurried jackass, led on by an actor, in the character of Gil Blas, commencing his travels. The animal was a little refractory, and, by kicking out his legs and braying, he call'd forth peals of applause; and, when the actor begged the audience to excuse the indiscretions of the young performer, as it was his first appearance on any stage, the shouts of rapturous acclamation were quite equal to anything, ever bestowed on Garrick or Talma. A jackass, Squire Periwig, yes sir, I repeat it, a jackass is just what is wanted, to make a temperance meeting go off like a Baltimore clipper from her well greased ways."—"Why, Captain Tarbox," exclaimed the squire, "are you in your sober senses! Would you carry a real jackass into the sanctuary?"—"Squire," cried the captain, "you don't understand the thing at all. It is so odd, so unexpected, so entirely contrary to the plainest rules of common sense, to have a real, live jackass in a church, that thousands would come for the very oddity of the thing; and then, friend Periwig, those, as Oliver Goldsmith says, who came to laugh, would remain, not to pray, to be sure, but for a more worthy purpose than to contemplate the jackass."—"Never," cried the squire, emphatically, with both hands planting his hickory upon the ground, "never will I give my consent to suffer a jackass to be exhibited in our meet'n'us."—"Did n't suppose you would," said the captain; "but I 've no doubt, for all that, of the truth of what I say."—"Besides," rejoined the squire, "it would cost no less for candles."—"Give yourself no uneasiness about the candles," said the captain. "I will put you at ease about the candles presently. The way they manage these matters now is to have one or more impressive addresses from grave and dignified gentlemen, and then a comic song or too, or something funny, in the way of mimickry or buffoonery, between; a sort of facetious interlude. The effect of this, as you see, Squire Periwig, is most excellent; for, however impressive and solemnizing the addresses of the grave speakers may be,

the audience is speedily relieved from all such unnecessary solemnity, by this happy contrivance."—"Pray, Captain Tarbox," said the squire, "if we must have a temperance address, would n't it be the cheapest way to invite our minister, Mr. Moose?"—"Never do," said the captain, with great confidence, "never do, sir; Mr. Moose is a good temperance man, of the old school; a sound, logical reasoner; has a great deal to say upon the subject; and his appeals to the feelings are irresistible. But there is not one particle of grimace or buffoonery about him. You want a comical fellow, but the best man for you is a real funny minister, one, who is so devoted to the cause of temperance, that he is willing, for its sake, to sacrifice a portion of his clerical dignity. The same reason which induces the people to flock after a jackass, exhibited in a church, or even on the stage, operates, in some degree, upon those, who collect to hear a clergyman crack temperance jokes in a pulpit."—"Well, captain," said the squire, "you seem to have thought more upon this subject than I supposed you had, and I should be quite willing, for one, to leave the matter to your management, if you could satisfy me that we—that we should not be obliged to—to—"—"Yes," cried the captain, "I understand you,—that you should not be obliged to pay too much for the candles. Well, that shall be settled; fifteen or twenty dollars will probably cover the whole expenses. Your worthy old neighbor, the widow Seely, whose son has signed the total-abstinence pledge, and reformed entirely, says she will pay half the expense most cheerfully, but not more cheerfully than I will pay the other."—"That 's very handsome, Captain Tarbox," said the squire; "and whom do you propose to have as a lecturer?"—"The Rev. Mr. Crackaway, above all others, if I can get him," replied the captain.—"Is n't he one o' them teetotallers, Captain Tarbox?"—"To be sure," replied the captain. "I don't want a fellow to caulk half my ship, and leave the other open."—"Well" said the squire, "I 'm afeard there is n't one of our selectmen that 'll go to hear him, and I know a number that won't; but, if you and the widow Seely 's going to pay for 't, why, for all I see, it 's your own consarn, and you 've a right to fix it pretty much your own way."—"Why, Squire Periwig," replied the captain, "the widow told me, yesterday, that her son Eli, that 's reformed, you know, was for years the most powerful talker against the distillers, and all sorts of ardent spirit, that she ever heard, and never so much so, as when he was just about half drunk on beer and cider."—"Well, well," said the squire, "I don't know but the widow 's half right. She 's an amazing smart one. When will you have the meeting?"—"Next Friday," said the captain, "the

fifth of November, the anniversary of the gunpowder plot; and you shall see if we don't blow the demijohns sky high, my old boy."—"Captain Tarbox," said the squire, "I really wish you would leave off them words, when speaking to me."—"Well, squire, I will, but I'm so pleased to see you come into the plan so readily, that I forgot myself—no offence, squire. Do send your folks round with notices in all directions. I'll get some printed in the city, and we'll post 'em up. Tell Jerusha to let the women know it, all round, and if she will, she shall have a bustle as big as a chancellor's woolsack, and I'll find the rowen."—"Pshaw, captain, don't mention that," said the squire. "I'll tell o' the meeting, and my folks shall go round. Good day, captain.—By the way, Captain Tarbox, I'm thinking you can light up respectable with three pounds o' candles."—"Don't trouble your head about the candles," said the captain; "that's our affair. Good day t' ye, Squire Periwig."

Captain Tarbox left no stone unturned to accomplish his worthy object, and ensure a large congregation. He rode and ran in all directions, and caused a drag committee to be organized, for the purpose of bringing to the meeting the aged and infirm, the lame and the lazy, even from beyond the boundaries of Tattertown; and his emissaries spread the news in all the neighboring villages. A very foolish report became current, for a time, that some extraordinary performances would be exhibited in the meeting-house. It was even confidently asserted, that the old widow Seely would address the assembly from the pulpit; that Captain Tarbox would perform, in the broad aisle, a dance, which he had seen exhibited by the New Zealanders; and that Squire Periwig would conclude the evening's entertainment with a comic song. These weak inventions of the enemy were not ineffectual. They certainly disturbed the equanimity of the squire, who took the trouble to visit almost every house in the village, for the purpose of contradicting the wicked rumors. The Rev. Mr. Moose, though he gave no credit to the report, was well aware that Captain Tarbox was rather a bold practitioner; he therefore wrote him a respectful note, expressing a hope, that nothing would be done, unbecoming the occasion or the place of meeting. Captain Tarbox immediately waited on the minister in person, and gave him such assurances as set him perfectly at ease.

The eventful Friday at length arrived, and the success of the captain's exertions was amply demonstrated, in the complete occupation of every seat in the meeting-house. The well-known characters and countenances of many, who had assembled, that evening,

plainly proved, that they had come less to give a patient hearing to such arguments as might be advanced, in favor of temperance, than to be tickled and refreshed, by the drollery of the Rev. Mr. Crackaway.

When a congregation has fairly collected, and all who may reasonably be expected to arrive, have been installed for a few minutes in their pews, the passage of time seems immeasurably slow, before the services begin. Such certainly was the case, upon the present occasion. The Rev. Mr. Moose had drawn forth his faithful, old, silver time-keeper, again and again. Half an hour had already passed away, when a sudden noise in the porch seemed to announce the arrival of the Rev. Mr. Crackaway. All heads were immediately turned towards the door. It opened—and the two Miss Periwigs marched up the broad aisle, so singularly caparisoned, as to leave no doubt upon the minds of Captain Tarbox and the squire, who were in the secret, that these perverse young women had taken advantage of their father's absence, to help themselves to rowen. Four young men took their places on the pulpit stairs, relinquishing their seats, which were barely sufficient, for the accommodation of the two Miss Periwigs. All was again reduced to silence, speedily interrupted, however, by a sudden outcry in the very centre of the church; a round board, whose circumference had been perforated with a number of holes for the occasion, each containing a tallow candle, had been ingeniously suspended, under the direction of Captain Tarbox, to the ceiling of the meeting-house, by four small cords uniting in one. Most unhappily, however, the flame of one of the candles had come in contact with the cord, and burnt it entirely off. The circular board consequently inclined suddenly to one side, and three of the candles fell directly on the squire's wig, who sat at the head of his pew. The wig was immediately on fire; and serious mischief might have ensued, but for the prompt exertions of Captain Tarbox, who instantly snatched it from the squire's head, and stamped upon it, in the broad aisle, until the flames were extinguished. It is true, though almost incredible, that some persons present conceived this unhappy accident to have been preärranged, and the captain's efforts in the aisle, in extinguishing the fire, to be the commencement of the New Zealand dance. It was so generally received an opinion, that antics of some sort were indispensable to sustain the faltering interest of the public, in the temperance reform.

This unfortunate accident was speedily repaired, so far as the burnt cordage was concerned. Three new candles were substituted for those, which had been completely demolished in their fall. The

captain seemed perfectly at home; and standing on the pew rail, as if upon the yard-arm of the Diana, he spliced the rigging with inconceivable facility. The squire clapped on the balance of his periwig, and matters soon settled into their original condition.

The impatience of the assembly, ere long, began to manifest itself, in the restless movement of its component parts. The squire looked round with increasing anxiety, upon the waning candles; and, after going, three or four times, to the door of the church, and listening in vain for the sound of wheels, Captain Tarbox was obliged, at last, to ascend the pulpit stairs, and announce to the minister his belief, that the speaker, whom they expected had failed to keep his appointment.

After a confabulation, which lasted four or five minutes, Parson Moose rose in his pulpit, to the great consternation of some of the congregation, who had serious fears that he was about to substitute a sermon for the temperance address; and, in anticipation of such a catastrophe, not a few had already seized their hats, and opened their pew doors. Parson Moose, who perfectly understood the nature of this graceless demonstration, and who was not without a spice of dry humor, instantly exclaimed, "Stop, my friends, one moment, if you please; it is not intended to detain you against your wishes. The Rev. Mr. Crackaway, who was expected here to address you, has not arrived. It is so much after the appointed time, that I fear he will not. What is it your pleasure to do? Shall we return to our own homes, or will you propose some plan for passing the evening profitably here?"

There followed a pause of some length, when Squire Periwig rose, bowed to the Rev. Mr. Moose, and planted both hands on the top of his hickory staff, a never-failing indication, in every town meeting, for thirty years, that he intended to speak. "Reverend sir," said the squire, "a deal o' pains has been taken to collect this congregation together, and considerable expense. This meet'n'us was never lit up so afore, since it was built. I was at the raisin, jest forty-three years ago. If we should break up without making a profit o' this occasion, and leave these here candles all lit up for nothing, I should say it was a burning shame." The squire, having uttered these words, suddenly resumed his seat, and very unexpectedly to those, who were accustomed to the prolix manner, in which he commonly exhibited his oratorical powers. It was surmised by some, that a consciousness, that his wig was half burnt off, had shortened his harangue.

He had no sooner resumed his seat, than Captain Tarbox arose. "Parson Moose," he exclaimed, in a strong sea voice, "I am

entirely of Squire Periwig's opinion. As I have had something to do in getting up this meeting, I should be greatly mortified if our friends should be obliged to disperse, without any amusement whatever. The Rev. Mr. Crackaway has disappointed us. Had he kept his promise, we should have had fun enough. From what I have heard of him, I don't know that such an old craft as this meeting-house would have kept its timbers together. But there is no occasion for despair. I am told there is a gentleman here, who is willing to go up in the pulpit, and hit off a real drunkard, so that you would n't know the difference. I have also been informed, that Appleton, the blind fiddler, is, at this moment, fortunately here; and Mr. Boogler has expressed a willingness to give us Old King Cole." This announcement was received by a large portion of the assembly, with a murmur of approbation; and Appleton, encouraged by what he heard, had drawn his fiddle from its case, and was already screwing up the strings, and putting it in tune. "Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the venerable clergyman, with a countenance full of painful solemnity; — "Heaven forbid, that I should live to witness such a desecration of this holy place. Shall we convert God's holy temple into a play-house! A drunkard, or the representative of a drunkard, in my pulpit! Shall these consecrated walls, in which I have officiated for more than forty years, resound with the notes of profane ribaldry, or with any other than such as are poured forth for the glory of God! Can it be possible, my friends, that the exhibition of a drunkard, as an object of ridicule, entitled as he is to our deepest commiseration and regard, should be accounted a legitimate part of that machinery, by which this high and holy enterprise is to be advanced! Is this righteous cause, whose earliest recollections are associated in our minds with some of the greatest names our country has produced, — Dexter, and Dane, and Wardsworth, and Worcester, — fallen so very low, as to require, for its support, these artificial aids from stage-players and buffoons! If so, it will ere long sink into contempt and oblivion."

This strong and entirely unexpected appeal was irresistible. More than a dozen of the graver members of the society were at once upon their feet, their countenances expressive of entire approbation of Parson Moose's sentiments. — "Reverend sir," cried Squire Periwig, striking the end of his hickory violently on the floor, "I am agin singing King Cole in this meet'n'us; and I must say, sir — yes sir, I must — with all my respect for Captain Tarbox, I was sorry to hear him call this venerable meet'n'us, by such a disrespectful name as a craft." — "Reverend sir," said a tall, slender personage, with a pale but expressive countenance, — and all eyes were

turned upon the village schoolmaster, old Mr. Merlin, — "Reverend sir, with your leave, I will propose, as a substitute for the lecture, which it seems we are not to have, that some of us, who have any details in our possession, connected with this interesting subject, and whose recital may be profitable to this assembly, should be invited to relate them. Squire Periwig, who was born in this village, and has resided here so many years, cannot fail to recollect some interesting passages, which are well worth the recital. Captain Tarbox, I should presume, can give us some incidents, which have occurred under his observation, at sea and in foreign lands. And you, sir, yourself, I trust, will contribute to our useful entertainment, in a similar manner."

The people, so called, in the hands of an ingenious operator, are very much like clay in the hands of the potter. This assembly, so ready, but a moment before, to approve the preposterous proposal of Captain Tarbox, were now equally in favor of Mr. Merlin's suggestion.

"I have nothing to say agin Mr. Merlin's plan," said the squire. "I 'm not much of a story-teller ; but, if he 'll lead off, I 'll follow as well as I am able."

"I have no objection, Reverend sir," said Mr. Merlin ; "and, as we have lost some time in preliminaries already, I will consume no more. I have often been disposed to trace back the effect of intemperance to its remote causes ; and I have been occasionally as much surprised to find the original source precisely where it was, as was the traveller Bruce, to discover, in two small fountains in Abyssinia, the sources of the Nile. Drunkenness is defined a disturbance of the functions of the brain and nerves, by the use of alcohol. Many other stimulants will produce the same effect. Anger is a species of drunkenness or intoxication, and every passion, unduly gratified, presents a somewhat similar result. In all these cases, the functions of the brain and nerves are disturbed. He, that striveth for the mastery, should be temperate in all things. I have been a school-master for many years ; and of those boys who have become drunkards, at some period of their lives, I have found very few, who had not been devoted, with more than common ardor, to the gratification of some particular passion. The absence of drunkenness, among the Quakers, is not so directly the result of their conventional interdiction of the use of spirit, as of that soothing quietism, that characteristic calm, which pervades them as a class, and wonderfully enables them to keep their wholesome resolutions. The habit of excitement is a continuing inward fire, which requires fuel of some sort. The brain and nerves, long and habitually excited by

some cause, though in itself originally painful, seem, for a time, not less disturbed by a removal of the cause; and, if it be no longer in force, they solicit the application of some other exciting principle or power. A contemplation of this fact plainly exhibits the absurdity of expecting a drunkard's reformation, upon his pledge to abstain from distilled spirit, however faithfully observed, if he be permitted to resort to cider or other inebriants.

"When I was a young man, I——" at this moment the attention of the company was attracted to Squire Periwig, who had risen from his seat, and stood pointing his hickory stick at an angle of forty-five; the speaker observed this incident and paused:—"I 'm sorry to interrupt," said the squire, "but there 's a great thief in two o' them candles, and the taller 's swealing away like nothing." The squire's solicitude about the candles was appeased by the sexton, and Mr. Merlin proceeded. "When I was a young man, I kept a school in the village of Gooseberry. Everybody has rambled as far as the pretty village of Gooseberry. In this village dwelt Squire Mushroom, who was supposed to own all the factories and two thirds of the bank. His word was law among the men; Mrs. Mushroom's, among the women; and master Aminadab's among the children, from one end of Gooseberry to the other. Aminadab, or, as he was commonly called, Minny, for convenience, or perhaps on account of his small stature, was a fiery little fellow, with carroty hair, high and spreading cheek-bones, an uncommonly sharp nose and chin, and two sharp small eyes as black as coals. As his nose was always red, from his cradle, his eyes and nose together resembled two agates and a ruby, in a mourning ring. The sum total of his appearance was as near to that of a large fox, as one thing could be to another. He employed a considerable portion of his time in setting his dog, Snarl, on the horses, sheep, fowls, and children, who came in sight of his father's premises. It was a great source of delight to Minny, if he could, by letting down the bars after dark, entice all the cows in the neighborhood into Daddy Grumble's barley-field. Whatever wanton act of mischief was done, the good people of Gooseberry always attributed it to Aminadab Mushroom, or, as he was termed on such occasions, 'that red devil's bird, Minny Mush.' It was not safe to resent these trespasses, which Minny committed. Upon one occasion, farmer Trott had every long hair in his nag's tail pulled out by Minny, to make snares for blue jays. This made the farmer very angry, as he had just been made a colonel, and the nag was good for nothing on the parade, without the tail. In the first moment of anger, he seized Minny, and ducked him in a tanpit, and flogged him into the bargain Minny ran home

yelling that *he'd have his revenge.* Next morning the farmer's green melons were all cut off the vines; and Squire Mushroom bought the farm, and turned Trott off, at the shortest notice.

"Moses Meadows, the son of an honest farmer, was the particular object of Minny's hatred. He hated him in general, because he was the best boy in master Thwackum's school; and he hated him in particular, because, when the master inquired who broke his hour-glass, and little Tom Tibbs was about to be whipped for it, upon the evidence of Minny, Moses rose, and, before the whole school, stated that he was looking in at the window, before school, on the day when Minny had had his ears boxed, and that he heard him say *he would have his revenge;* and at the same time, he knocked down the hour-glass with the poker. Upon this, Minny had a terrible whipping; and, after school, he told Moses *he'd have his revenge.* In the morning of that day, Moses fed his three white rabbits. Next morning, they were found dead. In such terror was Minny held in the village, that Goody Cringe offered him half her pears, if he would not take the whole. Farmer Meadows charged him with killing Moses' rabbits, upon which Minny told the farmer he lied, who jumped over the wall, and birched the young dog handsomely, who clinched his little fist, and screamed loud enough to split his lungs, that *he'd have his revenge.* The squire came in a great, red rage, to call the farmer to account. Farmer Meadows was a member of the society of Friends, and perfectly independent in his circumstances. The dialogue between them was very descriptive of their respective characters. 'You are a Quaker rascal,' said the squire. 'Nay, friend Mushroom, thee is not in thy right mind.' 'I have a great mind to come over the wall and thrash you, you old rascal,' said the squire. 'Nay, friend Mushroom, I think thy great mind will not mislead thee so far,' said the farmer. 'You are an impudent fellow,' replied the squire. 'Nay, friend,' said the farmer, 'thee is no judge.' 'You shall hear from me again,' said the squire, clapping spurs to his horse, and shaking his whip in the air. 'Fare thee well, friend Mushroom,' said farmer Meadows, as the squire rode away. While this colloquy was going on, in front of the house, Minny had fastened a cord to the leg of the bench, that supported the farmer's beehives, and tied the other end to old Dobbin's collar, who had been harnessed for the plough, which was down in the field. After the squire had gone, the farmer took Dobbin's bridle to lead him off, when, at the first step, down came all the hives, and, in an instant, the air was filled with an irritated little host, who fastened on poor old Dobbin, and literally stung him to death The poor farmer himself was also severely injured. No

one doubted that Minny was the author of this cruel deed. When Moses met him the next day, he said to him, 'Thee has *had thy revenge*, Minny, and the Lord, as I think, will one day give me mine.' Minny let no opportunity escape of offering injury and insult to Moses and his father. This revengeful, wicked temper grew with his years. And, as he became a man, the ill turns, which he rendered this worthy family, were more serious in their consequences. His riches naturally gained him followers, who flattered him, by taking up his prejudices. He bought an adjoining estate, for the avowed purpose of getting into a lawsuit with Moses, about boundary lines. He bought an hundred things, at auctions, which he did not want, for no other reason than the desire of disappointing Moses. One day he purposely ran foul of Moses' wagon, and performing the part of the wolf, in the fable, he began, with profane oaths, to accuse Moses as the aggressor; and, at length, confiding in his peaceful temper and principles, he seized Moses by the collar, and began to lay his whip over his shoulders. Moses, taking hold of his arms, held him with great ease; and, as he still struggled and attempted to kick and bite, he said to him, 'Aminadab Mushroom, as far as possible I have desired to live peaceably with thee. I will neither strike thee, nor will I bite thee, nor despitefully use thee, for it is forbidden; but I will bind thee to keep the peace;' so saying, he drew from his pocket a new clothes-line, which he had been buying, and tied him to a tree, with an adroitness, which astonished the bystanders, who laughed heartily to hear Minny rave and scream, that *he 'd have his revenge*. Moses repaired to a magistrate, who despatched a constable to untie Minny, and he was bound over in good earnest to keep the peace. During the process of tying him to the tree, Minny called loudly and confidently for aid, upon two or three of his associates, who only stood and laughed at him. He was greatly enraged at their ingratitude, for which he could not account. Minny, it seems, was in no business, but entirely dependent on his father; who was himself entirely dependent, and had been for a long time, upon the popular delusion in regard to the bank. The bystanders, who had seen Minny tied, would probably have interposed in his favor, had they not heard a report, which had not reached Minny's ears, respecting his father. In truth, the bank had been created to feed the factory; and the factory proved too voracious for the bank to supply its never-ceasing demands. They failed together, and the squire's horse proved a good galloper, and ran away, as fast as his legs could carry him; this would have been a matter of little consequence, had not the squire, with all the spare cash, been mounted on his back. Minny came down, after his

father, as a bob comes down, after a kite, when it falls. His property was stripped from him, by his unrelenting creditors, by piecemeal, much in the same manner, in which it is taken from a poor mariner's back, who has the misfortune to be cast upon the shores of merciless barbarians. Minny's old friends and companions were among the first and the most furious. They took his farms, and cattle, and wagons, and even his furniture. Minny had now literally no resource upon earth, and he had never thought of any in heaven. He had neither philosophy nor religion. He now, for the first time in his life, began to suspect that this world was not made for Minny, whatever it might have been for Cæsar. He had been married more than four years, to a very worthy young woman, and they had three as pretty children as any in Gooseberry. Their mother had done her utmost to bring them up in the fear of the Lord; and, to do Minny justice, he had the greatest respect for his wife. She was mild and discreet; and knew, as well as any woman breathing, how to put in her good words in season. Whenever he came in, with a tempest on his brow, she contracted her sails before its fury, like the little nautilus. And when he swore he 'd have his revenge, she said not a word. But she reasoned with him, when he was calmer, and often prevailed with him to relinquish his unjust and violent purposes. She had, in a great measure, persuaded him of the folly and injustice of cherishing unchristian feelings to the Meadows family. 'Only think,' said she, 'how differently they have conducted to you, Aminadab. I saw Moses Meadows, with my own eyes, pick up every one of the pears, that fell from our tree into his lot, and lay them carefully on our side. And, notwithstanding the sad turn you did him about his bees, when you was a boy, yet, when yours swarmed on his trees, he hived them, and put them, hive and all, over on our side. I should not show my regard for you, Aminadab, by joining in your talk, against so worthy a man as Moses Meadows.' 'Well, wife,' he would reply, 'you 've preached a good sermon, and I don't doubt you 're half right; but let 's have some tea.'

"But now these poor people were stripped of all their possessions, and reduced to great distress. Martha, Aminadab's wife, bore it with great fortitude; she was up, early and late, and everybody saw that her little children were never ragged, thought their coats and breeches were, like Joseph's, of many colors, and covered with patches As for little Minny, their youngest boy, the more his clothes were like those of a little merry Andrew, the happier he seemed to be; and, one day, having picked up a piece of yellow cloth, cut in the shape of a star, before the door of Mr. Cabbage

the tailor; he cried a full hour, by the Gooseberry clock, because his mother refused to sew it on his breeches behind. The children of Moses Meadows went to the same town-school with these poor little fellows. One day, in February, there came a terrible thaw, and while Martha was wondering how the little things could get home, she looked out of the window, and saw Moses Meadows three stout boys, each with one of her children 'a-pig-back.' She begged them to come in, and rest themselves, upon which they cried 'Nay,' and ran home again.

"At first, Aminadab bore his misfortunes like a fool and an infidel. He even showed some disposition to drown his sorrows in the drunkard's cup. One evening he came home late, with a bottle of rum under his coat; and as he crept slyly into the house, he heard Martha talking, and, peeping through the crack of the door, he perceived that she was kneeling beside the bed, in which his three children were sound asleep; he saw the tears run down her cheeks, and the first words he caught were these: 'Wherever he may be, give thy angels charge over him; deliver him from evil doers; save him from destruction; guard him, O God, from that sin, which most easily besets him. Thou, who art the father of the fatherless, and the widow's God, save thy handmaid and these unhappy babes from misfortune, greater even than that of the widow and the orphan, who have followed a worthy husband and father to the grave; save us, Almighty God, from domestic disgrace. Teach my poor husband to bow to thy chastisement. Spare us, O Lord; may these poor children never behold a drunkard in their father.'—The tears gushed more freely from her eyes; and Aminadab, who, as we have said, most truly loved and respected his wife, rushed out of the house, and taking the neck of the bottle in both hands, he broke it on the horse-block, with the greatest violence, at the same moment crying 'Amen,' while the tears filled his eyes. He then returned into the house, where he was kindly received by Martha. Next morning, to her great surprise, he rose unusually early; and, after an hour's absence, he returned, and told her, that he had engaged himself to Mr. Staple, the shopkeeper, to take charge of his store. She could scarcely credit the intelligence. It was even so; and in a week he entered on his new employment, to the astonishment of all Gooseberry. The clergyman came shortly after to their cottage, and Aminadab frankly related, for the first time, to his wife and Parson Bell, the circumstances we have described; and added, 'Your prayers are the longest, Parson Bell, I ever heard, but our Martha's prayer I never shall forget, to my dying day.'

"Shortly after, Gripe, the broker, having obtained a judgment

against Aminadab, took out his execution, and committed him to prison. This produced for poor Martha, what poverty could not. She bore all else; by this she was overthrown. She fell sick of a fever. When Minny came to school, little Moses Meadows, observing that he cried bitterly, asked him the reason; and learned that his father was in jail, and his mother sick in bed. Moses told his father at noon. 'Does thee not think, father,' said little Moses, 'that broker Gripe lacketh bowels?' 'Yea,' said friend Meadows, 'go thee out and saddle the gray mare. Neighbor Mushroom hath been tried in the fire, and verily I thought he would be found wanting. But he hath been steady, from the second to this tenth month, in friend Staple's store. Verily Mosy is right, and Gripe lacketh bowels.' He got on the gray mare, and, in a quarter of an hour, he hitched the bridle at the prison gate. 'Is Aminadab Mushroom in thy jail?' said he to Beeswax, the keeper; and, being told that he was, he asked for the amount of the execution; and being asked by Beeswax, if he thought it would ever be paid, 'Yea,' he replied, 'thee shalt have thy money, friend Beeswax, at my house, when thee pleasest. Wilt thee trust to my saying, and bring forth Aminadab?' The word of Meadows was better than many bonds. Aminadab could scarcely believe, that he was freed by Moses Meadows. He could not restrain his tears. 'I do not deserve this at your hands,' said he. 'Nay,' replied friend Meadows, 'thee doest not, on old scores. But thee art another than thee wast. Verily, the grace of God, as I think, worketh in thee. Friend Aminadab, it hath pleased Heaven to add greatly to my basket and my store, beyond my deserts, and to take from thee the little that thee hadst. I have bought thy little farm back for thee; it is thine own. Thy children and my children shall grow up together, and brotherly love shall continue.' 'Ah,' said Aminadab, 'now I understand the meaning of your words, when we were boys, "*Thee has had thy revenge*, Minny, and the Lord, as I think, will one day give me mine."' 'Yea, verily,' said Moses, and they walked home the very best friends in all Gooseberry."

A murmur of applause arose as Mr. Merlin resumed his seat, slightly interrupted by a loud whisper, from Mr. Killem, the tavern-keeper, sufficiently audible to the occupants of the nearest pews; he observed, with a sneer, that the story might be well enough for Mr. Merlin's scholars of twelve years old; and Captain Tarbox replied, loud enough to be heard by the whole congregation, that, perhaps, we might be favored, before we separated, with a story better adapted to Mr. Killem's age and occupation. "Order, my friends," said the Rev. Mr. Moose; "I believe we are now entitled to a story from Squire Periwig."

"I don't reckon," said the squire, as he rose, "upon being very entertaining, but I'll do the best I can, in my old-fashioned way. I've lived in this town, man and boy, seventy-three years, come the seventeenth day of next June. I've seen lots o' drunkards, in this ere village, born, bred, and buried here, right in the midst of us; likely young men too, a great many of 'em; cut down, not by the hand of time, but by this awful destroying angel, or devil, or whatever it is; this rage for liquor. I've seen em put into the ground with their brown hair, and every tooth in their heads — some of 'em so very young, that they were never shaved in their lives, unless it was by the men they got the rum of. I've seen mothers, and widders, and darters, shed more tears than would fill all the empty rum hogsheads, that ever came full into Tattertown. Neighbor Killem could tell ye ten times more about this than I can." — "Pray, Squire Periwig," cried the tavern-keeper, jumping up in a passion, "what right have you to drag me before this meeting, without my consent?" — "Bless your heart, neighbor," said the squire, "what 's the matter? If I've said anything out of the way, I'm very sorry for it. You and I have been neighbors for forty years. You know well enough, neighbor, that I am a tanner; now, if you had undertaken to tell a story about the number of hides that have been tanned in this village, for a certain number of years, and had thought proper to say to the assembly, that Squire Periwig could tell them a great deal more about the matter than you could, I don't think it would have put me in a passion. If I had ever heard you say, that you was ashamed of your trade, I would n't have hurt your feelings, neighbor, for the world; but, on the contrary, I've heard you say, a hundred times, that it was a highly honorable calling, and quite agreeable to Scripture. I've heard you say, that the law required commissions to Justices of the Peace and licenses to rum-sellers, to be given, as marks of distinction, to men of sober lives and conversations, and that you considered your profession as honorable as any in the village."

There was something so perfectly overwhelming, in this unexpected, and possibly unintended, onset of Squire Periwig, that the congregation was, for one or two minutes, convulsed with laughter. Mr. Killem had seized his hat, and half risen to depart; but his better half twitched him by the coat, and whispered something in his ear, of which nothing but the words, "sovereign contempt," and "beneath your notice," was heard by the persons occupying the pew in rear. He threw his hat upon the floor of the pew, and folding his arms, looked round upon the assembly with a countenance full of indignation and wrath; a ferocious grin, as the speaker proceeded, alter-

nating with an expression as "black as midnight without moon;" somewhat resembling the sudden changes, when heat lightning is flashing forth amid the deep gloom of an autumnal sky.

The heart is deceitful above measure. Squire Periwig had never been accounted among the most ardent friends of temperance, until that moment. He mistook the high satisfaction he received, from a consciousness of having been able to produce the effect he had just witnessed in the assembly, for zeal and devotion to the cause. He saw clearly, that he had mortally offended his neighbor Killem; he knew the unforgiving nature of his disposition; and he rightly considered it a legitimate occasion for making a virtue of necessity. The independent condition of his circumstances placed him beyond the reach of those mischievous appliances, of which Mr. Killem knew well enough how to avail himself, against those, who attempted to thwart his wishes, or interfere with his professional operations.

"I've always reckoned," continued the squire, "that, when rum got into a family, 't was a sort o' leprosy, — only the spots were commonly red rather than white. It 's amazing catching; wives catch it from their husbands — husbands from their wives — children from their parents, and so on. I was very much struck by Mr. Merlin's observation, about looking back to the remote causes o' drunkenness. I told ye I was born the seventeenth o' June; it like to have been the death on me. My father was an ensign, during the revolutionary war. He was at the battle o' Bunker's Hill. He had his flag-staff shot off in the middle, by a cannon-shot, and he kept the part he then held in his hand, to his dying day. I never saw him so angry, as when one of the women took it to supply the place of the churn-handle that got broke. Well, next to the Lord's day, there was no day in the year, with him, like the seventeenth o' June. He loved to talk o' nothing so much as o' that day, and o' the battle. I've been axed, a hundred times, how I was connected with the Bunker family, only because my father had me christened Bunker Periwig, in honor of that memorable event. A week afore the anniversary, and a week arter, every year, at the least, was took up in talking about the battle. The first dram I ever drank, was in honor o' that occasion. I was n't eight years old. To make it go down, father put in a lump o' sugar. I soon got to like it, and used to long for the anniversary. I remember, one time, I got thoroughly fuddled; and, as it was at another time o' the year, my father was very angry, and still more so, when, in answer to his inquiry how I dared to drink up his gin, and make a beast o' myself, I told him 't was in honor o' Bunker Hill. I desire to bless the Lord, I have escaped being a drunkard. There were five

men then living in Tattertown — every one of 'em died a drunkard — who were in that battle. My father used to have 'em all at his house, on the seventeenth. Every one of these men was perfectly sure he shot Major Pitcairn. The more flip they drank, the more sure they got; and the matter was n't always ended without a fight Old Loomis made my father very angry, one time, by breaking the end of the old flag-staff, that was always brought out on them days, and laid on the table, over Bob Haggerty's head. I dare say there are some here now, that remember Bob Haggerty. You remember Haggerty, neighbor Killem, don't ye?" — "No, I don't," replied Mr. Killem, gruffly. — "How you talk!" rejoined the squire; "why, I 'll state a circumstance that 'll refresh your memory." — "Squire Periwig," said Mr. Killem, angrily, "you 've insulted me once already, in this meeting, to-night, and I ——" "No offence, neighbor," said the squire, "I was e'enamost sure you must remember Haggerty. You remember a little short woman, with reddish hair, that went crazy, and died in the poor-house; she 's been dead about twenty years." — "No, I don't remember anything about your short woman," growled the inn-holder. — "Well, that 's amazing," said the squire; "she used to come and sit on your steps, and beg you not to sell any more rum to her husband; and when you drove her off, as it was natural enough you should do, — for I used to think it must be awful unpleasant, — she used to go and sit on the horse-block, and cry, as though her heart would break. That woman, that you don't remember nothing about, was Haggerty's wife."

At that moment, the attention of all present was called to a woman, who walked rapidly out of the meeting-house, with her head bowed down and her handkerchief before her eyes. "Dear me," said the squire, as he looked at her attentively, "I 'm very unlucky; if I 'd known that woman was here, I should have been more careful. I thought she was settled in Hopville. That 's Haggerty's darter; the very one that he used, when she was a child, to send to your bar, neighbor Killem, for rum." — "I wish to know, if it is expected of me," said the tavern-keeper, "to sit here quietly, and hear all this abuse?" — "Squire Periwig," said the Rev. Mr. Moose, "I think it would be well to avoid such direct, personal remarks." — "Reverend sir," replied the squire, "I only wanted to refresh neighbor Killem's memory." — "Well, sir," rejoined the clergyman, "it would be more in order, I conceive, to avoid calling any person, who is here present, by name; you can make yourself sufficiently intelligible, without a personal appeal." — "I will endeavor to do so," replied the squire, and continued as follows:

"I have told you how near I came to being a drunkard, in honor

of the seventeenth o' June. I forgot to say, that, arter we had taken quite as much, in honor of that day, as the occasion seemed to require, my father always made what he called a tip-top mug o' toddy, in honor o' my birth-day, and would n't let us leave a drop on it. 'T is wonderful from how small and remote a cause, the habit of drunkenness will arise. I could tell a great many stories, about the intemperance o' Tattertown; but, after my dreadful bad luck to-night, I 'm afeard to venture, lest I should give offence. I do remember, however, the history of one family, about which I believe I may speak, without hurting anybody's feelings. The family 's dead and buried, all of 'em, long ago; and I 'm very sartin there 's no kith nor kin left hereabouts. I s'pose I 'm in order, in telling the name, as they 've all been in their graves full sixteen years. I refer to Millikin, the cooper, his wife and five children." — At this moment, Mr. Killem, by a sudden jerk of his body, and kick of his boot, sent the cricket from one end of his pew to the other, with such violence as to draw all eyes in that direction. A dead stillness ensued, broken, after a moment, by the squire. "I 'm afear'd I 'm out of order agin, and yet I don't see how, for I mentioned no name but that of Millikin, who is n't here to be hurt by what I say, though he used to be here pretty constant, as one of your congregation, Reverend sir. I 've seen him here in this house, with his wife and five children, and healthier and happier folks never entered these doors. They used to sit in that pew; I hardly know how to describe it, for it is n't in order to call names, — I mean the pew where the gentleman sits who kicked the cricket over. Millikin owned that very pew, and paid his taxes regularly for several years."

It was rather cool for the fifth of November, but Mrs. Killem, the landlady, began to fan herself with her handkerchief, and the perspiration was gathering upon the innholder's forehead.

"Nothing, I reckon," resumed the squire, "was ever more remote, as a cause of intemperance, than the thing, which actually produced it, in this family. You will smile, some of you, perhaps, when I tell you, it was a little runlet, not three inches long. The father made it, for the amusement of his youngest boy, Peter. He fixed a string to it, and carried it about his neck. One day, he was playing, in front of the tavern door, and somebody, — I a'n't agoing to get out of order agin, by calling names, — beckoned to him to come in. So little Peter ran in, and the gentleman, — whose name I sha'n't speak, because he 's here in the meet'n'us, — filled his little runlet with toddy. It afforded great amusement to a number of very philanthropic people, round the tavern door, to see Peter strut about, and sip his toddy from the runlet. He soon became fuddled,

got on the horse-block, fell asleep, tumbled off and broke his arm.' — "It 's false," said Mr. Killem. — "So it is," said the squire, "'t was his leg. I came along past, jest about then, and carried him home, in my wagon. Little Peter told his brothers how they filled his runlet, and how sweet the toddy was. They, naturally enough, teased their father, till he made runlets for 'em all. These boys carried their runlets to school; and, when they were let out, they ran before the tavern and the grocery, till some kind, considerate person filled their runlets with toddy, or flip, or some other intoxicating liquor. Before this time, Millikin, the father, was as likely and as industrious a man, as any in our village. Until this period, he had no account, at the tavern or the grocery, for sperret. But, soon after fixing off the boys with runlets, he began to run up a bill at both places, for rum and gin, but much the most at the tavern. When little Peter's leg got well, the first thing almost that he did was to rig on his runlet, and go to the tavern. The man who filled his runlet the first time, was, very naturally, pleased to find, that he had n't been the cause of breaking his neck, for there had been considerable talk about the matter, as it was. He felt, like enough, that little Peter had helped him to inoculate the family, for it 's jest like the small-pox, jest as catching. So he called him in, the minute he saw him, and filled his runlet agin, and bid him not get up on the horse-block, but carry it home to his mammy. So off Peter trotted, and the result proved how well he executed his commission. When the father, or the mother, or the sisters took a suck at Peter's runlet, Billy, and Sammy, and Johnny, and Bobby, would be uneasy, till their parents and sisters had taken a suck at their runlets. I remember well, Parson Moose, when conversing with you about poor Millikin, many years ago, that you remarked on the pleasure you had enjoyed, that morning, when, after expostulating with the poor man upon his bad habit, you returned to your study, and, upon opening the window, listened, for an hour, to the music of his cooper's hammer. But it was all over with the Millikins. I reckon there are some constitutions, that go very quick, when the liquor takes hold. The Millikins fell off amazing quick indeed. Their little property soon melted away. Them five runlets was like five vials o' wrath poured out upon their heads. They had a noble cow, but she did n't give toddy, so they sold her very soon. The father became an idle, miserable wretch. The mother got drunk, fell in the fire, and was burnt to death. Both the girls were drunkards, and died o' consumption. The father drowned himself. Two of the boys died in the poor-house, one was killed in a fight. How the fourth died I don't remember. Peter lived

the longest. Long before he died, he got him a larger runlet; and, one December night, he got drunk, lay out, and friz to death, with the runlet hanging round his neck. So they all died; and the whole cause o' the destruction o' this family was neither more nor less than that are little runlet not more than three inches long. But I 'm e'enamost ashamed o' myself, for taking up so much time, that might be better employed by other folks."

The squire resumed his seat. A brief silence ensued, during which, many eyes were directed to Mr. Killem's pew; and there was a pretty general expectation that he would rise, in reply to the last speaker. But, in this, the assembly were disappointed. The tavern-keeper seemed to be of an opinion that his strength consisted in sitting still, and exhibiting what the French, when speaking of the English, are pleased to call the grand talent for silence.

At length, the attention of the congregation was turned to Mr. Skillington, the oldest, decidedly the honestest, and altogether the poorest of five members of the legal profession, who picked up a scanty support, out of the necessities and distresses of Tattertown.

"Rev. sir," said he, "nothing was further from my thoughts, when I came here, than the intention of addressing this assembly. But the remarks of Squire Periwig have almost raised the dead before my eyes. If I were a Swedenborgian, I could not more powerfully recall from their resting-places those, who have long slept in their silent graves. I perfectly remember the Millikins, and those five boys, and their five runlets. The squire has told you the whole story, with one important exception — he has said nothing of the untiring efforts of one worthy man to reclaim the members of this miserable family — to keep them from sacrificing the wretched remnants of their little property — that cow, the last and main dependence of these poor people; how well I remember the exertions of that worthy man to save that cow from the rum-seller's grasp, but the rum-seller's till engulfed it all, bone and muscle, hoof and horn, hide and tallow. I cannot forget the efforts of that good man, however ineffectually employed, in behalf of the poor cooper and his family. Squire Periwig would not have neglected to call this good Samaritan by name, had the benevolent individual been any other person than himself.

"Mr. Merlin and the squire have adverted to some of the remote causes of intemperance. It has been frequently remarked, that we are the creatures of circumstances. Our occupations and pursuits, the society, to which we are accustomed, have, necessarily, an important influence upon our characters. It is not at all surprising, that men, who meddle with edge tools, should occasionally cut their

fingers. There is nothing to excite our admiration in the notorious fact, that a large proportion of those, who are engaged in the manufacture of the means of drunkenness, and the traffic therein, should, sooner or later, fall into habits of intemperance themselves; and, according to scriptural prediction, become the occupants of those very pits, which they have prepared for the rest of mankind. We are imitative creatures. The force of example may be expected to operate upon the wives and children of intemperate men, especially as the vice is in accordance with appetite; and so rapidly contagious is this terrible distemper, that, in a family of half a dozen members or more, it is sometimes impossible, after a few short years of indulgence, to say, with perfect certainty, who was the original file leader among this miserable band of inebriates.

"It is highly probable, that a considerable number of those innholders, distillers, and retailers, who have become drunkards, would have been temperate men, had they selected different occupations.

"Such are among the proximate and perfectly intelligible causes of intemperance, in individuals, and in families. But it is occasionally in our power to trace this destructive habit to some particular cause, so remote, and so apparently inadequate for the production of such terrible results, that nothing, short of an attentive examination of the whole chain, throughout its entire extent, will satisfy our minds that the last link is really connected with the first.

"If a doubt exist in the mind of any one, that parents should be exceedingly careful in the selection of those toys, which they put into the hands of their children, let him reflect upon the simple narrative you have heard this evening, of Peter Millikin's runlet.

"Domestic distress has very frequently introduced the demon of intemperance into those families, where as much of happiness, as is well for us, in this state of trial, had existed for many years. The poor, half-distracted father, goaded by misfortune, has fallen down before that false god, the rum-jug, and worshipped with his lips; and, alas! the wife — the children have followed the miserable example. The intemperance of vanity — the intemperance of display — of luxury — the pride of life — have frequently proved the insidious precursors of the intemperance of alcohol.

"There is, as has often been said, a common bond among the sciences — such assuredly exists among the crimes and the follies of mankind. They are strangely related to one another, and a faithful narrative of the original causes — the remote influences, which have conducted mankind to misery and madness, through the avenues of crime, would not unfrequently be interesting, in the highest degree, to the philosopher and the Christian. In many cases, cause

and effect are too closely and too clearly allied, to be misapprehended for a moment. But there are examples, not a few, in which it is scarcely to be believed, that causes, so extremely remote, so apparently trivial, should have indeed sufficed for the destruction of the bodies and the souls of men; and by a process, which, at first, seemed not particularly calculated for the production of such terrible results.

"Archibald Lane was a very clever fellow, and his pretty young wife was as clever as he. He was a shopkeeper in the city, and then recently established in business. She was very worthily connected in a neighboring village, and the most delightful chorister in the parish. One Sabbath in June, — even Burns would have called it 'a bonnie day,' — Mr. Lane visited his cousin in Cricketville, and was so enraptured with the tones of the chief female singer, that, I 'm grieved to admit, upon his return to the city, he could give no account of the sermon, whatever; and had even forgotten the preacher's name. When the last hymn had been sung, the little green curtain was drawn aside, in front of the chorister's seat, and Peggy Picket looked forth upon the congregation. She had been requested, as all singers are, on similar occasions, to sing the hymn for the glory of God; and we trust, and confidently too, she had done so, for she was truly an excellent girl; but she looked, at the time, as if she thought the hymn had been pretty well sung. Her eyes launched downward directly upon Archibald Lane, and so immediately, that, if the thing had not been utterly impossible, it might have been supposed, that his cousin had informed Miss Picket, that Mr. Lane would take his seat in their pew. Be that as it may, it was all over with poor Archy. Let us compress this part of our narrative into the narrow compass of a nutshell, and say as little as possible of their introduction, and of all the delicate things that were thought and said between the parties, and the delicate things which were sent from Mr. Lane's store for Miss Picket, and the delicate messages in return, which passed from Miss Picket to Mr. Lane. The parents of Miss Picket were prevailed on to give their consent, and the five remaining Miss Pickets were immediately put under the instruction of Mr. Jeduthun Kidder, instructor in psalmody.

"Archibald and Peggy were married. They commenced their joint career in a small tenement, of modest pretensions, and furnished it in a style of moderation and economy, which was duly proportioned to their humble finances, and augured favorably for their future prosperity and peace.

"Their happiness, for a few weeks, was observed by all; it was an object of interest and pleasure to well-disposed people; and to unmarried ladies of no particular age, seemed perfectly ridiculous.

This happy couple appeared, like the French Republic, 'one and indivisible.'

"They might, for all I know to the contrary, have continued progressing in happiness to the present hour, had not Colonel Saul Picket returned, after having accumulated property in South India, and, designing to do the handsome thing, presented his niece with a splendid silver pitcher. — Alas! it became the nest egg of destruction — the very apple of discord between this simple pair. Had Colonel Saul imported the plague, and introduced it into their peaceful habitation, he scarcely could have perpetrated a greater injury upon its unoffending inmates.

"Utterly unable to enjoy, alone, the delight produced by this unexpected blessing, Peggy immediately despatched a messenger to request Mr. Lane to return home, as soon as possible. When the messenger arrived, Mr. Lane was engaged in the difficult task of suiting Madam Bumble with a particular shade of gros de Naples, and was, at that moment, taking down the nineteenth parcel from an upper shelf. The ragged boy, who brought the message, and delivered it in haste, was off before any explanation could be asked of him. Mr. Picket was fully impressed with the idea, that his wife was suddenly taken ill. 'Bless me!' said he; and leaping suddenly down from the high steps, upon which he was mounted, the solid parcel of silk slipped from his hand, and, falling directly upon the old lady's bonnet, broke in the front part of it, and so highly offended Mrs. Bumble, that she never visited his shop after that eventful day. Mr. Lane hastened home, as fast as possible; and, as he entered, almost breathless, at the door, his wife, her countenance beaming with delight, met him, holding aloft the silver pitcher in both her hands, and exclaiming, 'There, Archy, there! see what uncle Saul has sent me; is n't it beautiful?'

"'Dear me,' he exclaimed, as he sunk into a chair, 'is that all?'

"'Why, husband,' she replied, 'I 'm sure it 's a very handsome present; and you must allow that uncle Saul has done the genteel thing, my dear.'

"'Oh, yes — to be sure — certainly,' exclaimed Mr. Lane; 'but you have no idea how much you alarmed me, by the suddenness of your message — truly it is very — very elegant; where will you place it, my love — over the fireplace?'

"'Why Archy! certainly not — on the sideboard, to be sure.'

"'How it will look! — that splendid silver pitcher on that little second-hand sideboard. I don't know, however; you would put a mat underneath, and that would serve to cover the old crack in the centre. But are you sure it is solid silver, my dear?' said he, knocking the pitcher with his knuckles.

"'Why, Archibald! how you talk. Do you think uncle Saul is so mean, that he would send me a pewter one?'

"'Yes, you're right, it's silver, my dear, I see by the stamp. Well, it is very handsome — yes — it is very — very.'

"'Isn't it!' exclaimed the delighted proprietress, turning it round in every direction.

"Mr. Lane hastened back to his shop, and his little wife continued, for more than an hour, perambulating her apartment, and surveying her charming acquisition, in every point of view.

"The wisdom of Franklin, and his penetration into the character of man were never more forcibly exhibited, than when he observed, that we are ruined by the eyes of others, and not by our own; for, if there were none, besides our own, to regard our possessions, our furniture and equipages would be commonly far less showy and expensive than they are.

"Mrs. Lane had not enjoyed this peculiar blessing for two short hours, before she became impatient to exhibit it to others. It was not long before she was gratified, by the arrival of one of her neighbors, Mrs. Freetattle, who made herself exceedingly agreeable, by talking of nothing but the silver pitcher. She thought it the most beautiful thing she had ever beheld — decidedly so. She had seen a very handsome one at Colonel Rideup's, very beautiful to be sure, but really it was very inferior to this, in size, and the taste of its workmanship. 'What a fine thing it is, my dear Mrs. Lane,' said she, 'to have a rich uncle Saul! And what a fine thing it would be if he would make you a handsome present of a decent-looking sideboard, to set that elegant pitcher upon! I beg your pardon, my dear, I did not mean to disparage your furniture; your little sideboard was very neat, when it was first made, no doubt; but it's cracked, you know, and I think the turpentine and beeswax always show very plainly, when the veneering is peeling off. It's well enough to begin with; but now you've got that splendid pitcher — bless me — you never could think of retaining such a sideboard as that. Everybody says Mr. Lane is doing a great business. I'm thinking, my dear, you'll soon have another article in the place of that.'

"Mrs. Lane had already begun to think so too; for, although the color slightly tinged her countenance, when Mrs. Freetattle first adverted to the appearance of her little sideboard, recollecting, humble as it was, that her stock of furniture had drawn from her father's pocket all he could possibly afford, yet she felt the perfect justice of that sagacious lady's observations. Every alternate glance, which, from time to time, she directed to the pitcher and the sideboard, served to confirm her impression of their utter incongruity.

'Upon her husband's return, at the dinner hour, Mrs. Lane communicated the opinion of Mrs. Freetattle, respecting the side board. — 'Well, Peggy,' said he, 'Mrs. Freetattle is perfectly right. That splendid pitcher, upon that little, second-hand side-board, certainly resembles a first-rate French cape, over a half-worn ninepenny calico. Suppose, my love, you lock the pitcher up, until some future day, when we can afford, as perhaps we may, a change for the better, in our whole establishment. My business is so good, at present, that I should not be surprised, if, in a few years, we might be able to take a house in Dashaway court or Peppermint square. In the mean time, you can exhibit the pitcher, you know, to any of your friends, who may drop in upon you.'

"'Dear Archy,' said his pretty little wife, 'I 'm sure, uncle Sal would be hurt, if we locked up the pitcher. Besides, how vulgar it would look for me to run, every time any visitor dropped in, and get the key, and unlock the door, and lug out the pitcher. — Mrs. Freetattle told me a great deal of news, this morning. She says Jerry Bustler, that married Priscilla Millet, of Cricketville, has taken one of the new houses in Peppermint square, and furnished it elegantly. I never was more astonished. What would my father say, — he a town clerk, and Priscy's father nothing but a butcher! Priscy Millet in Peppermint square! ha, ha, ha!'

"There was an expression of bitterness, accompanying this exclamation, which Mr. Lane had never before witnessed on the countenance of his wife. What a wicked little aristocrat she is! thought he.

"'My dear Peggy,' said Mr. Lane, after a short pause, 'it is no difficult thing to take a house in Peppermint square, and to furnish it very handsomely; the difficulty consists in keeping it. There is no difficulty in shaking off one's old acquaintances of a humbler grade, — rather trying to the feelings occasionally, to be sure, — and in riding up into a higher circle. There is no great difficulty, if one has money enough, in choosing one's society. There is one troublesome fellow, however, a privileged character, who will intrude just where he pleases; and a very disagreeable fellow he is.' — 'And pray, Archy, who is he?' — 'The sheriff, my dear,' said Mr. Lane. 'Jerry Bustler, if I do not greatly miscalculate, has made a sad mistake. He is a very forward fellow, thrusting himself somehow or other, into the foremost rank, upon every occasion. He has very little weight of character, and but ordinary talent, yet he is so exceedingly solicitous of thrusting his insignificant name before the public, upon every occasion, that, by a sort of common consent, this officious little fellow is permitted to do it *ex-officio*.

He is so apparently unconscious of any difference between himself and men of real eminence, that he actually has caused a bust to be taken of himself; and, not long ago, while looking in upon an exhibition of statuary, I saw the fine heads of Daniel Webster and Judge Story, and actually, between the two, the head and shoulders of little Jerry Bustler, like a magpie perched between two great bald eagles. Jerry is cunning enough to know that his house and furniture are very good travelling tickets on the highway to distinction. I well remember the time when Jerry, as hundreds have done before him, came into the city. I have seen him walking the streets in his country clothes and hob-nail shoes, with a great silver brooch in his shirt-bosom, as big as the top of your mustard-pot, eating away at a sheet of gingerbread, and spelling the signs. Now he is one of the most finished dandies we have; and Priscy, — for country girls, when they get into the city, are more apt to go to all fashionable extremes, than such as have lived there all their days, — Priscy dresses to the very extent of the mode.' — 'I hope, dear,' said Mrs. Lane, 'you don't think me extravagant.' — 'Not at all, my love, not at all,' replied her husband. 'I was going to remark, that these new comers struggle for distinction, as earnestly, as though it were the chief end of man. If they miss their aim, lose their property, are compelled to give up their houses, furniture, and equipage, and become bankrupts, they are easily converted into admirable democrats — agrarians — sans-culottes. If, on the other hand, they are able to maintain their ground, by the power of wealth, they become very tolerable aristocrats. The old elite, firmly established upon their ottomans, for a long time, contemplate the approaches of these aspirants, with repulsive looks; and, like the waters of the Rhone and the Arve, though moving side by side, refuse to mingle. After a few years, however, the wealth of these successful adventurers proves too irresistible for the necessities of the other party; their sons and daughters form alliances; and, in their turn, look down upon hundreds, who are attempting to ascend those summits, which they have successfully attained.'

"'Dear Archy,' cried Mrs Lane, taking her husband's hand, 'you talk like a book, and I love to hear you, I 'm sure I do; but, Archy, dear, what do you think Mr. Veneer, the cabinet-maker, would allow, for our little sideboard, if we took one of his?'

"'Ah, my dear,' said Mr. Lane, 'your heart, I see, is fixed upon that sideboard, and you shall have it, for I can refuse you nothing.' — 'Not, if you think it extravagant, Archy,' said his wife, looking up into his face with an expression, half grave and half jocose, which rendered her countenance more beautiful than

before.—'Well, well, my dear,' cried her husband, 'I have been pretty successful of late, and will try to afford it, and economize in other matters.'

"The very high price, which Veneer asked for the sideboard, selected by Mrs. Lane, and the very small amount which he consented to allow for the old one, for a time caused her to hesitate. Veneer's manner of standing off, and, with a half-hidden sneer, eying the article, which was offered as part payment, in exchange, was so very provoking, that Mrs. Lane, who remembered it was the best her poor, old father could afford, was half inclined to break off the negotiation in a huff. But Veneer knew well enough the ground he trod on. 'Entirely out of date, ma'am,' said he, 'them swell fronts; don't think I could sell it at any price; should have to send it to auction; couldn't have it in my show-room; my custom is such, that it would do me an injury, unless I told how I got it.' Then he walked up, and, without comment, raised the wood with his fingers, that had begun to peel off, and pointed to the crack on the top. Before he had fairly gotten through this process of disparagement, so well understood by every accomplished master craftsman, Mrs. Lane had become thoroughly disgusted with the article herself, and wondered how she had tolerated it so long. If any doubt still remained, as to the entire propriety of an exchange, that doubt was effectually removed, by one brief observation of Veneer's. 'The article you talk of, ma'am,' said he, 'is a good deal higher finished than one we sold, last week, to a lady in Peppermint square.'—'What was her name, Mr. Veneer?'—'Mrs. Bustler, ma'am.'—'Really—indeed—well, Mr. Veneer, I think I'll take it. Perhaps, however, you had better see Mr. Lane first.'—'He was at the shop, this morning, ma'am, and said he should be satisfied with any that you chose to select.'—'Well, then I'll take it. When will you take this little, old thing away, and send the new one?'—'We can do it this morning, if you wish, ma'am,' said Veneer.—'Very well,' said Mrs. Lane, and summoned the girl—they kept but one at that time—to assist in removing the articles from the old sideboard, and preparing it for removal.

"It has been said, that, in London, a mob, so considerable, as to require the aid of the police for its dispersion, has been gathered upon a wager, by two men, standing motionless in the street, and holding, between them, for an indefinite time, a small string, a few yards in length. It is often a matter of astonishment how trifling an affair will summon a congregation of idlers in our great thoroughfares. When Mr. Lane returned from his place of business, at the usual hour, he was not a little surprised, at the appearance

of a dense collection of men and boys, in front of his residence. He soon perceived, that one entire window-frame of his front parlor had been removed, and instantly concluded that his house had been on fire. The very natural feeling of alarm, with which he forced his way through the crowd, was immediately relieved, upon his arrival. It had been found impossible to introduce the new sideboard through the small entry of his dwelling, and Veneer had therefore taken out one of the parlor windows. The operation had just been successfully accomplished. 'Very handsome, my dear,' said Mrs. Lane. 'It certainly is very handsome,' replied her husband; 'but had you any idea it would look so very large?'—'It does seem larger here, my dear,' said she, 'a great deal larger, than I had any idea it would. It did not seem half as large in your show-room, Mr. Veneer.'—'That is owing to the size of your parlor, madam,' he replied: 'your room 's uncommon small.' Mrs. Lane had stepped aside, and soon returning with the silver pitcher, placed it on the side board. 'That 's very rich,' said Veneer; 'it really seems as though the sideboard and the pitcher were made for each other; but these chairs don't seem the thing exactly, d' ye think they do, madam?'—'Well, well, my dear,' said Mr. Lane, 'let 's have dinner. We 've done enough for one day, Mr. Veneer. I 'm afraid you 'll ruin us all.'—'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed Mr. Veneer, as he proceeded to replace the window; 'there 's no great danger of ruining you, sir, I guess, such a business as you 're driving. I never see so many folks in any shop in my life, as I see in yours, through them great plate-glass windows, bigger than two of that door. Did you see them French damask bottoms, ma'am, when you was at my place?'—'I don't think I did,' replied Mrs. Lane.—'Do call and look at 'em, ma'am; you no need to buy, if you don't choose to.'—'Well, perhaps I will.'

"'I 'm sorry, my dear,' said Mr. Lane, when Veneer had gone, 'that you gave him any encouragement about the chairs.'—'I did n't know what to say, Archy: I did not promise to come,' she replied.

"During their simple meal, Mrs. Lane turned her head full twenty times to contemplate her new acquisition. Her husband was more silent than usual. After his customary glass of wine, he grew somewhat more cheerful. Mr. Lane had, for several years, been a member of the temperance society, and he was strictly observant of his pledge, which, however, comprehended only the circle of distilled spirits.

"'You don't say anything about the sideboard, Archy,' said Mrs Lane, as she drew her chair near his, and affectionately took his

hand. — 'Peggy, my dear,' he replied, 'it 's exceedingly beautiful, but altogether too large for our apartment, it seems to me, and inconsistent with our other furniture; but it 's too late now to talk about that. And, if it gives you pleasure, I have nothing to say, excepting that I am very glad you are pleased; and now, dear, I must run after my business, or it will run away from me.'

"Mrs. Lane, for some time after her husband's departure, continued to pace the little apartment, so much of it, at least, as remained unoccupied by the sideboard; stopping at short intervals to admire its proportions, and occasionally shifting the position of the silver pitcher, or, with her handkerchief, removing some slight finger mark from its highly polished surface. She was remarkably social in her feelings; and, growing weary, at last, of worshipping in silence and alone, she summoned in Mary McGuire, her Irish domestic. 'There, Mary,' said she, 'look there.' — 'Och, my leddy,' cried Mary, clapping her hands with unaffected delight, 'is n't that a nate consarn! That swaat silver cinser i' the middle; and ye 'll be after gitting two silver candlesticks to pit up on the two ends, wi' wax tapers, to be sure; and thin it 'll not be i' the like o' me to say it does n't look jest like the great altar in the cathadral in Dublin, my leddy. Och, if your leddyship wud consint to gi' me laave jist to ax father O'Schiverick to paap in some dee, when it 's all fixed, and gi' it a leetle consecration. Maybe he 'd not refuse to sprinkle it wi' holy water, my leddy.' — Mrs. Lane could not forbear laughing at the poor girl's erroneous impressions, and explained to her, that, however different in size and form, it was intended for the same offices as its predecessor. 'Indaad, my leddy,' said Mary, 'wall, and it 's right convanient ony how. It 's varnished, ye see, and it 'll not be nading ony rubbing, and thin it covers so much o' the carpit, that it 'll be a daal less swaaping we 'll have to do.'

"The rude conceptions of the poor girl, in connection with Mr. Lane's suggestions, had left an impression on the mind of her mistress, that the article, some how or other, was not altogether in good keeping with their establishment. This impression was not likely to be weakened by the remarks of Miss Judy Jiggle, a cousin of her husband, who, shortly after, dropped in for tea and muffins. In her way, and it was the oddest imaginable, Judy was a nonpareil. That, which, in almost any other person, would have been absolute rudeness, was, in her, a strange compound of naïveté and plain-heartedness, an earnest and honest desire to promote the welfare of her friends, and a thorough contempt for the axiom, that the truth is not to be spoken at all times. Judy, after surveying the new arti-

cles, for a few moments, put her handkerchief to her mouth, evidently for the purpose of strangling a fit of laughter in its birth, but in vain. 'Why, Peggy,' said she, 'what is all this?'—'The pitcher,' said Mrs. Lane, coloring with displeasure, 'is a present from my uncle Saul, and the sideboard is one that Mr. Lane has purchased, or rather taken in exchange for our old one.'

"'Mercy upon me,' cried Judy, lifting up her hands, 'I didn't think your uncle Saul was such a fool. If he 'd sent you the value in money, or family stores, there would have been some sense in it. I should have thought cousin Archy might have had more sense than to have brought such an expensive thing into a house, where there 's not an article to match. The next silly thing he 'll do, I suppose, will be to change those mean little cane-bottom chairs, for some costly trumpery. He 'll break in less than a year, I dare say.'—So little ill-nature was there in these remarks, that, when, upon turning towards her, she perceived Mrs. Lane was shedding tears, 'There now,' Judy exclaimed, 'what a fool I am; I 've hurt your feelings, you dear soul,' and instantly embracing her cousin, began to shed tears herself, which caused Peggy's to flow more freely, which caused Judy to sob aloud; and when Mr. Lane entered, as he did shortly after, the ladies were clasped in each other's arms, and seemed to be incorporated, for the purpose of carrying out a fit of hysterics. Enough was disclosed, in broken sentences, to give him a ready comprehension of the matter. 'Dear me,' said he, 'I fear cousin Judy will never talk and act like the rest of the world, and I 'm afraid Peggy will never get thoroughly broken into the only safe habit, that of disregarding her strange remarks.'

"'Cousin Archy,' said Miss Jiggle, 'one of two things you have got to do, either to send off that sideboard directly, or get a set of chairs to match.'—'Well, Judy,' he replied, 'I mean to do the latter to-morrow. Shall I have the pleasure of stopping your pretty mouth with a hot muffin?'—Tea had just then been set upon the table.

"Accustomed as he was to the oddity of his cousin Judy, he himself was not always entirely proof against her sudden and unexpected attacks; her random shots occasionally found their way between the joints of the harness. He was evidently piqued by her last suggestion, the more so, because it was based on a fact, too palpable to be questioned, for a moment.

"The very next day a new bargain was made with Veneer; a complete set of new mahogany chairs took the place of the little cane-bottoms: and, to make the arrangement one of agreeable surprise to his wife, an opportunity was selected, during her absence

in the morning, for effecting the exchange. It would be a work of supererogation to give a detailed account of the exclamations of wonder and delight, the dear Archys, and dear Peggys, that passed, upon this interesting occasion.

"How soon possession makes us poor! A week had not run by, when Mr. Lane had the mortification, upon his return, one evening, from the store, of finding his little wife suffering from unaccountable depression of spirits. It was a long time before his most earnest inquiries could elicit the cause. 'Whom have you had to visit you to-day, my love?' said Mr. Lane. — 'Mrs. Pryer, my dear,' she replied, 'and the three Miss Pickflaws, and Mrs. Upperdunk, and a very disagreeable body she is; and Mrs. Freetattle passed half the morning here.' — 'Well, and was not Mrs. Freetattle pleased, that you had taken her advice about the sideboard?' — 'Oh yes, Archy, she seemed mightily pleased. The first thing she said, when she saw it, was, "There, dear, did n't I tell you so!" She praised it to the skies. She called the other ladies to look at it. The Miss Pickflaws had never seen one of that kind, that did n't crack — they thought it much too large — it was very handsome, but sideboards were going out very rapidly. Mrs. Freetattle requested Mrs. Upperdunk to look at the chairs, and all she said was "umph," turning her nose up in the air. She then asked her if she did not think the sideboard very handsome; and again she said "umph," tossing her nose still higher. She then drew her attention to the pitcher, when she cried "umph," louder than before, and tossed her nose higher than ever. After she had gone, the three Miss Pickflaws, who, I thought, were her most intimate friends, from their particular sweetness towards her, remarked upon the rudeness of her manners. They laughed heartily at her bustle, which was all on one side. — They said she was nobody in Germany, and that she had not the true, fashionable toss of the nose, by any means. I don't believe the Miss Pickflaws are very sincere; for Mrs. Freetattle told me, when we were by ourselves, that, notwithstanding their compliments, which were very lavishly bestowed, they were, all the time they were here, making fun of the carpet. She says she saw the eldest, Miss Betty, as often as my back was turned, pointing one finger at the carpet and another at the pitcher. Mrs. Freetattle says, Archy dear, that this Kidderminster carpet will never answer in the world with the sideboard and chairs: she also said the furnishing would be very incomplete, even then, without one pier-table at least, and a sofa.' — 'Really, dear Peggy,' said Mr. Lane, with an unusually anxious expression of face, 'really I cannot afford it.' — 'I told her so, Archy, and, only think, she laughed in my face, and said every-

body knew you was getting rich very fast, and that, for her part, she could n't see the wisdom of hoarding up riches for nobody knew whom.' — 'I rather think,' replied Mr. Lane, 'that I understand my affairs better than Mrs. Freetattle.' — 'I 'm afraid, Archy,' said his wife, as she noticed the gravity of her husband's countenance, 'I 'm afraid you 'll think I am extravagant, and I 'm sure dear Archy,' — a tear stood in her eye, — it was a pearl, in her over-fond husband's estimation, sufficiently valuable to pay for the celebrated 'cloth of gold,' and, of course, for the finest Saxony in the world. — 'Extravagant! my love, certainly not. Mrs. Freetattle is right, perfectly right. Consistency demands, that we should have these articles, or rid ourselves of the others; the latter is out of the question.' He kissed his pretty wife, incomparably more so in her tears; and, instead of devoting their evening to the perusal of some interesting volume, according to their usual custom, they consumed it in discoursing upon the comparative merits of Brussels and Saxony, measuring their floor to ascertain the number of yards required, and deciding upon the most appropriate positions for the pier-tables and the sofa. 'Well, my love,' said Mr. Lane, after the little area had been traversed as industriously as ever the South Pacific was traversed by Captain Cook, 'I feel more weary than is usual for me; before we retire, let 's have a glass of that sherry.' — 'What, *now*, dear?' said his wife; 'you never took wine, in the evening, since I knew you, and you used to say, that one glass after dinner was your daily allowance.' — 'True, Peggy, but this is my nightly allowance,' said he, with a laugh. — Mrs. Lane produced the decanter, and her husband, after persuading his wife to take a glass first herself, poured out a brimmer; and, after drinking it, and commenting on the good quality of the sherry, he poured out another. 'Mrs. Freetattle 's a philosopher, Peggy,' said he, as he continued to sip. 'There 's not much wisdom, as she says, in hoarding up riches. What is the use of it! If we don't enjoy life's blessings, as we go along, we shall get to the end of it before we know it.' — 'Why, Archy, my love,' cried his wife, as he was proceeding to pour out another glass, 'you 'll be tipsy as sure as you live.' — 'Never fear, my little angel, this shall be the last. I should like to see those three Pickflaws swallowed up like Korah's troop in the primer — ha! ha! ha! Jerry Bustler in Peppermint square! He must look and feel like an ass in armor. — I 'll tell you what, Peggy — in one year from this time, I 'll — you 'll see — never mind. — Lovey, I 've been thinking we must, before long, be doing the genteel thing by your uncle Saul. We must have him to dinner, my dear. We must do the thing handsomely, you know. Let 's see

whom shall we invite? there 's —' — ' It 's past eleven, Archy,' said his wife ; ' suppose we talk of it to-morrow.' — ' Uncle Saul,' said Mr. Lane, slapping the table so smartly, as he rose, that his little wife looked round with astonishment, — ' uncle Saul never tasted better wine than that. Freetattle 's a philosopher ; you may tell her I say so.' With these words, Mr. Lane suffered his wife to remove the decanter, and they retired for the night.

" Mr. Lane awoke rather later than usual, with a headache. Mrs. Lane had a restless night. She had fantastic dreams of Mrs. Freetattle, and Veneer, and her uncle Saul. These visions were the very quintessence of absurdity, but they were faithfully related, as usual, at the breakfast-table ; and the laughter they occasioned seemed to have a beneficial influence upon her husband's headache, for he complained of it no more. She had seen, in her sleep, four immense pier-tables, and on each an uncle Saul, the size of a giant, holding four capacious silver pitchers, larger than cider-barrels ; her cousin Judy and the three Miss Pickflaws stood, each by the side of one of the pitchers, and, at the same instant, they all pointed their fingers at her, with a malicious laugh, and a sheriff jumped out of every pitcher. In a moment, the scene appeared to change, and she seemed to be alone, in her father's little parlor, in Cricketville.

" Many weeks had not elapsed before Mrs. Lane became the happy proprietress of an exceedingly beautiful Brussels carpet, and hearth-rug, and two handsome pier-tables, with an elegant steel fireset, and some very pretty mantel ornaments, selected by that attentive and excellent friend, Mrs. Freetattle.

" There are some things more easy, amid the chances and changes of this world, than to keep, with perfect accuracy, the run of one's affairs, — or, as the seamen say, to cast the log, — allow for leeway, and tides, and currents. Even with a well-defined revenue, as little liable to be affected by the operation of events as possible, it is not the most simple affair so to distribute one's resources, over the whole annual circle, that no deficiency shall be found in any particular part ; or, in the expressive phraseology of Tooley McPhee, ' to sprid a pund o' butter so nately and complately over an acre o' brid, as not to laave a thridbare spot anywhere at all.' The superiority of prevention over remedy is nowhere more manifest, than in relation to the habit of extravagance. When once commenced, it is not easily corrected. Mr. Lane idolized his little wife ; and our friends, the Irish, are not more thoroughly convinced, that every species of extravagance is sanctified, when money and credit are employed for a ' birrel and a wake,' than was he, when devoting his

resources for the gratification of her wishes. It was most true these expenditures preyed upon his purse severely, and at a time when money was scarce, and he could poorly afford to abstract a single dollar of his capital from trade. But the pleasure he received — the reflected pleasure — from contemplating the satisfaction, exhibited by her, in the midst of her possessions, was a luxury, for which he was willing to pay a full equivalent.

"In a few weeks, came off, to use a popular phrase, the dinner to uncle Saul. I could readily describe that dinner — I was there — but the detail, however amusing, would consume more time than can be afforded by this assembly; and I perceive the candles are, some of them, already" — turning with a smile towards Captain Tarbox — "more than half seas over." — "Plenty more in the locker, sir," said the captain, and gave the sexton a hint, who promptly attended to his duty. "It was a fine affair," continued Mr. Skillington. "I will only say that about eighteen of us sat down to an elegant repast, in the preparation of which no expense seemed to have been spared. By the advice of Mrs. Freetattle, who loaned her man, Tim Hurry, for the occasion, a new extension table had been purchased of Veneer, and a quantity of silver forks from the jeweller. Mrs. Lane observed, that she was sure she did not want them, but she supposed, as the company were fashionable folks, they would think it rather strange not to see them on the table. It was, in truth, a merry time. Everybody was in excellent humor. Colonel Picket, better known to this assembly as uncle Saul, drank more wine than was good for him, and so, I am sorry to say it, did Mr. Lane. The old temperance societies were then becoming popular, I mean those, whose members abstained from ardent spirit alone. Uncle Saul approved of them highly; so did Mr. Lane; and the more wine they drank, the more severe were their remarks against the use and traffic in ardent spirit. There was a degree of ignorance, then prevailing, in regard to the philosophy of drunkenness, which is matter of infinite surprise to us now. We did not seem to reflect, that with Him, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and who has commanded us to abstain from drunkenness, it can be of no importance, whether that drunkenness be produced by rum or by wine — by one inebriant or by another. We were none of us in the very best possible condition for drawing distinctions upon that occasion. — Uncle Saul was the lion, of course. He told stories of India, as George Coleman says,

'Long, dull, and old,
As great lords' stories often are.'

He told us about the suttees, and about the seapoys; and poor Mrs. Freetattle inquired how they were seasoned, mistaking the word for sea-pies, which occasioned much laughter, in which Mary McGuire, the Irish girl, joined so heartily, that Mrs. Lane was obliged to bid her leave the room. On the whole, the affair went off exceedingly well. The parlor was so very small, however, that it was with great difficulty Tim and Mary, especially the latter, who was very corpulent, contrived to put on and take off; and, upon one occasion, as she was attempting to squeeze behind uncle Saul, at the very moment he was relating the history of a conflict among the Mahrattas, a sudden jerk of his chair pinned her to the wall. 'Och! my vitals!' she exclaimed, and, for an instant, we supposed her seriously injured; but fortunately she was unhurt. In the evening the pitcher was paraded about, filled with hot mulled wine, which certainly was altogether superfluous. The colonel and Mr. Lane seemed to be on the footing of old and familiar friends. I overheard them conversing on the subject of cashmeres, and the colonel told him he would put him in the way of getting them of a very superior quality, and almost for nothing. At length the party broke up; and uncle Saul went off in the greatest glee, about twelve at night, telling the company that they were, one and all, bound over to meet at his house, some day the following week, to taste his India wine.

"A few days after this important event, Mrs. Lane unexpectedly received a visit from Mrs. Bustler. 'Only think of it, Archy,' said the former to her husband, on his return from the store, 'Priscy Millet, Mrs. Jerry Bustler I mean, called here to-day in a coach. It was so late I thought nobody would come, and Mary had laid the cloth, which was a little soiled — I told the foolish girl, yesterday, not to lay that cloth again, till it had been washed — besides, it, most unfortunately, had a hole in it. What sent her here, I 'm sure I don't know. It 's full half a year, since I 've seen her to speak to her. I should scarcely have known her anywhere, she was so bedizened off with all sorts of fine things — her gold watch, and gold pencil-case, and chains, and sable muff and tippet, and diamond pin; and, you know how thin her figure is — well, as she went out, she looked like an air balloon, and Mary said, it was so enormous that she could scarcely get it into the carriage after her, and the coachman had to "squaaze it in after the poor leddy." She 's ost all her bloom. I could scarcely believe she was the rosy-faced girl that I used to see sitting in her homespun frock, at her father's window in Cricketville, binding shoes. — "Why, Priscy," said I as she came in, "is it you?" She replied, with all the formality in the world, "I hope you are well, madam." She scarcely said a

word, after she sat down. I tried to support the conversation, as well as I was able; and I never was so tired in all my life. I alluded to our former residence in Cricketville. "It 's so long since I was there, ma'am," said she, "that my recollection of Cricketville is quite evanescent." I could almost have laughed in her face. — "You do not visit much, I believe, ma'am," said she; "I did not see you at Mrs. Perriwinkle's rout, nor at Mrs. Flipparty's ball." This was only to show me she was there herself. Well, not a remark did she make about anything she saw; she said not a word about the pitcher; and sat, the whole time, with her little, sharp, black eyes, staring at the hole in the table-cloth. Now it 's nothing but sheer envy, Archy.' — 'Oh no, my dear,' he replied, 'I think you are entirely mistaken. When you return her call, you will probably see more finery at their house, than you are aware of. I 'm told it 's very expensively furnished, and his extravagance is a common topic. No, my dear, I think I can explain her behavior very readily. It is considered a mark of very high breeding to admire nothing, and, indeed, to seem to see nothing, in the houses of those we visit. That 's it, my dear, nothing else, depend upon it.'

"Uncle Saul was a bachelor. He was supposed to be immensely rich. He used to say, that his lungs were not strong enough for matrimony, and although there were some good things in it undoubtedly, yet he was opposed to slavery in all forms, and meant never to put on the fetters of wedded life. Mrs. Peggy Lane was his favorite niece. The corollary was irresistible, in the opinion of Mrs. Freetattle. She was sure he would leave the bulk of his wealth to Mrs. Lane, who, having the most perfect reliance upon the judgment of Mrs. Freetattle, was rapidly inclining to the same opinion.

"About the middle of the ensuing week, arrangements were made for a splendid dinner-party, at the residence of uncle Saul. The company were much the same as were, shortly before, assembled at Mr. Lane's, with two or three additions. It was a sumptuous affair; and it was agreed, on all hands, that the India wine was incomparable. It was certainly tested by some of the company, most effectually. Uncle Saul himself, though a veteran in this species of warfare, became, long before the end of the entertainment, superlatively silly; and Mr. Lane was clearly unable to talk coherently, or to speak without lisping. Even the widow, Mrs. Freetattle, became ridiculously sentimental, and sighed, while she sipped her *bonne bouche*, as if some weighty matter pressed upon her heart. Medical men, however, upon such occasions, cannot always determine, whether the trouble is in the heart or the epigas-

tric region. Uncle Saul whispered something in her ear, and she tapped him on the cheek with her fan, and told him he was a naughty man. I overheard her say to him, just before we separated, and in rather a *sotto* voice, that, until that evening, she had never been so forcibly reminded of her dear, departed Freetattle.

"But it is quite desirable to condense the substance of this narrative within as small a compass as possible. We have not time for the entire detail. Three short years had rolled rapidly away. Within this period, Jerry Bustler had failed, stock and fluke, as Captain Tarbox would say, and become the salesman of one of his former clerks, who had been very successful, and was ascending the very ladder from which Jerry had descended. Priscilla had returned to her father, in Cricketville. Mr. Lane had removed into a larger house. His growing habits of extravagance and conviviality had impaired his property, seriously affected his credit, and acquired for him the unenviable reputation of drinking more wine than was good for him. He adhered nevertheless to *his* pledge, such as it was, with scrupulous fidelity. Nobody said he was a drunkard; though he often returned at unseasonable hours from his social suppers, with a swimming brain and an unsteady step. Peggy was not as happy, with all her fine things around her, as when she was the first chorister in Cricketville, or when she commenced her unostentatious career, with the little cracked sideboard, and the Kidderminster carpet, and those cane-bottom chairs. No — Peggy was not so light-hearted now. As Mary McGuire expressed it, 'She was not the swaat-tempered leddy that she had been.' Mr. Lane's business had not prospered of late, as much as in former years. Competitors had arisen all around him, and a store had been opened, in the adjoining building, whose plate-glass windows, vastly larger than his own, attracted the admiration of all beholders. The flirtation between uncle Saul and Mrs. Freetattle, amounted to nothing. All recollection of it passed off with the fumes of the India wine; and, in a few months, uncle Saul, whose habits of migration had become inveterate, returned to South India, and died, the following year, in Madras.

"The first question, after the intelligence of his decease arrived, was not — did he die a Christian? — but, has he left a will? How much did he leave? — who are his devisees? Mr. Lane cherished a strong impression, that his wife had not been forgotten, by her wealthy uncle. There had never been an occasion upon which the receipt of a few thousand dollars would have been more acceptable. His affairs had fallen into some disorder. While he and Mrs. Lane were discussing this important subject, Mrs. Freetattle suddenly

bounced into the room — 'Good news!' she exclaimed, 'good news for you both! Gropple, the attorney, says he drew your uncle Saul's will, and has it now in his possession: he made it, just before he went away to Madras; and, after a few legacies of no great importance, he has left the whole residue of his property to Mrs. Margaret Lane. There 's for you! Did n't I tell you so?' — Mr. Lane had gone to the sideboard and taken out the decanter — 'For pity's sake, Mr. Lane,' said his wife, with an expression of anxious displeasure, 'don't drink any more wine to-day; you 've drunk half a dozen glasses already at dinner!' — 'One bumper, Mrs. Lane,' he replied, 'to the memory of your excellent uncle.' Those endearing epithets, which had been employed, during the humbler and happier period of their married life, had given place to a more cold and formal style of address. — 'I 'm sure,' said Mrs. Lane, 'my uncle was very kind to make his will in our favor, and I truly hope, whatever may be received, will be so placed, that it cannot be squandered.' — 'I hope so too,' said her husband, with evident asperity; 'but really, Mrs. Lane, if we have gotten into embarrassment, it is by your uncle's means, as I understand it; and it is but right he should help us out of it.' — 'My uncle Saul got you into your embarrassment! why, what do you mean, Mr. Lane?' — 'Why I mean neither more nor less than this — when we were married, four years ago, we began, as we ought to begin, in a plain, frugal manner; and, had I consulted my own pleasure, we should have gone on as we began; and my business would have afforded us a handsome support. But your uncle Saul took it into his head to send you a curse, in the shape of that silver pitcher. Then you discovered, that the old sideboard would not answer, and I was obliged to get a new, and a vastly more expensive one.' — 'Mr. Lane, how unjust you are,' exclaimed his wife; 'did I ask you to do it? did n't you say your business was so good, that you could afford it very well?' — 'No such thing,' said Mr. Lane. 'After you got the sideboard, the chairs would not answer; and I must get new ones. After you got the chairs, the carpet would not answer; and I must get a new carpet. After I got the carpet, the room would not look as it ought to, without pier-tables; so I got pier-tables. After I got pier-tables, you must have a sofa. After I got the sofa, your fancy must be gratified with a centre-lamp. And so I have been driven along, in this career of folly and extravagance, until the house would not hold all the trumpery, that has been bought, from time to time, and so I was obliged to take a new, and a larger house. I consider Mrs. Freetattle as a friend of the family, and I say, before her, as I would before you, that my affairs are embarrassed. The banks will give

me no assistance; and, if I don't get relief somewhere, I must give up, that 's all. Now I consider, as I said before, that your uncle Saul got us into the scrape, and it is but fair he should help us out of it.' — 'Dear Mr. Lane,' said Mrs. Freetattle, 'don't talk so, I entreat you; you see your poor wife is in tears.' — 'Well,' said Mr. Lane, rising and taking his hat, 'I 'll go to my store, and wrangle with my creditors, for I dare say some of them are there; and I 'll leave you and Mrs. Lane to plan some safe way to dispose of her uncle Saul's money, so that it *may not be squandered.*' These last words were the same, unfortunately used by Mrs. Lane, and which had chiefly produced this ebullition of ill-temper, strangely tinctured, as it was, with the spirit of truth.

"'Oh my dear Mrs. Freetattle,' exclaimed Mrs. Lane, after her husband had left the room, 'for nearly two years he has been getting cross, just as you see, ever since he got into the way of drinking wine freely; and, sometimes, his manners are so harsh, that I heartily wish myself at home with my father.' — 'Well, my dear,' said Mrs. Freetattle, 'I suppose it is partly occasioned by trouble about his affairs, and he was vexed, I dare say, by that suggestion of yours, about making any other use of the money you are to receive by your uncle Saul's will, than relieving your husband from his embarrassment. But I've no doubt, my dear, you will receive enough to pay off all his debts, and have a handsome sum invested for your own use, in case of accident.' — 'I'm sure,' said Mrs. Lane — and she wept bitterly — 'I would give him every cent of it, if he would give up his habit of drinking, which always makes him talk so sharply to me. But what are we to do about the will?' — 'Lawyer Gropple says,' replied Mrs. Freetattle, 'that it must be proved here, and a certified copy must be sent out to India. He means to write a note to Mr. Lane, inviting him to call at the office, and look at the will.'

"Mr. Lane, in due time, was made acquainted with the contents of the will; and found, that, after the bequest of some small sums in legacies, and, among them, five hundred dollars to his friend, Mrs. Felicia Freetattle, for the purchase of a Cashmere shawl, the color to be selected by herself, the entire residue was left to his beloved niece, Mrs. Lane, without restriction or limitation. Mr. Lane, very naturally, made the public, in general, and his creditors, in particular, acquainted with the very agreeable prospect, which lay before him.

"Colonel Saul Picket had obtained a very large estate, in South India, in exchange for the liver complaint, of which, exacerbated, no doubt, by his liberal habits of living, he ultimately died. He

was one of those — and such there are — who derive a high degree of satisfaction from a prospective contemplation of his wealth, as it were, beyond the grave. In other words, that which, to a great many, perhaps to the majority of mankind, is an operation full of needless solemnity and awe, was to him particularly agreeable — to be more explicit, he was never more agreeably employed than when making his last will and testament. Upon his occasional returns to America, he indulged himself in this species of recreation; no less than four last wills of Colonel Saul Picket were offered for probate in four different states of the Union. The annunciation of another last will had three times already alarmed Mrs. Freetattle for the security of her Cashmere shawl. But the will in possession of Lawyer Gropple proved, as he assured her, to be the very last will and testament of Colonel Saul Picket. In due form of law it was proved and allowed, and Greedy Gropple, Esquire, appointed executor. Copies, duly attested, were forwarded to Madras, by two vessels, lest some casualty might happen to one of them, — and, by both conveyances, Mrs. Freetattle wrote, signifying that she had selected a *white* Cashmere. After a lapse of very many months, during which the creditors of Mr. Lane had become exceedingly impatient, intelligence was received from Mr. Gropple's correspondent in Madras, that there existed another last will, made about a week before the colonel died, in which he had bequeathed to his well-beloved niece, Mrs. Margaret Lane, fifty rupees, to purchase a mourning ring, with a particular request, that the ring might be selected by Mrs. Felicia Freetattle; and the rest of his estate, which was said to be immense, he had left to a lady in South India, to whom he was engaged.

"The shock, produced by this intelligence, may be more easily imagined than described. Its first practical effect appeared, in the form of four writs of attachment upon the property of Mr. Lane, which were served, the evening of the day when the information arrived. Judy Jiggle said she always knew it would come to this. The Miss Pickflaws were very desirous of being informed, if Mrs. Freetattle had decided on the color of her Cashmere shawl. Mr. Lane turned in all directions for relief, but utterly in vain. If the plague-spot had been upon him, he would not have been more studiously avoided by his *friends*. His wife, after the first shock was over — a burning flush of inexpressible surprise and offended pride — one full flood of streaming tears — speedily recovered her self-possession. Coming out of her chamber, she encountered her husband, the very image of rage and despair, his face miserably flushed, and his hand upon his burning brow. She sprang towards him,

and, forgetting all his recent ill-treatment in his present misery, she threw her arms about his neck and exclaimed, 'Dear Archy,' — an epithet unused of late, — 'we can be just as happy as we ever were in our lives. We have no children, for whose sake we might be tempted to lament over the loss of property. If you, my dear husband, will only resolve to give up one single habit, we can go and live, upon very little, in Cricketville.' — 'Live in Cricketville! Live in ———' He paused, stamping his foot upon the floor with violence, and slapping his forehead. How he would have filled this blank, in that moment of desperation, I know not. His poor little wife recoiled back into a chair, and, burying her face in her hands, gave way to a flood of scalding tears. — 'Live on a little!' he exclaimed, after a moment's pause; 'I am utterly stripped; and when all this accursed trumpery has been sacrificed under the hammer, or rather the hatchet, of the auctioneer, there will still remain a debt, which I never can pay, hanging like a millstone about my neck, and dragging me down to the end of my wretched existence.' — 'Oh, Archy,' said his wife, 'don't give way to your feelings in this way. Priscy Millet — Jerry Bustler's wife, I mean — says, as I have heard, that she never was half so happy in her life as she is at present. She looks back and laughs at her silly dreams of high life, and is engaged in the Sunday School, and occupies her thoughts about many better things than those foolish visions, which once seemed to be the chief end of her existence. My father told me, the last time he was here, that she was not ashamed to dress herself in the plainest manner, and that she occupied her old place among the singers, on the Sabbath, where, you know, I used to sit, the first time you ever saw me, Archy. It seems strange, indeed, that father, when he was last here, about two months ago, should have said, in a manner seemingly between jest and earnest, that we might be unfortunate ourselves, one of those days; "and then, Peggy, my child," said he, "remember, we shall have houseroom and heartroom for you both, in our humble way." Now do, dear Archy, do let us go and live in Cricketville, and look for happiness in a different direction; for I am perfectly sure it does not lie in the one we have been pursuing.'

"Mr. Lane scarcely replied to this touching exhortation of his wife, but continued to sit in silence, as though he were unconscious of her presence. His friends, as I have stated, had been tried, in this period of affliction, and were found wanting. Even Mrs. Freetattle, influenced partly by a feeling of mortification on her own account, and partly, perhaps, by a consciousness of having, however innocently, contributed to lead her young friends into that career of

extravagance and folly, which had just terminated so unhappily, — even she suffered several days to pass, before she presented herself at the house of Mrs. Lane. 'Ah, my dear,' said she, as she entered the parlor, 'what an awful thing it is! Who could have expected it? Who is that vulgar-looking man, walking about the house with his hat on, my dear?' — 'That,' said Mrs. Lane, 'is the sheriff's officer, or keeper, who is left here to see that no part of the furniture is taken away.' — 'Oh heavens! how shocking!' cried Mrs. Freetattle. 'I, just now, met your woman, Mary McGuire, going, as I supposed, to the intelligence office, in search of a new place.' — 'I suspect not,' said Mrs. Lane. 'Two of our domestics have asked for their wages, and, finding Mr. Lane could not pay them, have quitted. I know not for what object Mary has gone out, but I am sure it is not for the one you suggest. I told her, yesterday, we should be obliged to break up, and resign everything we possessed; and that she had better be looking after another situation. "It 's not myself that 'll be laaving ye, poor leddy," said she, "in the dee o' your throuble, sin I 've aten your brid i' the dee o' your prosperity." I told her we had no money to pay wages to anybody. "I 'll not be laaving ye, leddy," said she. She may have altered her mind, however.' — 'I have no doubt she has, my dear,' said Mrs. Freetattle; 'for I am certain I saw her going in the direction of Mrs. Botherem's intelligence office.'

"It was not long before Mary herself came into the parlor upon some errand, and Mrs. Freetattle asked her if she had not been to the intelligence office; Mary replied, though with evident embarrassment, that she had not. 'There!' exclaimed Mrs. Freetattle; 'did n't you see how she colored? She 's deceiving you, my dear, you may rely upon it; and I should n't be surprised, if she left you to-morrow morning.' She had scarcely uttered these prophetic words, when Mary reäppeared at the door, and, saying to Mrs. Lane, 'An ye plase, my leddy, I 'll be shpaking t' ye,' immediately retired. — 'I told ye so,' said Mrs. Freetattle; 'it 's always just so with the Irish; they think it perfectly right to deceive a heretic; she 's going to give you warning, my dear.' — 'She has always been faithful; I cannot believe it,' said Mrs. Lane, as she rose to go, begging Mrs. Freetattle to excuse her for a few moments only.

"It was so long before Mrs. Lane returned, that her friend was almost tempted to depart, and was drawing on her glove, when Mrs. Lane reëntered the apartment, applying her handkerchief to her eyes, and having evidently been in tears. 'I have had quite a dispute with that girl,' said she. — 'I knew it would be so!' cried Mrs. Freetattle; 'about her wages, I suppose.' — 'Yes, it was about her wages,' replied Mrs. Lane. — 'An ungrateful hussy!' said Mrs.

Freetattle; 'but I told you so, my dear; just what I expected; and so she told a falsehood about not going to Mrs. Botherem's?'— 'No, no; you mistake the matter entirely, Mrs. Freetattle,' said Mrs. Lane. 'She has not been to the intelligence office, but to the savings bank, and drawn out all her wages. And said she to me, "Ye know I 've naather kith nor kin to care for, my leddy; my forbears are anunder boord. I s'posed my little bit airnings wud a bin o' sarvice to poor Phelim O'Shane; but poor, daar lad, the faver took him out o' this blaak, cauld warld, and it 's not myself that 'll iver be thinking o' ony other than Phelim. And now, poor, daar leddy, take the siller yoursel; for y' ave naad o' it, and I have none." I should have returned to you before, but I have been disputing with poor Mary McGuire, as you said, about her wages, but not in the manner you supposed.'—'Well,' said Mrs. Freetattle, 'that exceeds anything I ever heard of. I must tell that to the Miss Pickflaws, if it 's only to see how they will explain it. I 've no doubt that they will account for her conduct in some very satisfactory manner, and show plainly enough the selfish motive at the bottom.'

"I have never entertained the slightest doubt, that Mr. Lane, had he not, at that period, been addicted to a paralyzing habit, would have applied the energies of his body and mind, and successfully withal, to the restoration of his affairs. The withdrawal of all confidence, on the part of those, who might have assisted him, in his efforts, for the attainment of that object, was occasioned by the conviction, that he was already a man of intemperate, and not merely of extravagant habits, and therefore utterly untrustworthy. As it was, however, he was accounted, like Ephraim, a man given unto idols, and it seemed to be the common consent of the respectable members of the community to let him alone. Whenever an individual, under this wretched infatuation, into whose soul the iron power of intemperance has entered, falls into similar misfortune, his efforts to rise are frequently rendered ineffectual, by that feeling of distrust, which follows him like his very shadow, until he turns back from his miserable career, and furnishes unequivocal evidence of thorough amendment.

"I perceive, however, that it is getting late, and it is proper, that this simple narrative of facts should be brought to a close. I will no longer pursue it in detail. Mr. Lane's effects were sold on execution, and, among them, that fatal pitcher, which, as is usual in such cases, was knocked off at its mere value by weight. His wife, who was most truly attached to her husband, after one brief year of great privation, aggravated by the sad conviction, that his habits of intemperance were thoroughly confirmed, returned to her father;

and, not long after, fell into a decline. She did not live to witness the consummation of his miserable career. Cheaper and more fiery inebriants ere long took the place of unattainable and more costly wines. Of course, he disregarded his pledge of abstinence from ardent spirits, after he had added his own to the example of thousands, to demonstrate its utter insignificancy, as a preventive of drunkenness. He was reduced to the very lowest stage of drunken degradation, when I saw him last, which is several years ago. Thus you perceive the influence of remote causes, whether operating in the form of a splendid silver pitcher, or, as our friend, the squire, has told you, a runlet not more than three inches long. I know not if Lane be living or dead." — "Dead as a door nail," exclaimed a deep, hollow voice; and all eyes were turned upon a tall personage, with a pale countenance, and sunken eyeballs — "dead as a hammer. He wandered about the country, and once, when he was dreadful blue, he ur ' rtook, for a wager, to jump off the top of a mill, into the pond, and fell on a sharp stake, and that's the way he died. I was then as bad as he, every bit and grain, but I 'm thankful I 've reformed. I take no intoxicating drink now. I read an account of a drunkard, who said, as he was going home, 'If my wife 's gone to bed and has n't got some supper ready, I 'll lick her; and if she 's setting up a burning out my wood and candles, I 'll lick her,' — well, I 'm that very man. I remember just when 't was I said them very words. I know, as much, I guess, about this temperance concern, as anybody. Everything 's been done wrong, till the reformed drunkards took up the thing their own way. Nothing 's been done by anybody but us. Moral suasion 's the thing. The law 's o' no sort o' use. Ye can't drive folks. We want nothing but moral suasion." — "That 's it," cried Mr. Greedy, the grocer. — "I hav' n't heerd so much good, ginivine, common sense, this whole evening," exclaimed Mr. Killem, "as that are gentleman 's jest expressed; and I beg leave, now I 'm up, to give some folks a piece o' my mind. Sir, I — I am for liberty. Our fathers fought, bled, and ——" "My friends," said the Rev. Mr. Moose, "if Mr. Killem will give way, for a moment, it is now manifestly too late to discuss this interesting question, the expediency of employing moral suasion, without any resort to the law, as the only means of advancing the temperance reform. I propose, if it be agreeable to all parties, that we now adjourn, to meet in this place one week from this date, at six o'clock, P. M., it being understood, that Mr. Killem has the floor."

This proposition was received with universal approbation; and, in a few moments, the congregation began to separate, Squire Periwig remaining to assist the sexton in blowing out the candles.

B. P. L. Bindery.
OCT 21 1903